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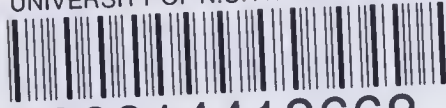
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ALTRIVE TALES:

COLLECTED

AMONG THE PEASANTRY OF SCOTLAND,

AND

FROM FOREIGN ADVENTURERS.

BY

THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

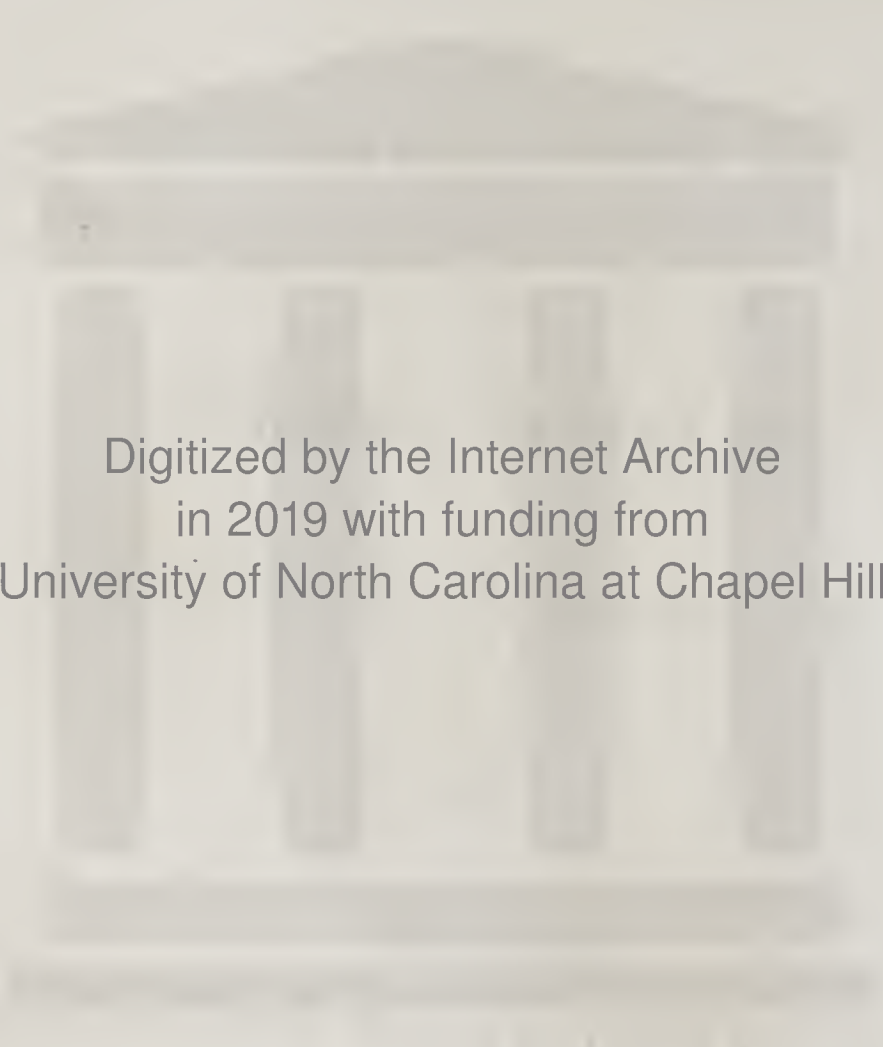


LONDON:

JAMES COCHRANE AND CO.,

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MEMOIR

OF

THE AUTHOR'S LIFE.

I LIKE to write about myself: in fact, there are few things which I like better; it is so delightful to call up old reminiscences. Often have I been laughed at for what an Edinburgh editor styles my good-natured egotism, which is sometimes any thing but that; and I am aware that I shall be laughed at again. But I care not: for this *important* Memoir, now to be brought forward for the fourth time, at different periods of my life, I shall narrate with the same frankness as formerly; and in all, relating either to others or myself, speak fearlessly and unreservedly out. Many of those formerly mentioned are no more; others have been unfortunate; but of all I shall tell the plain truth, and nothing but the truth. So, without premising further, I shall proceed with an autobiography, containing much more of a romance

than mere fancy could have suggested ; and shall bring it forward to the very hour at which I am writing. The following note was prefixed by SIR WALTER SCOTT to the first edition of the Memoir in 1806.

“ THE friend to whom Mr. Hogg made the following communication had some hesitation in committing it to the public. On the one hand, he was sensible, not only that the incidents are often trivial, but that they are narrated in a style more suitable to their importance to the Author himself, than to their own nature and consequences. But the efforts of a strong mind and vigorous imagination, to develop themselves even under the most disadvantageous circumstances, may be always considered with pleasure, and often with profit ; and if, upon a retrospect, the possessor be disposed to view with self-complacency his victory under difficulties, of which he only can judge the extent, it will be readily pardoned by those who consider the Author’s scanty opportunities of knowledge,—and remember, that it is only on attaining the last and most recondite recess of human science, that we discover how little we really know. To those who are unacquainted with the pastoral scenes in which our Author was educated, it may afford some amusement to find real shepherds actually contending for a poetical prize, and to remark some other peculiarities in their habits and manners. Above all, these Memoirs ascertain the authenticity of the publication, and are therefore entitled to be prefixed to it.”

MY DEAR SIR,

Mitchell-Slack, Nov. 1806.

According to your request, which I never disregard, I am now going to give you some account of my manner of life and *extensive* education. I must again apprise you, that, whenever I have occasion to speak of myself and my performances, I find it impossible to divest myself of an inherent vanity: but, making allowances for that, I will lay before you the outlines of my life,—with the circumstances that gave rise to my juvenile pieces, and my own opinion of them, as faithfully

As if you were the minister of heaven
Sent down to search the secret sins of men.

I am the second of four sons by the same father and mother; namely, Robert Hogg and Margaret Laidlaw, and was born on the 25th of January, 1772. My progenitors were all shepherds of this country. My father, like myself, was bred to the occupation of a shepherd, and served in that capacity until his marriage with my mother; about which time, having saved a considerable sum of money, for those days, he took a lease of the farms of Ettrick House and Ettrick Hall. He then commenced dealing in sheep—bought up great numbers,

and drove them both to the English and Scottish markets ; but, at length, owing to a great fall in the price of sheep, and the absconding of his principal debtor, he was ruined, became bankrupt, every thing was sold by auction, and my parents were turned out of doors without a farthing in the world. I was then in the sixth year of my age, and remember well the distressed and destitute condition that we were in. At length the late worthy Mr. Brydon, of Crosslee, took compassion upon us ; and, taking a short lease of the farm of Ettrick House, placed my father there as his shepherd, and thus afforded him the means of supporting us for a time. This gentleman continued to interest himself in our welfare until the day of his untimely death, when we lost the best friend that we had in the world.

At such an age, it cannot be expected that I should have made great progress in learning. The school-house, however, being almost at our door, I had attended it for a short time, and had the honour of standing at the head of a juvenile class, who read the Shorter Catechism and the Proverbs of Solomon. At the next Whitsunday after our expulsion from the farm I was obliged to go to service ; and, being

only seven years of age, was hired by a farmer in the neighbourhood to herd a few cows ; my wages for the half year being a ewe lamb and a pair of new shoes. Even at that early age my fancy seems to have been a hard neighbour for both judgment and memory. I was wont to strip off my clothes, and run races against time, or rather against myself ; and, in the course of these exploits, which I accomplished much to my own admiration, I first lost my plaid, then my bonnet, then my coat, and, finally, my hosen ; for, as for shoes, I had none. In that naked state did I herd for several days, till a shepherd and maid-servant were sent to the hills to look for them, and found them all. Next year my parents took me home during the winter quarter, and put me to school with a lad named Ker, who was teaching the children of a neighbouring farmer. Here I advanced so far as to get into the class who read in the Bible. I had likewise, for some time before my quarter was out, tried writing ; and had horribly defiled several sheets of paper with copy-lines, every letter of which was nearly an inch in length.

Thus terminated my education. After this I was never another day at any school whatever.

In all I had spent about half a year at it. It is true, my former master denied this; and when I was only twenty years of age, said, if he was called on to make oath, he would swear I never was at his school. However, I know I was at it for two or three months; and I do not choose to be deprived of the honour of having attended the school of my native parish; nor yet that old John Beattie should lose the honour of such a scholar. I was again, that very spring, sent away to my old occupation of herding cows. This employment, the worst and lowest known in our country, I was engaged in for several years under sundry masters, till at length I got into the more honourable one of keeping sheep.

It will scarcely be believed that at so early an age I should have been an admirer of the other sex. It is nevertheless strictly true. Indeed I have liked the women a great deal better than the men ever since I remember. But that summer, when only eight years of age, I was sent out to a height called Broad-heads with a rosy-cheeked maiden to herd a flock of new-weaned lambs, and I had my mischievous cows to herd besides. But, as she had no dog and I had an excellent one, I was ordered to keep close by her.

Never was a master's order better obeyed. Day after day I herded the cows and the lambs both, and Betty had nothing to do but to sit and sew. Then we dined together every day at a well near to the Shiel-sike head, and after dinner I laid my head down on her lap, covered her bare feet with my plaid, and pretended to fall sound asleep. One day I heard her say to herself, "Poor little laddie! he's joost tired to death," and then I wept till I was afraid she would feel the warm tears trickling on her knee. I wished my master, who was a handsome young man, would fall in love with her and marry her, wondering how he could be so blind and stupid as not to do it. But I thought if I were he, I would know well what to do.

There is one circumstance which has led some to imagine that my abilities as a servant had not been exquisite; namely, that when I was fifteen years of age I had served a dozen masters; which circumstance I myself am rather willing to attribute to my having gone to service so young, that I was yearly growing stronger, and consequently adequate to a harder task and an increase of wages: for I do not remember of ever having served a master who refused giving me a verbal recommendation to the next, espe-

cially for my inoffensive behaviour. This character, which I, some way or other, got at my very first outset, has, in some degree, attended me ever since, and has certainly been of utility to me; yet, though Solomon avers that “a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches,” I declare that I have never been so much benefited by mine, but that I would have chosen the latter by many degrees. From some of my masters I received very hard usage; in particular, while with one shepherd, I was often nearly exhausted with hunger and fatigue. All this while I neither read nor wrote; nor had I access to any book save the Bible. I was greatly taken with our version of the Psalms of David, learned the most of them by heart, and have a great partiality for them unto this day. Every little pittance of wages that I earned was carried directly to my parents, who supplied me with what clothes I had. These were often scarcely worthy of the appellation. In particular, I remember being exceedingly bare of shirts: time after time I had but two, which often grew so bad that I was obliged to leave wearing them altogether. At these times I certainly made a very grotesque figure; for, on quitting the shirt, I could never induce my

trews, or lower vestments, to keep up to their proper sphere, there being no braces in those days. When fourteen years of age I saved five shillings of my wages, with which I bought an old violin. This occupied all my leisure hours, and has been my favourite amusement ever since. I had commonly no spare time from labour during the day; but when I was not over-fatigued, I generally spent an hour or two every night in sawing over my favourite old Scottish tunes; and my bed being always in stables and cow-houses, I disturbed nobody but myself and my associate quadrupeds, whom I believed to be greatly delighted with my strains. At all events they never complained, which the biped part of my neighbours did frequently, to my pity and utter indignation. This brings to my remembrance an anecdote, the consequence of one of these nocturnal endeavours at improvement.

When serving with Mr. Scott of Singlee, there happened to be a dance one evening, at which a number of the friends and neighbours of the family were present. I, being admitted into the room as a spectator, was all attention to the music; and, on the company breaking

up, I retired to my stable-loft, and fell to essaying some of the tunes to which I had been listening. The musician going out to a short distance from the house, and not being aware that another of the same craft was so near him, was not a little surprised when the tones of my old violin assailed his ears. At first he took it for the late warbles of his own ringing through his head; but, on a little attention, he, to his horror and astonishment, perceived that the sounds were real,—and that the tunes, which he had lately been playing with so much skill, were now murdered by some invisible being hard by him. Such a circumstance at that dead hour of the night, and when he was unable to discern from what quarter the sounds proceeded, convinced him all at once that it was a delusion of the devil; and, suspecting his intentions from so much familiarity, he fled precipitately into the hall, speechless with affright, and in the utmost perturbation, to the no small mirth of Mr. Scott, who declared that he had lately been considerably annoyed himself by the same discordant sounds.

From Singlee I went to Elibank upon Tweed, where, with Mr. Laidlaw, I found my situation more easy and agreeable than it had ever yet

been. I staid there three half-years—a term longer than usual ; and from thence went to Willemslee, to Mr. Laidlaw's father, with whom I served as a shepherd two years,—having been for some seasons preceding employed in working with horses, threshing, &c.

It was while serving here, in the eighteenth year of my age, that I first got a perusal of “The Life and Adventures of Sir William Wallace,” and “The Gentle Shepherd ;” and though immoderately fond of them, yet (what you will think remarkable in one who hath since dabbled so much in verse) I could not help regretting deeply that they were not in prose, that every body might have understood them ; or, I thought if they had been in the same kind of metre with the Psalms, I could have borne with them. The truth is, I made exceedingly slow progress in reading them. The little reading that I had learned I had nearly lost, and the Scottish dialect quite confounded me ; so that, before I got to the end of a line, I had commonly lost the rhyme of the preceding one ; and if I came to a triplet, a thing of which I had no conception, I commonly read to the foot of the page without perceiving that I had lost the rhyme altogether. I thought the

author had been straitened for rhymes, and had just made a part of it do as well as he could without them. Thus, after I got through both works, I found myself much in the same predicament with the man of Eskdalemuir, who had borrowed Bailey's Dictionary from his neighbour. On returning it, the lender asked him what he thought of it. "I dinna ken, man," replied he; "I have read it all through, but canna say that I understand it; it is the most confused book that ever I saw in my life!" The late Mrs. Laidlaw of Willenslee took some notice of me, and frequently gave me books to read while tending the ewes; these were chiefly theological. The only one, that I remember any thing of, is "Bishop Burnet's Theory of the Conflagration of the Earth." Happy it was for me that I did not understand it! for the little of it that I did understand had nearly overturned my brain altogether. All the day I was pondering on the grand millennium, and the reign of the saints; and all the night dreaming of new heavens and a new earth—the stars in horror, and the world in flames! Mrs. Laidlaw also gave me sometimes the newspapers, which I pored on with great earnestness—beginning at the date, and reading

straight on, through advertisements of houses and lands, balm of Gilead, and every thing; and, after all, was often no wiser than when I began. To give you some farther idea of the progress I had made in literature—I was about this time obliged to write a letter to my elder brother, and, having never drawn a pen for such a number of years, I had actually forgotten how to make sundry letters of the alphabet; these I had either to print, or to patch up the words in the best way I could without them.

At Whitsunday 1790, being still only in the eighteenth year of my age, I left Willenslee, and hired myself to Mr. Laidlaw of Black House, with whom I served as a shepherd ten years. The kindness of this gentleman to me it would be the utmost ingratitude in me ever to forget; for, indeed, it was much more like that of a father than a master,—and it is not improbable that I should have been there still, had it not been for the following circumstance.

My brother William had, for some time before, occupied the farm of Ettrick House, where he resided with our parents; but, having taken a wife, and the place not suiting two families, he took another residence, and gave

up the farm to me. The lease expiring at Whitsunday 1803, our possession was taken by a wealthier neighbour.

The first time that I attempted to write verses was in the spring of the year 1796. Mr. Laidlaw having a number of valuable books, which were all open to my perusal, I about this time began to read with considerable attention;—and no sooner did I begin to read so as to understand, than, rather prematurely, I began to write. For several years my compositions consisted wholly of songs and ballads made up for the lasses to sing in chorus; and a proud man I was when I first heard the rosy nymphs chaunting my uncouth strains, and jeering me by the still dear appellation of “Jamie the poeter.”

I had no more difficulty in composing songs then than I have at present; and I was equally well pleased with them. But, then, the writing of them!—that was a job! I had no method of learning to write, save by following the Italian alphabet; and though I always stripped myself of coat and vest when I began to pen a song, yet my wrist took a cramp, so that I could rarely make above four or six lines at a sitting. Whether my manner of writing it out

was new, I know not, but it was not without singularity. Having very little spare time from my flock, which was unruly enough, I folded and stitched a few sheets of paper, which I carried in my pocket. I had no inkhorn; but, in place of it, I borrowed a small vial, which I fixed in a hole in the breast of my waistcoat; and having a cork fastened by a piece of twine, it answered the purpose fully as well. Thus equipped, whenever a leisure minute or two offered, and I had nothing else to do, I sat down and wrote out my thoughts as I found them. This is still my invariable practice in writing prose. I cannot make out one sentence by study, without the pen in my hand to catch the ideas as they arise, and I never write two copies of the same thing.

My manner of composing poetry is very different, and, I believe, much more singular. Let the piece be of what length it will, I compose and correct it wholly in my mind, or on a slate, ere ever I put pen to paper; and then I write it down as fast as the A, B, C. When once it is written, it remains in that state; it being, as you very well know, with the utmost difficulty that I can be brought to alter one syllable, which I think is partly owing to the above practice.

It is a fact, that, by a long acquaintance with any poetical piece, we become perfectly reconciled to its faults. The numbers, by being frequently repeated, wear smoother to our minds ; and the ideas having been expanded, by our reflection on each particular scene or incident therein described, the mind cannot, without reluctance, consent to the alteration of any part of it.

The first time I ever heard of Burns was in 1797, the year after he died. One day during that summer a half daft man, named John Scott, came to me on the hill, and to amuse me repeated Tam O'Shanter. I was delighted ! I was far more than delighted—I was ravished ! I cannot describe my feelings ; but, in short, before Jock Scott left me, I could recite the poem from beginning to end, and it has been my favourite poem ever since. He told me it was made by one Robert Burns, the sweetest poet that ever was born ; but that he was now dead, and his place would never be supplied. He told me all about him, how he was born on the 25th of January, bred a ploughman, how many beautiful songs and poems he had composed, and that he had died last harvest, on the 21st of August.

This formed a new epoch of my life. Every

day I pondered on the genius and fate of Burns. I wept, and always thought with myself—what is to hinder me from succeeding Burns? I too was born on the 25th of January, and I have much more time to read and compose than any ploughman could have, and can sing more old songs than ever ploughman could in the world. But then I wept again because I could not write. However, I resolved to be a poet, and to follow in the steps of Burns.

I remember in the year 1812, the year before the publication of the “Queen’s Wake,” that I told my friend, the Rev. James Nicol, that I had an inward consciousness that I should yet live to be compared with Burns; and though I might never equal him in some things, I thought I might excel him in others. He reprobated the idea, and thought the assumption so audacious, that he told it as a bitter jest against me in a party that same evening. But the rest seeing me mortified, there was not one joined in the laugh against me, and Mr. John Grieve replied in these words, which I will never forget, “After what he has done, there is no man can say *what* he may do.”

My friend, Mr. William Laidlaw, hath often remonstrated with me, in vain, on the necessity

of a revisal of my pieces ; but, in spite of him, I held fast my integrity : I said I would try to write the next better, but that should remain as it was. He was the only person who, for many years, ever pretended to discover the least merit in my essays, either in verse or prose ; and, as he never failed to have plenty of them about him, he took the opportunity of showing them to every person, whose capacity he supposed adequate to judge of their merits : but it was all to no purpose ; he could make no proselytes to his opinion of any note, save one, who, in a little time, apostatized, and left us as we were. He even went so far as to break with some of his correspondents altogether, who persisted in their obstinacy. All this had not the least effect upon me ; as long as I had his approbation and my own, which last never failed me, I continued to persevere. At length he had the good fortune to appeal to you, who were pleased to back him ; and he came off triumphant, declaring, that the world should henceforth judge for themselves for him.

I have often opposed his proposals with such obstinacy, that I was afraid of losing his countenance altogether ; but none of these things had the least effect upon him ; his friendship con-

tinued unimpaired, attended with the most tender assiduities for my welfare ; and I am now convinced that he is better acquainted with my nature and propensities than I am myself.

I have wandered insensibly from my subject : but to return.—In the spring of the year 1798, as Alexander Laidlaw, a neighbouring shepherd, my brother William, and myself, were resting on the side of a hill above Ettrick church, I happened, in the course of our conversation, to drop some hints of my superior talents in poetry. William said, that, as to putting words into rhyme, it was a thing which he never could do to any sense ; but that, if I liked to enter the lists with him in blank verse, he would take me up for any bet that I pleased. Laidlaw declared that he would venture likewise. This being settled, and the judges named, I accepted the challenge ; but a dispute arising respecting the subject, we were obliged to resort to the following mode of decision : Ten subjects having been named, the lots were cast, and, amongst them all, that which fell to be elucidated by our matchless pens, was, *the stars!*—things which we knew little more about, than merely that they were burning and twinkling over us, and to be seen every

night when the clouds were away. I began with high hopes and great warmth, and in a week declared my theme ready for the comparison; Laidlaw announced his next week; but my brother made us wait a full half year; and then, on being urged, presented his unfinished. The arbiters were then dispersed, and the cause was never properly judged; but those to whom they were shown rather gave the preference to my brother's.—This is certain, that it was far superior to either of the other two in the sublimity of the ideas; but, besides being in bad measure, it was often bombastical. The title of it was “Urania’s Tour;” that of Laidlaw’s, “Astronomical Thoughts;” and that of mine, “Reflections on a view of the Nocturnal Heavens.”

Alexander Laidlaw and I tried, after the same manner, a paraphrase of the 117th Psalm, in English verse. I continued annually to add numbers of smaller pieces of poetry and songs to my collection, mostly on subjects purely ideal, or else legendary. I had, from my childhood, been affected by the frequent return of a violent inward complaint; and it attacked me once in a friend’s house, at a distance from home, and, increasing to an inflammation, all

hopes were given up of my recovery. While I was lying in the greatest agony, about the dead of the night, I had the mortification of seeing the old woman, who watched over me, fall into a swoon, from a supposition that she saw my *wraith*:—a spirit which, the vulgar suppose, haunts the abodes of such as are instantly to die, in order to carry off the soul as soon as it is disengaged from the body: and, next morning, I overheard a consultation about borrowing sheets to lay me in at my decease; but Almighty God, in his providence, deceived both them and the officious spirit; for, by the help of an able physician, I recovered, and have never since been troubled with the distemper.

My first published song was “Donald M'Donald,” which I composed this year, 1800, on the threatened invasion by Buonaparte. The first time I sung it was to a party of social friends at the Crown Tavern, Edinburgh. They commended it, on which I proffered it to one of them for his magazine. He said it was much too good for that, and advised me to give it to Mr. John Hamilton, who would set it to music and get it engraved. I did so, and went away again to the mountains, where I heard

from day to day that the popularity of my song was unbounded, and yet no one ever knew or inquired who was the author.

There chanced to be about that time a great masonic meeting in Edinburgh, the Earl of Moira in the chair; on which occasion, Mr. Oliver, of the house of Oliver and Boyd, then one of the best singers in Scotland, sung “Donald M'Donald.” It was loudly applauded, and three times encored; and so well pleased was Lord Moira with the song, that he rose, and in a long speech descanted on the utility of such songs at that period—thanked Mr. Oliver, and proffered him his whole interest in Scotland. This to the singer; yet, strange to say, he never inquired who was the author of the song!

There was at that period, and a number of years afterwards, a General M'Donald, who commanded the northern division of the British army. The song was sung at his mess every week-day, and sometimes twice and thrice. The old man was proud of, and delighted in it, and was wont to snap his thumbs and join in the chorus. He believed, to his dying day, that it was made upon himself; yet neither he nor one of his officers ever knew or inquired

who was the author—so thankless is the poet's trade ! It was, perhaps, the most popular song that ever was written. For many other comical anecdotes relating to it, see a collection of my songs published by Mr. Blackwood last year.

In 1801, believing that I was then become a grand poet, I most sapiently determined on publishing a pamphlet, and appealing to the world at once. This noble resolution was no sooner taken than executed ; a proceeding much of a piece with many of my subsequent transactions. Having attended the Edinburgh market one Monday, with a number of sheep for sale, and being unable to dispose of them all, I put the remainder into a park until the market on Wednesday. Not knowing how to pass the interim, it came into my head that I would write a poem or two from my memory, and get them printed. The thought had no sooner struck me than it was put in practice ; and I was obliged to select, not the best poems, but those that I remembered best. I wrote several of these during my short stay, and gave them all to a person to print at my expense, and, having sold off my sheep on Wednesday morning, I returned to the Forest. I saw no more of my poems until I received word that there were

one thousand copies of them thrown off. I knew no more about publishing than the man of the moon ; and the only motive that influenced me was, the gratification of my vanity by seeing my works in print. But, no sooner did the first copy come to hand, than my eyes were open to the folly of my conduct ; for, on comparing it with the MS. which I had at home, I found many of the stanzas omitted, others misplaced, and typographical errors abounding in every page.

Thus were my first productions pushed headlong into the world, without either patron or preface, or even apprising the public that such a thing was coming, and “unhousell’d, unanointed, unaneled, with all their imperfections on their heads.” “Will an’ Keatie,” however, had the honour of being copied into some periodical publications of the time, as a favourable specimen of the work. Indeed, all of them were sad stuff, although I judged them to be exceedingly good.

The truth was, that, notwithstanding my pride of authorship, in a few days I had discernment enough left to wish my publication heartily at the devil, and I had hopes that long ago it had been consigned to eternal oblivion ;

when, behold ! a London critic had in malice of heart preserved a copy, and quoted liberally out of it last year, to my intense chagrin and mortification.

On the appearance of “The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,” I was much dissatisfied with the imitations of the ancient ballads contained in it, and immediately set about imitating the ancient ballads myself—selected a number of traditionary stories, and put them in metre by chanting them to certain old tunes. In these I was more successful than in any thing I had hitherto tried, although they were still but rude pieces of composition.

THE above is the substance of three letters, written in the same year, and alluding mostly to Poetical Trifles. Since that time I have experienced a very unexpected reverse of fortune. After my return from the Highlands in June last, I put every thing in readiness for my departure to settle in Harris ; and I wrote and published my “Farewell to Ettrick,” wherein the real sentiments of my heart at that time are simply related, which constitute its only claim to merit. It would be tedious and trifling,

were I to relate all the disagreeable circumstances which ensued; suffice it to say, that my scheme was absolutely frustrated.

Miserably disappointed, and vexed at having been thus baffled in an undertaking about which I had talked so much, to avoid a great many disagreeable questions and explanations, I went to England during the remainder of the summer. On my return to Scotland, having lost all the money that I had made by a regular and industrious life, and in one week too, I again cheerfully hired myself as a shepherd, with Mr. Harkness of Mitchell-Slack, in Nithsdale. It was while here that I published "The Mountain Bard," consisting of the above-mentioned ballads. Sir Walter, then Mr. Scott, had encouraged the publication of the work in some letters that he sent me; consequently I went to Edinburgh to see about it. He went with me to Mr. Constable, who received me very kindly, but told me frankly that my poetry would not sell. I said I thought it was as good as any body's I had seen. He said that might be, but that nobody's poetry would sell; it was the worst stuff that came to market, and that he found; but, as I appeared to be a gay, queer chiel, if I would procure him two hundred subscribers he would publish my work for me,

and give me as much for it as he could. I did not like the subscribers much; but, having no alternative, I accepted the conditions. Before the work was ready for publication I had got above five hundred subscribers; and Mr. Constable, who, by that time, had conceived a better opinion of the work, gave me half-guinea copies for all my subscribers, and a letter for a small sum over and above. I have forgot how much; but, upon the whole, he acted with great liberality. He gave me, likewise, that same year, eighty-six pounds for that celebrated work, "Hogg on Sheep;" and I was now richer than I had ever been before.

I had no regular plan of delivering those copies that were subscribed for, but sent them simply to the people, intending to take their money in return; but though some paid me double, triple, and even ten times the price, about one-third of my subscribers thought proper to take the copies for nothing, never paying for them to this day.

Being now master of nearly three hundred pounds, I went perfectly mad. I first took one pasture farm, at exactly one half more than it was worth, having been cheated into it by a great rascal, who meant to rob me of all I had,

and which, in the course of one year, he effected by dint of law. But, in the mean time, having taken another extensive farm, I found myself fairly involved in business far above my capital. It would have required at least one thousand pounds for every one hundred pounds that I possessed, to have managed all I had taken in hand ; so I got every day out of one strait and confusion into a worse. I blundered and struggled on for three years between these two places, giving up all thoughts of poetry or literature of any kind. I have detailed these circumstances in a larger MS. work ; but, though they are most laughable, they must be omitted here, as it is only a short sketch of my *literary life* that I can include in this introduction.

Finding myself, at length, fairly run aground, I gave my creditors all that I had, or rather suffered them to take it, and came off and left them. I never asked any settlement, which would not have been refused me ; and severely have I smarted for that neglect since. None of these matters had the least effect in depressing my spirits—I was generally rather most cheerful when most unfortunate. On returning again to Ettrick Forest, I found the countenances of all my friends altered ; and even those

whom I had loved, and trusted most, disowned me, and told me so to my face ; but I laughed at and despised these persons, resolving to show them, by and by, that they were in the wrong. Having appeared as a poet, and a speculative farmer besides, no one would now employ me as a shepherd. I even applied to some of my old masters, but they refused me, and for a whole winter I found myself without employment, and without money, in my native country ; therefore, in February 1810, in utter desperation, I took my plaid about my shoulders, and marched away to Edinburgh, determined, since no better could be, to push my fortune as a literary man. It is true, I had estimated my poetical talent high enough, but I had resolved to use it only as a staff, never as a crutch ; and would have kept that resolve, had I not been driven to the reverse. On going to Edinburgh, I found that my poetical talents were rated nearly as low there as my shepherd qualities were in Ettrick. It was in vain that I applied to newsmongers, booksellers, editors of magazines, &c. for employment. Any of these were willing enough to accept of my lucubrations, and give them publicity, but then there was no money going—not a farthing ; and this suited me very ill.

I again applied to Mr. Constable, to publish a volume of songs for me ; for I had nothing else by me but the songs of my youth, having given up all these exercises so long. He was rather averse to the expedient ; but he had a sort of kindness for me, and did not like to refuse ; so, after waiting on him three or four times, he agreed to print an edition, and give me half the profits. He published one thousand copies, at five shillings each ; but he never gave me any thing ; and as I feared the concern might not have proved a good one, I never asked any remuneration.

The name of this work was “The Forest Minstrel ;” of which about two-thirds of the songs were my own, the rest furnished by correspondents—a number of them by the ingenious Mr. T. M. Cunningham. In general they are not good, but the worst of them are all mine, for I inserted every ranting rhyme that I had made in my youth, to please the circles about the firesides in the country ; and all this time I had never been once in any polished society—had read next to nothing—was now in the 38th year of my age—and knew no more of human life or manners than a child. I was a sort of natural songster, without another advantage on earth. Fain would I have done something ;

but, on finding myself shunned by every one, I determined to push my own fortune independent of booksellers, whom I now began to view as enemies to all genius. My plan was, to begin a literary weekly paper, a work for which I certainly was rarely qualified, when the above facts are considered. I tried Walker and Greig, and several printers, offering them security to print it for me.—No; not one of them would print it without a bookseller's name to it as publisher. “D—n them,” said I to myself, as I was running from one to another, “the folks here are all combined in a body.” Mr. Constable laughed at me exceedingly, and finally told me he wished me too well to encourage such a thing. Mr. Ballantyne was rather more civil, and got off by subscribing for so many copies, and giving me credit for ten pounds worth of paper. David Brown would have nothing to do with it, unless some gentleman, whom he named, should contribute. At length, I found an honest man, James Robertson, a bookseller in Nicolson Street, whom I had never before seen or heard of, who undertook it at once on my own terms; and on the 1st of September, 1810, my first number made its appearance on a quarto demy sheet, price fourpence.

A great number were sold, and many hundreds delivered gratis ; but one of Robertson's boys, a great rascal, had demanded the price in full for all that he was to have delivered gratis. They showed him the imprint, that they were to be delivered gratis : " So they are," said he ; " I take nothing for the delivery ; but I must have the price of the paper, if you please."

This money that the boy brought me, consisting of a few shillings and an immense number of halfpence, was the first and only money I had pocketed of my own making since my arrival in Edinburgh in February. On the publication of the first two numbers, I deemed I had as many subscribers as, at all events, would secure the work from being dropped ; but, on the publication of my third or fourth number, I have forgot which, it was so indecorous, that no fewer than seventy-three subscribers gave up. This was a sad blow for me ; but, as usual, I despised the fastidiousness and affectation of the people, and continued my work. It proved a fatal oversight for the paper, for all those who had given in set themselves against it with the utmost inveteracy. The literary ladies, in particular, agreed, in full divan, that I would never write a sentence which deserved to be read. A reverend friend of mine has

often repeated my remark on being told of this —“ Gaping deevils! wha cares what they say? If I leeve ony time, I’ll let them see the contrair o’ that.”

My publisher, James Robertson, was a kind-hearted, confused body, who loved a joke and a dram. He sent for me every day about one o’clock, to consult about the publication; and then we uniformly went down to a dark house in the Cowgate, where we drank whisky and ate rolls with a number of printers, the dirtiest and leanest-looking men I had ever seen. My youthful habits having been so regular, I could not stand this; and though I took care, as I thought, to drink very little, yet, when I went out, I was at times so dizzy, I could scarcely walk; and the worst thing of all was, I felt that I was beginning to relish it.

Whenever a man thinks seriously of a thing, he generally thinks aright. I thought frequently of these habits and connexions, and found that they never would do; and that, instead of pushing myself forward, as I wished, I was going straight to the devil. I said nothing about this to my respectable acquaintances, nor do I know if they ever knew or suspected what was going on; but, on some pre-

tence or other, I resolved to cut all connexion with Robertson; and, sorely against his will, gave the printing to the Messrs. Aikman, then proprietors of the Star newspaper, showing them the list of subscribers, of which they took their chance, and promised me half profits. At the conclusion of the year, instead of granting me any profits, they complained of being minus, and charged me with the half of the loss. This I refused to pay, unless they could give me an account of all the numbers published, on the sale of which there should have been a good profit. This they could not do; so I paid nothing, and received as little. I had, however, a good deal to pay to Robertson, who likewise asked more; so that, after a year's literary drudgery, I found myself a loser rather than a gainer.

The name of this periodical work was "The Spy." I continued it for a year, and to this day I cannot help regarding it as a literary curiosity. It has, doubtless, but little merit; but yet I think that, all circumstances considered, it is rather wonderful. In my farewell paper I see the following sentence occurs, when speaking of the few who stood friends to the work:—

“ They have, at all events, the honour of patronising an undertaking quite new in the records of literature ; for, that a common shepherd, who never was at school ; who went to service at seven years of age, and could neither read nor write with any degree of accuracy when thirty ; yet who, smitten with an unconquerable thirst after knowledge, should leave his native mountains, and his flocks to wander where they chose, come to the metropolis with his plaid wrapped about his shoulders, and all at once set up for a connoisseur in manners, taste, and genius—has much more the appearance of a romance than a matter of fact ; yet a matter of fact it certainly is ;—and such a person is the editor of ‘ The Spy.’ ”

I begun it without asking, or knowing of any assistance ; but when Mr. and Mrs. Gray saw it was on foot, they interested themselves in it with all their power, and wrote a number of essays for it. Several other gentlemen likewise contributed a paper quietly now and then, and among others Robert Sym, Esq., which I never discovered till after the work was discontinued. Professor T. Gillespie, the Rev. Wm. Gillespie, J. Black of the Morning Chronicle, and sundry others, lent me an occasional lift.

The greater part, however, is my own writing, and consists of four hundred and fifteen quarto pages, double columned,—no easy task for one person to accomplish in a year. I speak of this work as of one that *existed*, for it flew abroad, like the sibyl's papers, every week, and I believe there are not above five complete copies existing, if indeed there is one ; and, as it never will be reprinted, if the scarcity of a work makes it valuable, no one can be more so, to exist at all.

All this while there was no man who entered into my views, and supported them, save Mr. John Grieve, a friend, whose affection neither misfortune nor imprudence could once shake. Evil speakers had no effect on him. We had been acquainted from our youth ; and he had formed his judgment of me as a man and a poet ; and from that nothing could ever make him abate one item. Mr. Grieve's opinion of me was by far too partial, for it amounted to this, that he never conceived any effort in poetry above my reach, if I would set my mind to it ; but my carelessness and indifference he constantly regretted and deprecated. During the first six months that I resided in Edinburgh I lived with him, and his partner, Mr. Scott, who, on a longer acquaintance, became as

firmly attached to me as Mr. Grieve; and, I believe, as much so as to any other man alive. We three have had many very happy evenings together; we indeed were seldom separate when it was possible to meet. They suffered me to want for nothing, either in money or clothes; and I did not even need to ask these. Mr. Grieve was always the first to notice my wants, and prevent them. In short, they would not suffer me to be obliged to any one but themselves for the value of a farthing; and without this sure support I could never have fought my way in Edinburgh. I was fairly starved into it, and if it had not been for Messrs. Grieve and Scott, would, in a very short time, have been starved out of it again.

The next thing in which I became deeply interested, in a literary way, was the FORUM, a debating society, established by a few young men, of whom I, though far from being a young man, was one of the first. We opened our house to the public, making each individual pay a sixpence, and the crowds that attended, for three years running, were beyond all bounds. I was appointed secretary, with a salary of twenty pounds a year, which never was paid, though I gave away hundreds in charity. We were exceed-

ingly improvident; but I never was so much advantaged by any thing as by that society; for it let me feel, as it were, the pulse of the public, and precisely what they would swallow, and what they would not. All my friends were averse to my coming forward in the Forum as a public speaker, and tried to reason me out of it, by representing my incapacity to harangue a thousand people in a speech of half an hour. I had, however, given my word to my associates, and my confidence in myself being unbounded, I began, and came off with flying colours. We met once a week. I spoke every night, and sometimes twice the same night; and, though I sometimes incurred pointed disapprobation, was in general a prodigious favourite. The characters of all my brother members are given in the larger work, but here they import not. I have scarcely known any society of young men who have all got so well on. Their progress has been singular; and, I am certain, people may say what they will, that they were greatly improved by their weekly appearances in the Forum. Private societies signify nothing; but a discerning public is a severe test, especially in a multitude, where the smallest departure from good taste, or from the question, was

sure to draw down disapproval, and where no good saying ever missed observation and applause. If this do not assist in improving the taste, I know not what will. Of this I am certain, that I was greatly the better for it, and I may safely say I never was in a school before. I might and would have written the "Queen's Wake" had the Forum never existed, but without the weekly lessons that I got there I could not have succeeded as I did. Still our meetings were somewhat ludicrous, especially the formality of some of the presidents. To me they were so irresistible, that I wrote a musical farce, in three acts, called "The Forum, a Tragedy for Cold Weather," wherein all the members are broadly taken off, myself not excepted, and some of our evening scenes depicted. I believe it is a good thing of the kind, at least I remember thinking so at the time; but it was so severe on some of my friends, who had a few peculiarities about them, that I never showed it to any one. I have it by me; but I believe never man saw it save myself. About the same time I wrote another musical drama of three acts, and showed it to Mr. Siddons. He approved of it very highly, with the exception of some trivial scene, which I promised to alter,

and he undertook to have it acted on the return of the season; but I never saw him again. He was always kind and friendly to me, and made me free to the theatre from year to year.

During the time that the Forum was going on the poetry of Mr. Walter Scott and Lord Byron was exciting general attention. I had published some pieces in "The Spy" that Grieve thought exceedingly good; and nothing would serve him but that I should take the field once more as a poet, and try my fate with others. I promised; and having some ballads or metrical tales by me, which I did not like to lose, I planned the "Queen's Wake," in order that I might take these all in, and had it ready in a few months after it was first proposed. I was very anxious to read it to some person of taste; but no one would either read it, or listen to my reading it, save Grieve, who assured me it would do. As I lived at Deanhaugh then, I invited Mr. and Mrs. Gray to drink tea, and to read a part of it with me before offering it for publication. Unluckily, however, before I had read half a page, Mrs. Gray objected to a word, which Grieve approved of and defended, and some high disputes arose; other authors were appealed to, and notwithstanding my giving

several very broad hints, I could not procure a hearing for another line of my new poem. Indeed, I was sorely disappointed, and told my friends so on going away ; on which another day was appointed, and I took my manuscript to Buccleugh Place. Mr. Gray had not got through the third page when he was told that an itinerant bard had entered the lobby, and was repeating his poetry to the boarders. Mr. Gray went out and joined them, leaving me alone with a young lady, to read, or not, as we liked. In about half an hour he sent a request for me likewise to come : on which I went, and heard a poor crazy beggar repeating such miserable stuff as I had never heard before. I was terribly affronted ; and putting my manuscript in my pocket, I jogged my way home in very bad humour. Gray has sometimes tried to deny the truth of this anecdote, and to face me out of it, but it would not do. I never estimated him the less as a friend ; but I did not forget it, in one point of view ; for I never read any more new poems to him.

I next went to my friend Mr. Constable, and told him my plan of publication ; but he received me coldly, and told me to call again. I did so—when he said he would do nothing until

he had seen the MS. I refused to give it, saying, "What skill have you about the merits of a book?"—"It may be so, Hogg," said he; "but I know as well how to sell a book as any man, which should be some concern of yours; and I know how to buy one, too, by G—!"

Finally, he told me, that if I would procure him two hundred subscribers, to insure him from loss, he would give me £100 for liberty to print one thousand copies; and more than that he would not give. I felt I should be obliged to comply; and, with great reluctance, got a few subscription-papers thrown off privately, and gave them to friends, who soon procured me the requisite number. But, before this time, one George Goldie, a young bookseller in Princes Street, a lad of some taste, had become acquainted with me at the Forum, and earnestly requested to see my MS. I gave it to him with reluctance, being predetermined to have nothing to do with him. He had not, however, well looked into the work till he thought he perceived something above common-place; and, when I next saw him, he was intent on being the publisher of the work, offering me as much as Mr. Constable, and all the subscribers to myself over and

above. I was very loath to part with Mr. Constable ; but the terms were so different, that I was obliged to think of it. I tried him again ; but he had differed with Mr. Scott, and I found him in such bad humour, that he would do nothing farther than curse all the poets, and declare that he had met with more ingratitude from literary men than all the rest of the human race. Of course Goldie got the work, and it made its appearance in the spring of 1813.

As I said, nobody had seen the work ; and, on the day after it was published, I went up to Edinburgh as anxious as a man could be. I walked sometimes about the streets, and read the title of my book on the booksellers' windows, yet I durst not go into any of the shops. I was like a man between death and life, waiting for the sentence of the jury. The first encouragement that I got was from my countryman, Mr. William Dunlop, wine and spirit merchant, who, on observing me going sauntering up the plainstones of the High Street, came over from the Cross, arm-in-arm with another gentleman, a stranger to me. I remember his salutation, word for word ; and, singular as it was, it made a strong impression ; for I knew that Mr. Dunlop had a great deal of rough common sense.

“Ye useless poetical deevil that ye’re!” said he, “what hae ye been doing a’ this time?”—“What doing, Willie! what do you mean?”—“D—n your stupid head, ye hae been pestering us wi’ fourpenny papers an’ daft shilly-shally sangs, an’ bletherin’ an’ speakin’ i’ the Forum, an’ yet had stuff in ye to produce a thing like this!”—“Ay, Willie,” said I; “have you seen my new beuk?”—“Ay, faith, that I have, man; and it has lickit me out o’ a night’s sleep. Ye hae hit the right nail on the head now. Yon’s the very thing, sir.”—“I’m very glad to hear you say sae, Willie; but what do ye ken about poems?”—“Never ye mind how I ken; I gi’e you my word for it, yon’s the thing that will do. If ye hadna made a fool o’ yoursel’ afore, man, yon wad hae sold better than ever a book sold. Od, wha wad hae thought there was as muckle in that sheep’s-head o’ yours?—d—d stupid poetical deevil that ye’re!” And with that he went away, laughing and miscalling me over his shoulder.

This address gave me a little confidence, and I faced my acquaintances one by one; and every thing that I heard was laudatory. The first report of any work that goes abroad, be it good or bad, spreads like fire set to a hill of

heather in a warm spring day, and no one knows where it will stop. From that day forward every one has spoken well of the work; and every review praised its general features, save the Eclectic, which, in the year 1813, tried to hold it up to ridicule and contempt. Mr. Jeffery ventured not a word about it, either good or bad, himself, until the year after, when it had fairly got into a second and third edition. He then gave a very judicious and sensible review of it; but he committed a most horrible blunder, in classing Mr. Tenant, the author of "Anster Fair," and me together, as two self-taught geniuses; whereas there was not one point of resemblance. Tenant being a better educated man than the reviewer himself, was not a little affronted at being classed with me. From that day to this Mr. Jeffery has taken no notice of any thing that I have published, which I think can hardly be expected to do him any honour at the long run. I should like the worst poem that I have since published to stand a fair comparison with some that he has strained himself to bring forward. It is a pity that any literary connexion, which with the one party might be unavoidable, should ever prejudice one valued friend and acquaintance

against another. In the heart-burnings of party spirit, the failings of great minds are more exposed than in all other things in the world put together.

Mr. Goldie had little capital, and less interest among the trade; nevertheless, he did all for my work that lay in his power, and sold two editions of it in a short time. About that period a general failure took place among the secondary class of booksellers, and it was reported that Goldie was so much involved with some of the houses, that it was impossible he could escape destruction. A third edition of my poem was wanted, and, without more ado, I went and offered it to Mr. Constable. We closed a bargain at once, and the book was sent to Mr. Ballantyne to print. But after a part was thrown off, Goldie got notice of the transaction, and was neither to hold nor bind, pretending that he had been exceedingly ill used. He waited on Mr. Constable one hour, and corresponded with him the next, till he induced him to give up the bargain. It was in vain that I remonstrated, affirming that the work was my own, and I would give it to whom I pleased. I had no one to take my part, and I was browbeat out

of it—Goldie alleging that I had no reason to complain, as he now entered precisely into Constable's terms, and had run all the risk of the former editions. I durst not say that he was going to break, and never pay me; so I was obliged to suffer the edition to be printed off in Goldie's name. This was exceeding ill done of him—nothing could be more cruel—and I was grieved that he did so, for I had a good opinion of him. The edition had not been lodged in his premises a week before he stopped payment, and yet, in that time, he had contrived to sell, or give away, more than one half of the copies; and thus all the little money that I had gained, which I was so proud of, and on which I depended for my subsistence, and the settling of some old farming debts that were pressing hard upon me, vanished from my grasp at once.

It was on the occasion of Mr. Blackwood being appointed one of the trustees upon the bankrupt estate that I was first introduced to him. I found him and the two Messrs. Bridges deeply interested in my case. I shall never forget their kindness and attention to my interests at that unfortunate period. I applied to Mr. Samuel Aitken, who was the head trustee, with fear and trembling, for I judged of him

as a severe and strict man, who I knew would do justice to me, but I expected nothing farther. When I waited on him he looked at me with his grey stiff eye. "It is all over with me here," thought I. I never was more mistaken in my life; for no sooner had I stated my case than Samuel entered into my interests with his whole heart, and said, that provided he could save the creditors from losing any thing, which he was bound to do, he saw no right they had to make any thing by my edition. He then and there consigned over to me the whole of the remaining copies, 490 in number, charging me only with the expenses of printing, &c. These, to my agreeable astonishment, amounted only to two shillings and tenpence halfpenny per volume. The work sold at twelve shillings, so that a good reversion appeared to be mine. Mr. Blackwood sold the copies for me on commission, and ultimately paid me more than double of what I was to have received from Goldie. For this I was indebted to the consideration and kindness of the trustees.

I had likewise, before this time, been introduced to most of the great literary characters in the metropolis, and lived with them on terms of intimacy, finding myself more and more a wel-

come guest at all their houses. However, I was careful not to abuse their indulgence ; for, with the exception of a few intimate friends, I made myself exceedingly scarce. I was indebted for these introductions, in a great degree, to the Reverend Dr. Morehead, one of the most amiable men I have ever known, and to two worthy ladies of the name of Lowes. I have written out, at great length, my opinion of all the characters of these literary gentlemen, with traits of their behaviour towards each other, principally from reports on which I could depend, and what I myself knew of their plans and parties ; but this would fill a volume as large as the present work.

On the appearance of Mr. Wilson's " Isle of Palms," I was so greatly taken with many of his fanciful and visionary scenes, descriptive of bliss and woe, that it had a tendency to divest me occasionally of all worldly feelings. I reviewed this poem, as well as many others, in a Scottish Review then going on in Edinburgh, and was exceedingly anxious to meet with the author ; but this I tried in vain, for the space of six months. All I could learn of him was, that he was a man from the mountains in Wales, or the west of England, with hair like eagles'

feathers, and nails like birds' claws; a red beard, and an uncommon degree of wildness in his looks. Wilson was then utterly unknown in Edinburgh, except slightly to Mr. Walter Scott, who never introduces any one person to another, nor judges it of any avail. However, having no other shift left, I sat down and wrote him a note, telling him that I wished much to see him, and if he wanted to see me, he might come and dine with me at my lodgings in the Road of Gabriel, at four. He accepted the invitation, and dined with Grieve and me; and I found him so much a man according to my own heart, that for many years we were seldom twenty-four hours asunder, when in town. I afterwards went and visited him, staying with him a month at his seat in Westmoreland, where we had some curious doings among the gentlemen and poets of the lakes. It is a pity I have not room here to give a description of all these scenes, being obliged, according to my plan, to return to a subject far less interesting, namely, my own literary progress.

The "Queen's Wake" being now consigned to Messrs. Murray and Blackwood, I fairly left it to its fate; and they published a fourth

edition, which was in fact not a new edition, but only the remainder of Goldie's third; so that I gained an edition in the eyes of the world, although not in the weight of my purse, to which this edition in reality made no *addition*. It has, however, been a good work to me, and has certainly been read and admired much above what its merits warrant. My own opinion of it is, that it is a very imperfect and unequal production; and if it were not for three of the ballads, which are rather of a redeeming quality, some of the rest are little better than trash. But, somehow or other, the plan proved extremely happy; and though it was contrived solely for the purpose of stringing my miscellaneous ballads into a regular poem, happened to have a good effect, from keeping always up a double interest, both in the incidents of each tale, and in the success of the singer in the contest for the prize harp. The intermediate poetry between the ballads is all likewise middling good.

The same year in which I wrote the two musical dramas, I also wrote a tragedy, which was called "The Hunting of Badlewe;" but of this Goldie only printed a few copies, to see how the public relished it. It was not favourably received;—but more of this hereafter.

Although it should rather have been mentioned at a period subsequent to this, I may take notice here, that the *fifth edition* of the “Queen’s Wake,” in royal octavo, with plates, was a plan concocted by Mr. Blackwood to bring me in a little money. He was assisted in this undertaking by Charles Sharpe, Esq., Mr. Walter Scott, and several other friends; but most of all by the indefatigable Mr. David Bridges, junior, a man that often effects more in one day than many others can do in six, and who is, in fact, a greater prodigy than any self-taught painter or poet in the kingdom.

The only other anecdote which I have recorded in my Diary relating to this poem is one about the dedication. As it related to the amusements of a young queen, I thought I could dedicate it to no one so appropriately as to her royal and beautiful descendant, the Princess Charlotte; which I did. By the advice of some friends, I got a large paper copy bound up in an elegant antique style, which cost three guineas, and sent it as a present to her Royal Highness, directing it to the care of Dr. Fisher, bishop of Salisbury, and requesting him to present it to his royal pupil. His lordship was neither at the pains to acknowledge the receipt of the work or of my letter, nor, I

dare say, to deliver it as directed. The dedication I have never had the heart to cancel, even now when she is no more, and I have let the original date remain.

During all this time I generally went on a tour into the Highlands every summer, and always made a point of tarrying some time at Kinnaird House in Athol, the seat of Chalmers Izett, Esq., whose lady had taken an early interest in my fortunes, which no circumstance has ever abated. I depended much on her advice and good taste; and had I attended more to her friendly remonstrances, it would have been much better for me. In the summer of 1814, having been seized with a severe cold while there, it was arranged that I should reside at Kinnaird House two or three weeks; and as Mrs. Izett insisted that I should not remain idle, she conducted me up stairs one morning, and introduced me into a little study, furnished with books and writing materials. “Now,” said she, “I do not wish you to curtail your fishing hours, since you seem to delight so much in it, but whenever you have a spare hour, either evening or morning, you can retire to this place, either to read or write, as the humour suits you.”—“Since you will set me down to

write," said I, "you must choose a subject for me, for I have nothing in hand, and have thought of nothing."—"How can you be at a loss for a subject," returned she, "and that majestic river rolling beneath your eyes?"—"Well," said I, "though I consider myself exquisite at descriptions of nature, and mountain-scenery in particular, yet I am afraid that a poem wholly descriptive will prove dull and heavy."—"You may make it the shorter," said she; "only write something to prevent your mind from rusting."

Upon this I determined immediately to write a poem descriptive of the river Tay, and after spending about two hours considering in what verse I should write it, I fixed on the stanza of Spenser. "That is the finest verse in the world," said I to myself; "it rolls off with such majesty and grandeur. What an effect it will have in the description of mountains, cataracts, and storms!"

I had also another motive for adopting it. I was fond of the Spenserian measure; but there was something in the best models that always offended my ear. It was owing to this. I thought it so formed, that every verse ought to be a structure of itself, resembling an arch, of

which the two meeting rhymes in the middle should represent the key-stone, and on these all the strength and flow of the verse should rest. On beginning this poem, therefore, I had the vanity to believe that I was going to give the world a new specimen of this stanza in its proper harmony. It was under these feelings that my poem of "Mador of the Moor" was begun, and in a very short time completed: but I left out to the extent of one whole book of the descriptive part. There is no doubt whatever that my highest and most fortunate efforts in rhyme are contained in some of the descriptions of nature in that poem, and in the "Ode to Superstition" in the same measure.

In the same year, and immediately on finishing the above poem, I conceived a plan for writing a volume of romantic poems, to be entitled "Midsummer Night Dreams," and am sorry to this day that a friendly advice prevented me from accomplishing my design, for of all other subjects, there were none that suited the turn of my thoughts so well.

The first of these dreams that I wrote was "Connel of Dee," now published in the "Winter Evening Tales," and the second was "The

Pilgrims of the Sun." It happened that a gentleman, Mr. James Park of Greenock, on whose literary taste I had great reliance, came to Edinburgh for a few weeks about this time; and, as we had been intimate acquaintances and correspondents for a number of years, I gave him a perusal of all my recent pieces in manuscript. His approbation of the "Pilgrims of the Sun" was so decided, and so unqualified, that he prevailed upon me to give up my design of the *Midsummer Night Dreams*, and also that of publishing *Mador*, and to publish the former poem as an entire work by itself. This advice of my inestimable and regretted friend, though given in sincerity of heart, I am convinced was wrong; but I had faith in every one that commended any of my works, and laughed at those who did otherwise, thinking, and asserting, that they had not sufficient discernment. Among other wild and visionary subjects, the "Pilgrims of the Sun" would have done very well, and might at least have been judged one of the best; but, as an entire poem by itself, it bears an impress of extravagance, and affords no relief from the story of a visionary existence. After my literary blunders and mis-carriages are a few months old, I can view

them with as much indifference, and laugh at them as heartily, as any of my neighbours. I have often felt, that Mary Lee reminded me of a beautiful country girl turned into an assembly in dishabille, “half-naked, for a world’s wonder,” whose beauties might be gazed at, but were sure to be derided.

There were some circumstances attending the publication of this poem which show the doings and the honour of the bookselling profession in a peculiar light. I called on my old friend, Mr. Constable, from whom I was very loath to part, and told him my design and views in publishing the poem. He received me with his usual kindness, and seemed to encourage the plan: but, in the mean time, said he was busy, and that if I would call again on Saturday, he would have time to think of it, and give me an answer. With the solicitude of a poor author, I was punctual to my hour on Saturday, and found Mr. Constable sitting at his confined desk up stairs, and alone, which was a rare incident. He saluted me, held out his hand without lifting his eyes from the paper, and then, resuming his pen, continued writing. I read the backs of some of the books on his shelves, and then spoke of my

new poem; but he would not deign to lift his eyes, or regard me. I tried to bring on a conversation by talking of the Edinburgh Review; but all to no purpose. “Now, the devil confound the fellow,” thought I to myself, “he will sit there scribbling till we are interrupted by some one coming to talk to him of business, and then I shall lose my opportunity—perhaps it is what he wants! Hang him, if I thought he were not wanting my book, I should be as saucy as he is!” At length he turned his back to the window, with his face to me, and addressed me in a long set speech, a thing I never heard him do before. It had a great deal of speciousness in it; but with regard to its purport, I leave the world to judge. I pledge myself, that in this short Sketch of my Literary Life, as well as in the extended memoir, should that ever appear, to relate nothing but the downright truth. If any should feel that they have done or said wrong, I cannot help it.

“By G—, Hogg, you are a very extraordinary fellow!” said he—“you are a man of very great genius, sir! I don’t know if ever there was such another man born!” I looked down, and brushed my hat with my elbow; for what could any man answer to such an address?

“Nay, it is all true, sir; I do not jest a word—I never knew such a genius in my life. I am told that, since the publication of the “Queen’s Wake” last year, you have three new poems, all as long, and greatly superior to that, ready for publication. By G—, sir, you will write Scott, and Byron, and every one of them, off the field.”

“Let us alane o’ your gibes, Maister Constable,” said I, “and tell me at ance what ye ’re gaun to say about yon.”

“I have been thinking seriously about your proposal, Hogg,” said he; “and though you are the very sort of man whom I wish to encourage, yet I do not think the work would be best in my hands. I am so deeply engaged, my dear sir, in large and ponderous works, that a small light work has no good chance in my hands at all. For the sake of the authors, I have often taken such works in hand—among others, your friend Mr. Paterson’s—and have been grieved that I had it not in my power to pay that minute attention to them, individually, that I wished to have done. The thing is impossible! And then the authors come fretting to me; nor will they believe that another bookseller can do much more for such works than

I can. There is my friend, Mr. Miller, for instance—he has sold three times as many of *Discipline* as perhaps I could have done.”—“No, no,” said I, “I’ll deal none with Mr. Miller: if you are not for the work yourself, I will find out one who will take it.”—“I made the proposal in friendship,” said he: “if you give the work to Miller I shall do all for it the same as if it were my own. I will publish it in all my catalogues, and in all my reviews and magazines, and I will send it abroad with all these to my agents in the country. I will be security for the price of it, should you and he deal; so that, in transferring it to Miller in place of me, you only secure for it two interests in place of one.”

This was all so unobjectionable, that I could say nothing in opposition to it; so we agreed on the price at one word, which was, I think, to be eighty-six pounds for liberty to print one thousand copies. Mr. Miller was sent for, who complied with every thing as implicitly as if he had been Mr. Constable’s clerk, and without making a single observation. The bargain was fairly made out and concluded; the manuscript was put into Mr. Miller’s hands, and I left Edinburgh, leaving him a written direction how to forward the

proofs. Week passed after week, and no proofs arrived. I grew impatient, it having been stipulated that the work was to be published in two months, and wrote to Mr. Miller; but I received no answer. I then wrote to a friend to inquire the reason. He waited on Mr. Miller, he said, but received no satisfactory answer: "the truth of the matter," added he, "is this: Mr. Miller, I am privately informed, sent out your MS. among his blue-stockings for their verdict. They have condemned the poem as extravagant nonsense. Mr. Miller has rued his bargain, and will never publish the poem, unless he is sued at law." How far this information was correct I had no means of discovering; but it vexed me exceedingly, as I had mentioned the transaction to all my friends, and how much I was pleased at the connexion. However, I waited patiently for two months, the time when it ought to have been published, and then I wrote Mr. Miller a note, desiring him to put my work forthwith to the press, the time being now elapsed; or, otherwise, to return me the manuscript. Mr. Miller returned me the poem with a polite note, as if no bargain had existed, and I thought it beneath me ever to mention the circumstance again, either

to him or Mr. Constable. As I never understood the real secret of this transaction, neither do I know whom to blame. Mr. Miller seemed all along to be acting on the ground of some secret arrangement with his neighbour, and it was perhaps by an arrangement of the same kind that the poem was given up. But I only relate what I know.

Some time after this Mr. Blackwood introduced me to Mr. John Murray, the London bookseller, with whom I was quite delighted ; and one night, after supping with him in Albany Street, I mentioned the transaction with Mr. Miller. He said Mr. Constable was to blame ; for, as matters stood, he ought to have seen the bargain implemented ; but, at all events, it should be no loss to me, for he was willing to take the poem according to Mr. Miller's bargain. There was nothing more said ; we at once agreed, and exchanged letters on it ; the work was put to press, and soon finished. But, alas ! for my unfortunate Pilgrim ! The running copy was sent up to Mr. Murray in London ; and that gentleman, finding his critical friends of the same opinion with Mr. Miller's blue-stockings, would not allow his name to go to the work. It was in vain that Mr. Blackwood

urged that it was a work of genius, however faulty, and that it would be an honour for any bookseller to have his name to it. Mr. Murray had been informed, by those on whose judgment he could rely, that it was the most wretched poem that ever was written.

Mr. Blackwood felt a delicacy in telling me this, and got a few friends to inform me of it in as delicate a way as possible. I could not, however, conceal my feelings, and maintained that the poem was a good one. Mr. Grieve checked me, by saying it was impossible that I could be a better judge than both the literary people of Scotland and England—that they could have no interest in condemning the poem; and after what had happened, it was vain to augur any good of it. I said it would be long ere any of those persons who had condemned it could write one like it; and I was obliged to please myself with this fancy, and put up with the affront.

The poem came out, and was rather well received. I never met with any person, who really had read it, that did not like the piece; the reviewers praised it; and the *Eclectic*, in particular, gave it the highest commendation I ever saw bestowed on a work of genius. It

was reprinted in two different towns in America, and ten thousand copies of it sold in that country. Mr. Murray very honourably paid me the price agreed on three months before it was due; but the work sold heavily here, and neither my booksellers nor I have proposed a second edition. The trade were all, except Mr. Blackwood, set against it, in defence of their own good taste. It is indeed a faulty poem, but I think no shame of it; neither, I trust, will any of my friends when I am no more.

My next literary adventure was the most extravagant of any. I took it into my head that I would collect a poem from every living author in Britain, and publish them in a neat and elegant volume, by which I calculated I might make my fortune. I either applied personally, or by letter, to Southey, Wilson, Wordsworth, Lloyd, Morehead, Pringle, Paterson, and several others; all of whom sent me very ingenious and beautiful poems. Wordsworth afterwards reclaimed his; and although Lord Byron and Rogers both promised, neither of them ever performed. I believe they intended it, but some other concerns of deeper moment interfered. In one of Lord Byron's letters he told me he was busy inditing a poem for

me, and assured me that “ he would appear in my work in his best breeks.” That poem was “ Lara,” and who it was that influenced him to detain it from me, I do not know. I have heard a report of one ; but the deed was so ungenerous, I cannot believe it.

I may here mention, by way of advertising, that I have lost all Lord Byron’s letters to me, on which I put a very high value ; and which I know to have been stolen from me by some one or other of my tourist visitors, for I was so proud of these letters, that I would always be showing them to every body. It was exceedingly unkind, particularly as they never can be of use to any other person, for they have been so often and so eagerly read by many of my friends, that any single sentence out of any one of them could easily be detected. I had five letters of his of two sheets each, and one of three. They were indeed queer *harumscarum* letters, about women, and poetry, mountains, and authors, and blue-stockings ; and what he sat down to write about was generally put in the postscript. They were all, however, extremely kind, save one, which was rather a satirical, bitter letter. I had been quizzing him about his approaching marriage, and assuring him that he was going

to get himself into a confounded scrape. I wished she might prove both a good *mill* and a *bank* to him; but I much doubted they would not be such as he was calculating on. I think he felt that I was using too much freedom with him.

The last letter that I received from him was shortly after the birth of his daughter Ada. In it he breathed the most tender affection both for the mother and child. Good Heaven! how I was astounded by the news that soon followed that!—Peace be to his manes! He was a great man; and I do not think that one on earth appreciated his gigantic genius so highly as I did. He sent me previous to that period all his poems as they were printed.

But to return to my publication: Mr. Walter Scott absolutely refused to furnish me with even one verse, which I took exceedingly ill, as it frustrated my whole plan. What occasioned it I do not know, as I accounted myself certain of his support from the beginning, and had never asked any thing of him in all my life that he refused. It was in vain that I represented that I had done as much for him, and would do ten times more if he required it. He remained firm in his denial, which I thought very hard; so I

left him in high dudgeon, sent him a very abusive letter, and would not speak to him again for many a day. I could not even endure to see him at a distance, I felt so degraded by the refusal; and I was, at that time, more disgusted with all mankind than I had ever been before, or have ever been since.

I began, with a heavy heart, to look over the pieces I had received, and lost all hope of the success of my project. They were, indeed, all very well; but I did not see that they possessed such merit as could give celebrity to any work; and after considering them well, I fancied that I could write a better poem than any that had been sent or would be sent to me, and this so completely in the style of each poet, that it should not be known but for his own production. It was this conceit that suggested to me the idea of "The Poetic Mirror, or Living Bards of Britain." I set to work with great glee, as the fancy had struck me, and in a few days I finished my imitations of Wordsworth and Lord Byron. Like a fool, I admired the latter poem most, and contrived to get a large literary party together, on pretence, as I said, of giving them a literary treat. I had got the poem transcribed, and gave it to Mr.

Ballantyne to read, who did it ample justice. Indeed, he read it with extraordinary effect ; so much so, that I was astonished at the poem myself, and before it was half done all pronounced it Byron's. Every one was deceived, except Mr. Ballantyne, who was not to be imposed on in that way ; but he kept the secret until we got to the bridge, and then he told me his mind.

The " Poetic Mirror " was completely an off-hand production. I wrote it all in three weeks, except a very small proportion ; and in less than three months it was submitted to the public. The second poem in the volume, namely, the Epistle to R—— S——, the most beautiful and ingenious piece in the work, is not mine. It was written by Mr. Thomas Pringle, and was not meant as an imitation of Mr. Scott's manner at all. There is likewise another small secret connected with that work, which I am not yet at liberty to unfold, but which the ingenious may perhaps discover. The first edition was sold in six weeks, and another of seven hundred and fifty copies has since been sold. I do not set any particular value on any poem in the work by myself, except " The Gude Greye Katte," which was written as a caricature of

“The Pilgrims of the Sun,” the “Witch of Fife,” and some others of my fairy ballads. It is greatly superior to any of them. I have also been told, that in England, one of the imitations of Wordsworth’s *Excursion* has been deemed excellent.

The year following I published two volumes of *Tragedies*: to these I affixed the title of “*Dramatic Tales, by the Author of the Poetic Mirror.*” I forgot, however, to mention, that the *Poetic Mirror* was published anonymously, and I was led to think that, had the imitations of Wordsworth been less a caricature, the work might have passed, for a season at least, as the genuine productions of the authors themselves, whose names were prefixed to the several poems. I was strongly urged by some friends, previous to the publication of these plays, to try “*Sir Anthony Moore*” on the stage; and once, at the suggestions of Sir Walter Scott, I consented to submit it to the players, through Mr. Ballantyne. But, by a trivial accident, the matter was delayed till I got time to consider of it; and then I shrunk from the idea of intrusting my character as a poet in the hands of every bungling and absurd actor, who, if dissatisfied with his part,

had the power of raising as much disapprobation as might damn the whole piece. Consequently, my first attempts in the drama have never been offered for representation. “Sir Anthony Moore” is the least original, and the least poetical piece of the whole, and I trust it will never be acted while I live; but, if at any period it should be brought forward, and one able performer appear in the character of Old Cecil, and another in that of Caroline, I may venture my credit and judgment, as an author, that it will prove successful. The pastoral drama of “All-Hallow Eve” was written at the suggestion of the Reverend Robert Morehead. “The Profligate Princes” is a modification of my first play, “The Hunting of Badlewe,” printed by Goldie; and the fragment of “The Haunted Glen” was written off-hand, to make the second volume of an equal extent with the first.

The small degree of interest that these dramas excited in the world finished my dramatic and poetical career. I had adopted a resolution of writing a drama every year as long as I lived, hoping to make myself perfect by degrees, as a man does in his calling, by serving an apprenticeship; but the failure of those to excite notice fully convinced me, that either this was

not the age to appreciate the qualities of dramatic composition, or that I was not possessed of the talents fitting me for such an undertaking : and so I gave up the ambitious design.

Before this period, all the poems that I had published had been begun and written by chance and at random, without any previous design. I had at that time commenced an epic poem on a regular plan, and I finished two books of it, pluming myself that it was to prove my greatest work. But, seeing that the poetical part of these dramas excited no interest in the public, I felt conscious that no poetry I should ever be able to write would do so ; or, if it did, the success would hinge upon some casualty, on which it did not behove me to rely. So, from that day to this, save now and then an idle song to beguile a leisure hour, I determined to write no more poetry.

Several years subsequent to this, at the earnest intreaties of some literary friends, I once more set to work and finished this poem, which I entitled “ Queen Hynde,” in a time shorter than any person would believe. I submitted it first to Sir Walter Scott, who gave it his approbation in the most unqualified terms ; so the work was put to press with every pros-

pect of high success. I sold an edition of one thousand copies to Longman and Co. ; but Mr. Blackwood, who had been chiefly instrumental in urging me to finish the poem, claimed the half of the edition, and got it. But it proved to him like the Highlandman's character—"he would have been as petter without it." That malicious *deevil*, Jerdan, first took it up and damned it with faint praise. The rest of the reviewers followed in his wake, so that, in short, the work sold heavily and proved rather a failure.

It is said the multitude never are wrong, but, in this instance, I must take Mr. Wordsworth's plan, and maintain that they *were* wrong. I need not say how grievously I was disappointed, as what unsuccessful candidate for immortal fame is not? But it would have been well could I have refrained from exposing myself. I was invited to a public dinner given by a great number of young friends, a sort of worshippers of mine (for I have a number of those in Scotland). It was to congratulate me on my new work, and drink success to it. The president made a speech, in which, after some laudatory remarks on the new poem, he boldly and broadly asserted that it was much inferior to their beloved "Queen's Wake." I was indig-

nantly wroth, denying his assertion both in principle and position, and maintained not only that it was infinitely superior to the “Queen’s Wake,” but I offered to bet the price of the edition with any or all of them that it was the best epic poem that ever had been produced in Scotland. None of them would take the bet, but as few backed me. I will however stake my credit on “Queen Hynde.” It was unfortunate that the plot should have been laid in an age so early that we have no interest in it.

From the time I gave up “The Spy” I had been planning with my friends to commence the publication of a Magazine on a new plan; but, for several years, we only conversed about the utility of such a work, without doing any thing farther. At length, among others, I chanced to mention it to Mr. Thomas Pringle; when I found that he and his friends had a plan in contemplation of the same kind. We agreed to join our efforts, and try to set it a-going; but, as I declined the editorship on account of residing mostly on my farm at a distance from town, it became a puzzling question who was the best qualified among our friends for that undertaking. We at length fixed on Mr. Gray as the fittest person for a

principal department, and I went and mentioned the plan to Mr. Blackwood, who, to my astonishment, I found had likewise long been cherishing a plan of the same kind. He said he knew nothing about Pringle, and always had his eye on me as a principal assistant; but he would not begin the undertaking until he saw he could do it with effect. Finding him, however, disposed to encourage such a work, Pringle, at my suggestion, made out a plan in writing, with a list of his supporters, and sent it in a letter to me. I inclosed it in another, and sent it to Mr. Blackwood; and not long after that period Pringle and he came to an arrangement about commencing the work, while I was in the country. Thus I had the honour of being the beginner, and almost sole instigator of that celebrated work, “Blackwood’s Magazine;” but from the time I heard that Pringle had taken in Cleghorn as a partner I declined all connexion with it, farther than as an occasional contributor. I told him the connexion would not likely last for a year, and insisted that he should break it at once; but to this proposal he would in nowise listen. As I had predicted, so it fell out, and much sooner than might have been expected. In the fourth month

after the commencement of that work, I received a letter from Mr. Blackwood, soliciting my return to Edinburgh; and when I arrived there, I found that he and his two redoubted editors had gone to loggerheads, and instead of arguing the matter face to face, they were corresponding together at the rate of about a sheet an hour. Viewing this as a ridiculous mode of proceeding, I brought about two meetings between Mr. Blackwood and Mr. Pringle, and endeavoured all that I could to bring them to a right understanding about the matter. A reconciliation was effected at that time, and I returned again into the country. Soon, however, I heard that the flames of controversy, and proud opposition, had broken out between the parties with greater fury than ever; and, shortly after, that they had finally separated, and the two champions gone over and enlisted under the banners of Mr. Constable, having left Mr. Blackwood to shift for himself, and carried over, as they pretended, their right to the Magazine, with all their subscribers and contributors, to the other side.

I received letters from both parties. I loved Pringle, and would gladly have assisted him had it been in my power; but, after balancing

fairly the two sides, I thought Mr. Blackwood more sinned against than sinning, and that the two editors had been endeavouring to bind him to a plan which could not possibly succeed ; so, on considering his disinterested friendship for me, manifested in several strong instances, I stuck to him, expecting excellent sport in the various exertions and manœuvres of the two parties for the superiority.

I know not what wicked genius put it into my head, but it was then, in an evil hour, when I had determined on the side I was to espouse, that I wrote the “ Chaldee Manuscript,” and transmitted it to Mr. Blackwood from Yarrow. On first reading it, he never thought of publishing it ; but some of the rascals to whom he showed it, after laughing at it, by their own accounts till they were sick, persuaded him, nay almost forced him, to insert it ; for some of them went so far as to tell him, that if he did not admit that inimitable article, they would never speak to him again so long as they lived. Needless however it is now to deny, that they interlarded it with a good deal of deevilry of their own, which I had never thought of ; and one who had a principal hand in these alterations has never yet been named as an aggressor.

Certain of my literary associates call me *The Chaldee Shepherd*, and pretend to sneer at my assumption of being the author of that celebrated article. Certes they have long ago persuaded the country that I was not. Luckily, however, I have preserved the original proof slips and three of Mr. Blackwood's letters relating to the article. These proofs show exactly what part was mine, which, if I remember aright (for I write this in London), consists of the first two chapters, part of the third, and part of the last. The rest was said to have been made up conjointly in full divan. I do not know, but I always suspected Lockhart of a heavy responsibility there.

I declare I never once dreamed of giving anybody offence by that droll article, nor did I ever think of keeping it a secret either from Mr. Constable or Mr. Pringle: so far from that, I am sure, had I been in town, I would have shown the manuscript to the latter before publication. I meant it as a sly history of the transaction, and the great literary battle that was to be fought. All that I expected was a little retaliation of the same kind in the opposing magazine; and when I received letter after letter, informing me what a dreadful flame it

had raised in Edinburgh, I could not be brought to believe that it was not a joke. I am not certain but that I confessed the matter to Mr. George Thomson, in the course of our correspondence, before I was aware of its importance. No one ever suspected me as the author. When I came to town, every one made his remarks, and pronounced his anathemas upon it, without any reserve, in my hearing, which afforded me much amusement. Still I could not help viewing the whole as a farce, or something unreal and deceptive; and I am sure I never laughed so much in my life as at the rage in which I found so many people.

So little had I intended giving offence by what appeared in the Magazine, that I had written out a long continuation of the manuscript, which I have by me to this day, in which I go over the painters, poets, lawyers, booksellers, magistrates, and ministers of Edinburgh, all in the same style; and with reference to the first part that was published, I might say of the latter as king Rehoboam said to the elders of Israel, “My little finger was thicker than my father’s loins.” It took all the energy of Mr. Wilson and his friends, and some sharp remonstrances from Sir Walter

Scott, as well as a great deal of controversy and battling with Mr. Grieve, to prevent me from publishing the whole work as a large pamphlet, and putting my name to it.

That same year I published "The Brownie of Bodsbeck," and other Tales, in two volumes. I suffered unjustly in the eyes of the world with regard to that tale, which was looked on as an imitation of the tale of "Old Mortality," and a counterpart to that; whereas it was written long ere the tale of "Old Mortality" was heard of, and I well remember my chagrin on finding the ground, which I thought clear, pre-occupied before I could appear publicly on it, and that by such a redoubted champion. It was wholly owing to Mr. Blackwood that this tale was not published a year sooner, which would effectually have freed me from the stigma of being an imitator, and brought in the author of the "Tales of My Landlord" as an imitator of me. That was the only ill turn that ever Mr. Blackwood did me; and it ought to be a warning to authors never to intrust booksellers with their manuscripts.

I mentioned to Mr. Blackwood that I had two tales I wished to publish, and at his request I gave him a reading of the manuscript.

One of them was "The Brownie," which, I believe, was not quite finished. He approved of it, but with "The Bridal of Polmood" he would have nothing to do. Of course, my manuscripts were returned, and I had nothing else for it but to retire to the country, and there begin and write two other tales in place of the one rejected. "The Bridal of Polmood," however, was published from the same copy, and without the alteration of a word, and has been acknowledged by all who have read it as the most finished and best written tale that I ever produced. Mr. Blackwood himself must be sensible of this fact, and also, that in preventing its being published along with "The Brownie of Bodsbeck," he did an injury both to himself and me. As a farther proof how little booksellers are to be trusted, he likewise wished to prevent the insertion of "The Wool-Gatherer," which has been a universal favourite; but I know the source from whence it proceeded. I would never object trusting a bookseller, were he a man of any taste; for, unless he wishes to reject an author altogether, he can have no interest in asserting what he does not think. But the plague is, they *never read works themselves*, but give them to their minions, with

whom there never fails to lurk a literary jealousy; and whose suggestions may uniformly be regarded as any thing but the truth. For my own part, I know that I have always been looked on by the learned part of the community as an intruder in the paths of literature, and every opprobrium has been thrown on me from that quarter. The truth is, that I am so. The walks of learning are occupied by a powerful aristocracy, who deem that province their own peculiar right; else, what would avail all their dear-bought collegiate honours and degrees? No wonder that they should view an intruder, from the humble and despised ranks of the community, with a jealous and indignant eye, and impede his progress by every means in their power.

I was unlucky therefore in the publication of my first novel, and what impeded me still farther, was the publication of “Old Mortality;” for, having made the redoubted Burley the hero of my tale, I was obliged to go over it again, and alter all the traits in the character of the principal personage, substituting John Brown of Caldwell for John Balfour of Burley, greatly to the detriment of my story. I tried also to take out Clavers, but I found this impossible. A

better instance could not be given of the good luck attached to one person, and the bad luck which attended the efforts of another.

I observe that in the extended MS. I had detailed all the proceedings of a club, the most ridiculous perhaps that ever was established in any city, and, owing to some particular circumstances, I cannot refrain from mentioning them here. This club was established one night, in a frolic, at a jovial dinner party, in the house of a young lawyer, now of some celebrity at the bar, and was christened *The Right and Wrong Club*. The chief principle of the club was, that whatever any of its members should assert, the whole were bound to support the same, whether *right or wrong*. We were so delighted with the novelty of the idea, that we agreed to meet the next day at Oman's Hotel, and celebrate its anniversary. We were dull and heavy when we met, but did not part so. We dined at five, and separated at two in the morning, before which time the club had risen greatly in our estimation; so we agreed to meet next day, and every successive day for five or six weeks, and during all that time our hours of sitting continued the same. No constitutions on earth could stand this. Had our meetings

been restricted to once a month, or even once a week, the club might have continued to this day, and would have been a source of much pleasure and entertainment to the members; but to meet daily was out of the question. The result was, that several of the members got quite deranged, and I drank myself into an inflammatory fever. The madness of the members proved no bar to the hilarity of the society; on the contrary, it seemed to add a great deal of zest to it, as a thing quite in character. An inflammatory fever, however, sounded rather strange in the ears of the joyous group, and threw a damp on their spirits. They continued their meetings for some days longer, and regularly sent a deputation at five o'clock to inquire after my health, and I was sometimes favoured with a call from one or more of the members, between two and three in the morning, when they separated. The mornings after such visits I was almost sure to have to provide new knockers and bell-handles for all the people on the stair. Finding, however, that I still grew worse, they had the generosity to discontinue their sittings, and to declare that they would not meet again until their poet was able to join them; and if that should never happen, they

would never meet again. This motion (which was made by a newly-initiated member, Mr. John Ballantyne,) was hailed with shouts of approbation, and from that hour to this *The Right and Wrong Club* never more met. It was high time that it should have been given up, for one term at least. It proved a dear club to me. I was three weeks confined to my bed, and if it had not been for Dr. Saunders, I believe I should have died. Its effect turned out better with regard to several of the other members, as it produced a number of happy marriages. During the period of high-excitation, the lads wrote flaming love-letters to young ladies of their acquaintance, containing certain proffers, which, with returning reflection, they found they could not with propriety retract. It made some of them do the wisest acts that ever they did in their lives.

This brings me to an anecdote which I must relate, though with little credit to myself; one that I never call to mind without its exciting feelings of respect, admiration, and gratitude. I formerly mentioned that I had quarrelled with Sir Walter Scott. It is true, I had all the quarrel on my own side: no matter for that; I was highly offended, exceedingly angry, and shun-

ned all communication with him for a twelve-month. He heard that I was ill, and that my trouble had assumed a dangerous aspect. Every day, on his return from the Parliament-House, he called at Messrs. Grieve and Scott's to inquire after my health, with much friendly solicitude ; and this, too, after I had renounced his friendship, and told him that I held both it and his literary talents in contempt ! One day in particular, he took Mr. Grieve aside, and asked him if I had proper attendants and an able physician. Mr. Grieve assured him that I was carefully attended, and had the skill of a professional gentleman, in whom I had the most implicit confidence. " I would fain have called," said he, " but I knew not how I would be received. I request, however, that he may have every proper attendance, and want for nothing that can contribute to the restoration of his health. And in particular, I have to request that you will let no pecuniary consideration whatever prevent his having the best medical advice in Edinburgh, for I shall see it paid. Poor Hogg ! I would not for all that I am worth in the world that any thing serious should befall him."

As Mr. Grieve had been enjoined, he never

mentioned this circumstance to me. I accidentally, however, came to the knowledge of it some months afterwards. I then questioned him as to the truth of it, when he told me it all, very much affected. I went straight home, and wrote an apology to Sir Walter, which was heartily received, and he invited me to breakfast next morning, adding, that he was longing much to see me. The same day, as we were walking round St. Andrew's Square, I endeavoured to make the cause of our difference the subject of conversation, but he eluded it. I tried it again some days afterwards, sitting in his study, but he again parried it with equal dexterity; so that I have been left to conjecture what could be his motive in refusing so peremptorily the trifle that I had asked of him. I know him too well to have the least suspicion that there could be any selfish or unfriendly feeling in the determination that he adopted, and I can account for it in no other way, than by supposing that he thought it mean in me to attempt either to acquire gain, or a name, by the efforts of other men; and that it was much more honourable, to use a proverb of his own, "that every herring should hang by its own head."

Mr. Wilson once drove me also into an ungovernable rage, by turning a long and elaborate poem of mine, on "The Field of Waterloo," into ridicule, on learning which I sent him a letter, which I thought was a tickler. There was scarcely an abusive epithet in our language that I did not call him by. My letter, however, had not the designed effect: the opprobrious names proved only a source of amusement to Wilson, and he sent me a letter of explanation and apology, which knit my heart closer to him than ever. My friends in general have been of opinion that he has amused himself and the public too often at my expense; but, except in one instance, which terminated very ill for me, and in which I had no more concern than the man in the moon, I never discerned any evil design on his part, and thought it all excellent sport. At the same time, I must acknowledge, that it was using too much freedom with any author, to print his name in full, to poems, letters, and essays, which he himself never saw. I do not say that he has done this; but either he or some one else has done it many a time.

My next literary undertaking was the "Jacobite Relics of Scotland." Of this work it is proper to mention, that it was first proposed in

the Highland Society of London, His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex being in the chair; yet, for all that, the native Highlanders were so jealous of a Sassenach coming plodding among them, gathering up their rebellious scraps, that, had it not been for the influence of the ladies over the peasantry of their respective districts, I could never have succeeded. But, in the end, I am sure I produced two volumes of Jacobite Relics, such as no man in Scotland or England could have produced but myself. I assert it, and can prove it; for besides the songs and histories of events and persons, I collected all the original airs over a whole kingdom, many of them among a people whose language I did not understand; and that work I dedicated to the Highland Society of London in a poetical epistle.

I published the first volume in 1819, reserving the second volume until the following year, in the hope of collecting every remnant that was worthy of preservation. The task was exceedingly troublesome, but far from being unmixed with pleasure. The jealousy of the Highlanders was amusing beyond conception. I shall never forget with what sly and disdainful looks Donald would eye me,

when I told him I was gathering up old songs. And then he would say, "Ohon, man, you surely haif had very less to do at home; and so you want to get some of the songs of the poor repellioners from me; and then you will give me up to King Shorge to be hanged? Hoo, no!—Cot tamn!—that will never do."

In the interim between the publication of the first and second volumes I collected and arranged for publication "The Winter Evening Tales," which were published by Oliver and Boyd in 1820, in two volumes, closely printed. The greater part of these Tales was written in early life, when I was serving as a shepherd lad among the mountains, and on looking them over, I saw well enough that there was a blunt rusticity about them; but I liked them the better for it, and altered nothing. To me they appeared not only more characteristic of the life that I then led, but also of the manners that I was describing. As to the indelicacies hinted at by some reviewers, I do declare that such a thought never entered into my mind, so that the public are indebted for these indelicacies to the acuteness of the discoverers. Wo be to that reader who goes over a simple and interesting tale fishing for indelicacies, without calculating on

what is natural for the characters with whom he is conversing; a practice, however, too common among people of the present age, especially if the author be not a blue-stocking. All that I can say for myself in general is, that I am certain I never intentionally meant ill, and that I hope to be forgiven, both by God and man, for every line that I have written injurious to the cause of religion, of virtue, or of good manners. On the other hand, I am so ignorant of the world, that it can scarcely be expected I should steer clear of all inadvertencies.

The following list of works may appear trifling in the eyes of some, but when it is considered that they have been produced by a man almost devoid of education, and principally, in his early days, debarred from every advantage in life, and possessed only of a quick eye in observing the operations of nature, it is certainly a sufficient excuse for inserting them here, more especially as some of them run a great risk of being lost. I am proud of it myself, and I do not deny it; nor is there one in the list, for the contents of which I have any reason to blush, when all things are taken into account. I was forty years of age before I wrote the "Queen's Wake." That poem was pub-

lished in 1813 ; so that in that and the next six years I wrote and published

	Vols.
The Queen's Wake	1
Pilgrims of the Sun	1
The Hunting of Badlewe	1
Mador of the Moor	1
Poetic Mirror	1
Dramatic Tales	2
Brownie of Bodsbeck	2
Winter Evening Tales	2
Sacred Melodies	1
Border Garland, No. I.	1
Jacobite Relics of Scotland	2

Making fifteen volumes in seven years, besides many articles in periodical works. To these may now be added

	Vols.
The Spy	1
Queen Hynde	1
The Three Perils of Man	3
The Three Perils of Women	3
Confessions of a Sinner	1

The Shepherd's Calendar	2
A Selection of Songs	1
The Queer Book	1
The Royal Jubilee	1
The Mountain Bard	1
The Forest Minstrel	1

Making in all about thirty volumes, which, if the quality were at all proportioned to the quantity, are enough for any man's life.

I omitted to mention formerly, that in 1815, I was applied to by a celebrated composer of music, in the name of a certain company in London, to supply verses, suiting some ancient Hebrew Melodies, selected in the synagogues of Germany. I proffered to furnish them at a guinea a stanza, which was agreed to at once, and I furnished verses to them all. The work was published in a splendid style, price one guinea; but it was a hoax upon me, for I was never paid a farthing.

In this short Memoir, which is composed of extracts from a larger detail, I have confined myself to such anecdotes only as relate to my progress as a writer, and these I intend to continue from year to year as long as I live.

There is much that I have written which cannot as yet appear; for the literary men of Scotland, my contemporaries, may change their characters, so as to forfeit the estimate at which I have set them, and my social companions may alter their habits. Of my own productions, I have endeavoured to give an opinion, with perfect candour; and, although the partiality of an author may be too apparent in the preceding pages, yet I trust every generous heart will excuse, and make due allowance for the failing.

REMINISCENCES OF FORMER DAYS.

I MUST now proceed with my reminiscences at random, as from the time the last journal was finished and published I ceased keeping any notes. From 1809 until 1814 I resided in Edinburgh, having no home or place of retirement in my native district of Ettrick Forest, a want which I felt grievously in summer. But in the course of the last-mentioned year I received a letter from the late Duke Charles of Buccleugh, by the hands of his chamberlain, presenting me with the small farm of Altrive Lake, in the wilds of Yarrow. The boon was quite unsolicited and unexpected, and never was a more welcome one conferred on an unfortunate wight, as it gave me once more a habitation among my native moors and streams, where each face was that of a friend, and each house was a home, as well as a residence for life to my aged father.

The letter was couched in the kindest terms, and informed me that I had long had a secret

and sincere friend whom I knew not of, in his late Duchess, who had in her lifetime solicited such a residence for me. In the letter he said, “ The rent shall be nominal ;” but it has not even been nominal, for such a thing as rent has never once been mentioned. Subsequently to that period I was a frequent guest at his Grace’s table ; and, as he placed me always next him, on his right hand, I enjoyed a good share of his conversation, and I must say of my benefactor, that I have never met with any man whom I deemed his equal. There is no doubt that he was beloved and esteemed, not only by his family and friends, but by all who could appreciate merit ; yet, strange to say, Duke Charles was not popular among his tenantry. This was solely owing to the change of times, over which no nobleman can have any controul, and which it is equally impossible for him to redress ; for a more considerate, benevolent, and judicious gentleman I never saw. It is natural to suppose that I loved him, and felt grateful towards him ; but exclusive of all feelings of *that* nature, if I am any judge of mankind, Duke Charles had every qualification both of heart and mind, which ought to endear a nobleman to high and low, rich and

poor. From the time of his beloved partner's death his spirits began to droop; and, though for the sake of his family he made many efforts to keep them up, the energy that formerly had supported them was broken, and the gnawings of a disconsolate heart brought him to an untimely grave. Blessed be the memory of my two noble and only benefactors! they were lovely in their lives, and in their deaths they were but shortly divided.

I then began and built a handsome cottage on my new farm, and forthwith made it my head-quarters. But not content with this, having married in 1820 Miss Margaret Phillips, youngest daughter of Mr. Phillips, late of Longbridge-moor, in Annandale, and finding that I had then in the hands of Mr. Murray, Mr. Blackwood, Messrs. Oliver and Boyd, and Messrs. Longman and Co., debts due, or that would soon be due, to the amount of a thousand pounds, I determined once more to farm on a larger scale, and expressed my wish to the Right Honourable Lord Montague, head trustee on his nephew's domains. His lordship readily offered me the farm of Mount-Benger, which adjoined my own. At first I determined not to accept of it, as it had ruined two well

qualified farmers in the preceding six years ; but was persuaded at last by some neighbours, in opposition to my own judgment, to accept of it, on the plea that the farmers on the Buccleugh estate were never suffered to be great losers, and that at all events, if I could not *make* the rent, I could write for it. So accordingly I took a lease of the farm for nine years.

I called in my debts, which were all readily paid, and amounted to within a few pounds of one thousand ; but at that period the sum was quite inadequate, the prices of ewes bordering on thirty shillings per head. The farm required stocking to the amount of one thousand sheep, twenty cows, five horses, farming utensils of all sorts, crop, manure, and, moreover, draining, fencing, and building, so that I soon found I had not half enough of money ; and though I realized by writing, in the course of the next two years, seven hundred and fifty pounds, beside smaller sums paid in cash, yet I got into difficulties at the very first, out of which I could never redeem myself till the end of the lease, at which time live stock of all kinds having declined one half in value, the speculation left me once more

without a sixpence in the world—and at the age of sixty it is fully late enough to begin it anew.

It will be consolatory however to my friends to be assured that none of these reverses ever preyed in the smallest degree on my spirits. As long as I did all for the best, and was conscious that no man could ever accuse me of dishonesty, I laughed at the futility of my own calculations, and let my earnings go as they came, amid contentment and happiness, determined to make more money as soon as possible, although it should go the same way.

One may think, on reading over this Memoir, that I must have worn out a life of misery and wretchedness; but the case has been quite the reverse. I never knew either man or woman who has been so uniformly happy as I have been; which has been partly owing to a good constitution, and partly from the conviction that a heavenly gift, conferring the powers of immortal song, was inherent in my soul. Indeed so uniformly smooth and happy has my married life been, that on a retrospect I cannot distinguish one part from another, save by some remarkably good days of fishing, shooting, and curling on the ice. Those who desire

to peruse my youthful love adventures will find some of the best of them in those of "George Cochrane," in the following tales.

Now, as I think the best way of writing these by-gone reminiscences is to finish the subject one is on, before beginning another, I must revert to several circumstances of importance to no body but myself. In 1822, perceiving that I was likely to run short of money, I began and finished in the course of a few months, "The Three Perils of Man, viz. War, Women, and Witchcraft!" Lord preserve us! what a medley I made of it! for I never in my life rewrote a page of prose; and being impatient to get hold of some of Messrs. Longman and Co.'s money or their bills, which were the same, I dashed on, and mixed up with what might have been made one of the best historical tales our country ever produced, such a mass of diablerie as retarded the main story, and rendered the whole perfectly ludicrous. But the worst thing of all effected by this novel, or at least by the novel part of an authentic tale, was its influencing the ingenious Allan Cunningham to follow up the idea, and improve the subject; whereas, he made matters rather worse. I received one hundred and fifty pounds for the edition of

one thousand copies as soon as it was put to press. The house never manifested the least suspicion of me, more than if I had been one of their own firm.

The next year I produced "The Three Perils of Women," also in three volumes, and received the same price likewise, in bills, as soon as it was put to press. There is a good deal of pathos and absurdity in both the tales of this latter work ; but I was all this while writing as if in desperation, and see matters now in a different light.

The next year, 1824, I published "The Confessions of a Sinner;" but it being a story replete with horrors, after I had written it I durst not venture to put my name to it: so it was published anonymously, and of course did not sell very well—so at least I believe, for I do not remember ever receiving any thing for it, and I am sure if there had been a reversion I should have had a moiety. However, I never asked any thing ; so on that point there was no misunderstanding. Perhaps I may bring the parties to account for it still, which they will like very ill.

But the same year I offered them two volumes 12mo of "The Lives of Eminent Men;" to

which they answered, “that my last publication had been found fault with in some very material points, and they begged leave to decline publishing the present one until they consulted some other persons with regard to its merits.” Oho! thinks I, since my favourite publishers thus think proper to take two thousand volumes for nothing, (“Queen Hynde” and the “Confessions of a Sinner,”) and then refuse the third, it is time to give them up; so I never wrote another letter to that house.

I confess that there was a good deal of wrangling between Mr. Blackwood and me with regard to a hundred pound bill of Messrs. Longman and Co.’s, advanced on the credit of these works. When Mr. Blackwood came to be a sharer in them, and to find that he was likely to be a loser of that sum, or a great part of it, he caused me to make over a bill to him of the same amount, which he afterwards charged me with, and deducted from our subsequent transactions:—so that, as far as ever I could be made to understand the matter, after many letters and arguments, I never received into my own hand one penny for these two works. I do not accuse Mr. Blackwood of dishonesty; on the contrary, with all his faults, I never saw

any thing but honour and integrity about him. But this was the fact. Messrs. Longman and Co. advanced me one hundred pounds on the credit of one or both of the works : I drew the money for the note, or rather I believe Mr. Blackwood drew it out of the bank for me. But he compelled me, whether I would or not, to grant him my promissory note for the same sum, and I was to have a moiety of the proceeds from both houses. The account was carried on against me till finally obliterated ; but the proceeds I never heard of ; and yet, on coming to London, I find that Messrs. Longman and Co. have not a copy of either of the works, nor have had any for a number of years. It is probable that they may have sold them off at a trade sale, and at a very cheap rate too ; but half of the edition was mine, and they ought to have consulted me, or, at least, informed me of the transaction. It was because I had an implicit confidence in Blackwood's honour that I signed the bill, though I told him I could not comprehend it. The whole of that trifling business has to this day continued a complete mystery to me. I have told the plain truth, and if any of the parties can explain it away I shall be obliged to them. If the money should

ever by any chance drop in, "better late than never" will be my salutation.

In 1822 I bargained with Constable and Co. for an edition of my best poems in four volumes, for which they were to pay me two hundred pounds. It was with Mr. Robert Cadell that I made the bargain. He was always a near and intimate friend of mine, but one whom at our club we reckoned a perfect Nabal; and in all our social parties we were wont to gibe him about his niggardly hardness, which he never took the least amiss. He offered not the smallest objection to the conditions; but he made a reserve (as I needed a bill at a short date) that if there were not above five hundred copies of the work sold when the bill became due, he was entitled to a renewal of the bill for six months. Accordingly, I attended the day before the bill became due and offered to accept of the renewal. Cadell took up the missive, read it over, and standing upright, he lifted his large eyes toward the cornice, his pale face looking more cadaverous than usual. He then conversed shortly with Mr. Fyffe, his cashier, studied the letter again for a good while, and then said, "And what are you going to do with the money, Hogg, that you draw out of the bank to-day on our bill?"

“ I am gaun to bring it to you, ye see,” says I, “ to lift the other bill wi’. An’ I’ll pay the four per centage out o’ my ain pouch wi’ great cheerfulness, for the good I hae gottin o’ the siller.”

“ You have got full payment for the edition, have you ?”

“ Yes, I hae. Think ye I’m gaun to deny that ?”

“ And what did you do with it ?”

“ Od man, ye’re no blate to speer. But the truth is that I gae it away in rent.”

“ Then you have no chance ever to get it again ?”

“ Deil a grain.”

“ And do you consider that by this transaction you will change the sterling value that is already in your hand for our paper ?”

“ Ay, an’ excepting the bit interest they are the very same to me.”

“ But, Hoggy, my man, I won’t trust you to make the experiment. There’s your missive. Keep hold of what you have, and I’ll pay the bill when it is presented.”

“ There are some waur chaps than Bob Cadell, for as sairly as I hae misca’d him whiles,” thought I, as I went down stairs.

I have recorded every word that passed here,

for I thought very highly of his conduct at the time ; and when I saw what soon after followed, I thought ten times more of it, and never reported Cadell as a scrub again. Sir Walter Scott at the same time sent me a credit order on his banker for a hundred pounds for fear of any embarrassment ; so that altogether I find I lost upwards of two thousand pounds on Mount-Benger lease,—a respectable sum for an old shepherd to throw away.

Having been so much discouraged by the failure of “ Queen Hynde,” I gave up all thoughts of ever writing another long poem, but continued for six years to write fairy tales, ghost stories, songs, and poems for periodicals of every description, sometimes receiving liberal payment, and sometimes none, just as the editor or proprietor felt disposed. It will be but justice to give a list of such as pay and such as do not, and their several grades, which I may add to this by and by.

In 1829 Baillie Blackwood published a selection of my best songs that could be recovered, with notes, consisting of about one hundred and forty. The work was exceedingly well received, and has paid me a good sum already. In the following year, that is, the year before

last, the baillie also ventured to *print* one thousand copies of a miscellaneous work of mine, which, for fear of that great bugbear, REFORM, he has never dared to publish, and I am convinced never will.

I have had many dealings with that gentleman, and have been often obliged to him, and yet I think he has been as much obliged to me, perhaps a good deal more, and I really believe in my heart that he is as much disposed to be friendly to me as to any man; but there is another principle that circumscribes that feeling in all men, and into very narrow limits in some. It is always painful to part with one who has been a benefactor even on a small scale, but there are some things that no independent heart can bear. The great fault of Blackwood is, that he regards no man's temper or disposition; but the more he can provoke an author by insolence and contempt, he likes the better. Besides, he will never once confess that he is in the wrong, else any thing might be forgiven; no, no, the thing is impossible that he can ever be wrong! The poor author is not only always in the wrong, but, "Oh, he is the most insufferable beast!"

What has been the consequence? He has

driven all his original correspondents from him that first gave Maga her zest, save one, who, though still his friend, can but seldom write for him, being now otherwise occupied, and another, who is indeed worth his weight in gold to him; but who, though invaluable, and I am sure much attached, yet has been a thousand times at the point of bolting off like a flash of lightning. I know it well, and Ebony, for his own sake, had better take care of this last remaining stem of a goodly bush, for he may depend on it that he has only an eel by the tail.

For my part, after twenty years of feelings hardly suppressed, he has driven me beyond the bounds of human patience. That Magazine of his, which owes its rise principally to myself, has often put words and sentiments into my mouth of which I have been greatly ashamed, and which have given much pain to my family and relations, and many of those after a solemn written promise that such freedoms should never be repeated. I have been often urged to restrain and humble him by legal measures as an incorrigible offender deserves. I know I have it in my power, and if

he dares me to the task, I want but a hair to make a tether of.

I omitted to mention that I wrote and published a Masque or Drama, comprehending many songs, that summer the king was in Scotland. It was a theme that suited me to a tittle, as I there suffered fancy to revel free. Mr. Blackwood never gave me any thing for it; but I got what I held in higher estimation, his Majesty's thanks, for that and my other loyal and national songs. The note is written by Sir Robert Peel, in his Majesty's name, and I have preserved it as a relic.

In the spring of 1829 I first mentioned the plan of the "Altrive Tales" to Mr. Blackwood in a letter. He said, in answer, that the publication of them would be playing a sure card, if Mr. Lockhart would edit them. He and I waited on Mr. Lockhart subsequently, at Chiefswood, and proposed the plan to him. He said that he would cheerfully assist me both in the selection and correction, but that it was altogether without a precedent for one author to publish an edition of the works of another while the latter was still alive, and better qualified than any other person to ar-

range the work. Blackwood then requested me to begin writing and arranging forthwith, that we might begin publishing about the end of the year. But when the end of the year came, he put off and put off until the next spring, and then desired me to continue my labours till November next, as I should still be making the work the better, and would ultimately profit by so doing. Then when last November came, he answered a letter of mine in very bad humour, stating that he would neither advance me money on the work that had lain a year unpublished, nor commence a new work in a time of such agitation—and that I *must not* think of it for another year at least.

I then began to suspect that the whole pretence had all along been only a blind to keep me from London, whither I had proposed going, and keep me entirely in his own power. So, rather than offer the series to any other Scottish bookseller, I carried it at once to London, where it was cordially accepted on my own terms, without the intervention or assistance of any body. It was not without the greatest reluctance that I left my family in the wilderness; but I had no alternative. It behoved me either

to remain there and starve, or try my success in the metropolis of the empire, where I could have the assistance of more than one friend on whose good taste and critical discernment I could implicitly rely.

In the following volumes I purpose to give the grave and gay tales, the romantic and the superstitious, alternately, as far as is consistent with the size of each volume. At all events I think I can promise my readers that I shall present them with a series of stories which they shall scarcely feel disposed to lay aside until a rainy Sunday; and with a few reminiscences relating to eminent men, which I deem may be interesting to many, I once more bring this Memoir, it may be hoped, to a partial conclusion.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

One fine day in the summer of 1801, as I was busily engaged working in the field at Ettrick House, Wat Shiel came over to me and said, that "I boud gang away down to the Ramseycleuch as fast as my feet could carry me, for there war some gentlemen there wha wantit to speak to me."

“Wha can be at the Ramseycleuch that want me, Wat?”

“I couldna say, for it wasna me that they spak to i’ the byganging. But I’m thinking it’s the Shirra an’ some o’ his gang.”

I was rejoiced to hear this, for I had seen the first volumes of the “Minstrely of the Border,” and had copied a number of old ballads from my mother’s recital, and sent them to the editor preparatory for a third volume. I accordingly went towards home to put on my Sunday clothes, but before reaching it I met with THE SHIRRA and Mr. William Laidlaw coming to visit me. They alighted and remained in our cottage for a space better than an hour, and my mother chanted the ballad of Old Maitlan’ to them, with which Mr. Scott was highly delighted. I had sent him a copy, (not a very perfect one, as I found afterwards, from the singing of another Laidlaw,) but I thought Mr. Scott had some dread of a part being forged, that had been the cause of his journey into the wilds of Ettrick. When he heard my mother sing it he was quite satisfied, and I remember he asked her if she thought it had ever been printed; and her answer was, “Oo, na, na, sir, it was never printed i’ the

world, for my brothers an' me learned it frae auld Andrew Moor, an' he learned it, an' mony mae, frae auld Baby Mettlin, that was house-keeper to the first laird o' Tushilaw."

"Then that must be a very auld story, in deed, Margaret," said he.

"Ay, it is that! It is an auld story! But mair nor that, except George Warton and James Steward, there was never ane o' my sangs prentit till ye prentit them yoursell, an' ye hae spoilt them a'thegither. They war made for singing, an' no for reading; and they 're nouthar right spelled nor right setten down."

"Heh—heh—heh! Take ye that, Mr. Scott," said Laidlaw.

Mr. Scott answered by a hearty laugh, and the recital of a verse, but I have forgot what it was, and my mother gave him a rap on the knee with her open hand, and said "It is true enough, for a' that."

We were all to dine at Ramseycleuch with the Messrs. Brydon; but Mr. Scott and Mr. Laidlaw went away to look at something before dinner, and I was to follow. On going into the stable-yard at Ramseycleuch, I met with Mr. Scott's liveryman, a far greater original than his master, at whom I asked if the Shirra was come?

“ O, ay, lad, the Shirra’s come,” said he.
“ Are ye the chiel that maks the auld ballads
and sings them ?”

“ I said I fancied I was he that he meant,
though I had never made ony very *auld*
ballads.”

“ Ay, then, lad, gae your ways in an’ speir
for the Shirra. They ’ll let ye see where he is.
He ’ll be very glad to see you.”

During the sociality of the evening, the discourse ran very much on the different breeds of sheep, that curse of the community of Ettrick Forest. The original black-faced forest breed being always called *the short sheep*, and the Cheviot breed *the long sheep*, the disputes at that period ran very high about the practicable profits of each. Mr. Scott, who had come into that remote district to preserve what fragments remained of its legendary lore, was rather bored with the everlasting question of the long and the short sheep. So at length, putting on his most serious calculating face, he turned to Mr. Walter Brydon and said, “ I am rather at a loss regarding the merits of this *very* important question. How long must a sheep actually measure to come under the denomination of a *long sheep* ?”

Mr. Brydon, who, in the simplicity of his heart, neither perceived the quiz nor the reproof, fell to answer with great sincerity,—“ It’s the woo, sir—it’s the woo that makes the difference. The lang sheep hae the short woo, and the short sheep hae the lang thing; and these are just kind o’ names we gie them like.” Mr. Scott could not preserve his grave face of strict calculation; it went gradually awry, and a hearty guffaw followed. When I saw the very same words repeated near the beginning of the *Black Dwarf*, how could I be mistaken of the author? It is true, Johnnie Ballantyne persuaded me into a nominal belief of the contrary, for several years following, but I could never get the better of that and several similar coincidences.

The next day we went off, five in number, to visit the wilds of Rankleburn, to see if on the farms of Buccleuch there were any relics of the Castles of Buccleuch or Mount-Comyn, the ancient and original possession of the Scotts. We found no remains of either tower or fortalice, save an old chapel and church-yard, and a mill and mill-dam, where corn never grew, but where, as old Satchells very appropriately says,

Had heather-bells been corn of the best,
The Buccleuch mill would have had a noble grist.

It must have been used for grinding the chief's black mails, which, it is known, were all paid to him in kind. Many of these still continue to be paid in the same way ; and if report say true, he would be the better of a mill and kiln on some part of his land at this day, as well as a sterling conscientious miller to receive and render.

Besides having been mentioned by Satchells, there was a remaining tradition in the country that there was a font stone of blue marble, out of which the ancient heirs of Buccleuch were baptized, covered up among the ruins of the old church. Mr. Scott was curious to see if we could discover it ; but on going among the ruins we found the rubbish at the spot, where the altar was known to have been, dug out to the foundation,—we knew not by whom, but no font had been found. As there appeared to have been a kind of recess in the eastern gable, we fell a turning over some loose stones, to see if the font was not concealed there, when we came to one half of a small pot, encrusted thick with rust. Mr. Scott's eyes brightened, and he swore it was an ancient consecrated helmet.

Laidlaw, however, scratching it minutely out, found it covered with a layer of pitch inside, and then said, "Ay, the truth is, sir, it is neither mair nor less than a piece of a tar pat that some o' the farmers hae been buisting their sheep out o', i' the auld kirk langsyne." Sir Walter's shaggy eyebrows dipped deep over his eyes, and suppressing a smile, he turned and strode away as fast as he could, saying, that "we had just rode all the way to see that there was nothing to *be* seen."

I remember his riding upon a terribly high-spirited horse, which had the perilous fancy of leaping every drain, rivulet, and ditch that came in our way; the consequence was, that he was everlastingly bogging himself, while sometimes the rider kept his seat despite of the animal's plunging, and at other times he was obliged to extricate himself the best way he could. In coming through a place called the Milsey Bog, I said to him, "Mr. Scott, that's the maddest deil of a beast I ever saw. Can ye no gar him tak a wee mair time? He's just out o' ae lair intil another wi' ye."

"Ay," said he, "he and I have been very often, these two days past, like the Pechs; we could stand straight up and tie our shoe-

lachets." I did not understand the joke, nor do I yet, but I think these were his words.

We visited the old castles of Thirlestane and Tushilaw, and dined and spent the afternoon, and the night, with Mr. Brydon of Crosslee. Sir Walter was all the while in the highest good-humour, and seemed to enjoy the range of mountain solitude, which we traversed, exceedingly. Indeed, I never saw him otherwise, in the fields. On the rugged mountains—or even toiling in Tweed to the waist, I have seen his glee not only surpass his own, but that of all other men. His memory, or, perhaps, I should say, his recollection, surpasses that of all men whom I ever knew. I saw a pleasant instance of it recorded lately, regarding Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope;" but I think I can relate a more extraordinary one.

He and Skene of Rubislaw and I were out one night, about midnight, leistering kippers in Tweed, and, on going to kindle a light at the Elibank March, we found, to our inexpressible grief, that our coal had gone out. To think of giving up our sport was out of the question; so we had no other shift, save to send Rob Fletcher home, all the way through the darkness, the distance of two miles, for another fiery peat.

While Fletcher was absent, we three sat down on a piece of beautiful greensward, on the brink of the river, and Scott desired me to sing him my ballad of "Gilmanscleuch." Now, be it remembered, that this ballad had never been either printed or penned. I had merely composed it by rote, and, on finishing it, three years before, I had sung it once over to Sir Walter. I began it at his request; but, at the eighth or ninth verse, I stuck in it, and could not get on with another line; on which he began it a second time, and recited it every word from beginning to end. It being a very long ballad, consisting of eighty-eight stanzas, I testified my astonishment. He said that he had lately been out on a pleasure party on the Forth, and that, to amuse the company, he had recited both that ballad and one of Southey's, ("The Abbot of Aberbrothock,") both of which ballads he had only heard once from their respective authors, and he believed he had recited them both without misplacing a word.

Rob Fletcher came at last, and old Laidlaw of the Peel with him, and into the foaming river we plunged, in our frail bark, with a fine blazing light. In a few minutes we came into Gliddy's Weal, the deepest pool in Tweed, when we perceived that our boat gave evident symptoms of

sinking. When Scott saw the terror that Peel was in, he laughed till the tears blinded his eyes. Always, the more mischief, the better sport for him! “For God’s sake, push her to the side!” roared Peel. “Oh, she goes fine!” said Scott; “An’ gin the boat were bottomless, an’ seven miles to row;” and, by the time he had well got out the words, down she went to the bottom, plunging us all into Tweed over head and ears. It was no sport to me at all; but that was a glorious night for Sir Walter, and the next day was no worse.

I remember leaving Altrive Lake once with him, accompanied by my dear friend William Laidlaw, and Sir Adam Fergusson, to visit the tremendous solitudes of The Grey Mare’s Tail, and Loch Skene. I conducted them through that wild region by a path, which, if not rode by Clavers, was, I dare say, never rode by another gentleman. Sir Adam rode inadvertently into a gulf, and got a sad fright, but Sir Walter, in the very worst paths, never dismounted, save at Loch Skene, to take some dinner. We went to Moffat that night, where we met with some of his family, and such a day and night of glee I never witnessed. Our very perils were matter to him of infinite merriment; and then there was a short-tempered boot-boy at the

inn, who wanted to pick a quarrel with him, at which he laughed till the water ran over his cheeks.

I was disappointed in never seeing some incident in his subsequent works laid in a scene resembling the rugged solitude around Loch Skene, for I never saw him survey any with so much attention. A single serious look at a scene generally filled his mind with it, and he seldom took another; but here he took the names of all the hills, their altitudes, and relative situations with regard to one another, and made me repeat them several times. It may occur in some of his works which I have not seen, and I think it will, for he has rarely ever been known to interest himself, either in a scene or a character, which did not appear afterwards in all its most striking peculiarities.

There are not above five people in the world who, I think, know Sir Walter better, or understand his character better than I do; and if I outlive him, which is likely, as I am five months and ten days younger, I shall draw a mental portrait of him, the likeness of which to the original shall not be disputed. In the mean time, this is only a reminiscence, in my own line, of an illustrious friend among the mountains.

The enthusiasm with which he recited, and spoke of our ancient ballads, during that first tour of his through the Forest, inspired me with a determination immediately to begin and imitate them, which I did, and soon grew tolerably good at it. I dedicated "The Mountain Bard" to him:—

Bless'd be his generous heart for aye ;
He told me where the relic lay,
Pointed my way with ready will,
Afar on Ettrick's wildest hill ;
Watch'd my first notes with curious eye,
And wonder'd at my minstrelsy :
He little ween'd a parent's tongue
Such strains had o'er my cradle sung.

SOUTHEY.

My first interview with Mr. Southey was at the Queen's Head inn, in Keswick, where I had arrived, wearied, one evening, on my way to Westmoreland ; and not liking to intrude on his family circle that evening, I sent a note up to Greta Hall, requesting him to come down and see me, and drink one half mutchkin along with me. He came on the instant, and stayed

with me about an hour and a half. But I was a grieved as well as an astonished man, when I found that he refused all participation in my beverage of rum punch. For a poet to refuse his glass was to me a phenomenon; and I confess I doubted in my own mind, and doubt to this day, if perfect sobriety and transcendent poetical genius can exist together. In Scotland I am sure they cannot. With regard to the English, I shall leave them to settle that among themselves, as they have little that is worth drinking.

Before we had been ten minutes together my heart was knit to Southey, and every hour thereafter my esteem for him increased. I breakfasted with him next morning, and remained with him all that day and the next; and the weather being fine, we spent the time in rambling on the hills and sailing on the lake; and all the time he manifested a delightful flow of spirits, as well as a kind sincerity of manner, repeating convivial poems and ballads, and always between hands breaking jokes on his nephew, young Coleridge, in whom he seemed to take great delight. He gave me, with the utmost readiness, a poem and ballad of his own, for a work which I then projected.

I objected to his going with Coleridge and me, for fear of encroaching on his literary labours; and, as I had previously resided a month at Keswick, I knew every scene almost in Cumberland; but he said he was an early riser, and never suffered any task to interfere with his social enjoyments and recreations; and along with us he went both days.

Southey certainly is as elegant a writer as any in the kingdom. But those who would love Southey as well as admire him, must see him, as I did, in the bosom, not only of one lovely family, but of three, all attached to him as a father, and all elegantly maintained and educated, it is generally said, by his indefatigable pen. The whole of Southey's conversation and economy, both at home and afield, left an impression of veneration on my mind, which no future contingency shall ever either extinguish or injure. Both his figure and countenance are imposing, and deep thought is strongly marked in his dark eye; but there is a defect in his eyelids, for these he has no power of raising; so that, when he looks up, he turns up his face, being unable to raise his eyes; and when he looks towards the top of one of his romantic mountains, one would think he

was looking at the zenith. This peculiarity is what will most strike every stranger in the appearance of the accomplished laureate. He does not at all see well at a distance, which made me several times disposed to get into a passion with him, because he did not admire the scenes which I was pointing out. We have only exchanged a few casual letters since that period, and I have never seen this great and good man again.

WORDSWORTH.

I have forgotten what year it was, but it was in the summer that the "Excursion" was first published, when Mr. James Wilson came to me, one day, in Edinburgh, and asked me to come to his mother's house in Queen Street to dinner, and meet Mr. Wordsworth and his lady. I said I should be glad to meet any friend of his kind and venerated mother's at any time, and should certainly come. But not having the least conception that the great poet of the Lakes was in Edinburgh, and James having called him *Mr.* Wordsworth, I took it for the celebrated horse-dealer of the same name,

and entertained some shrewd misgivings, how he should chance to be a guest in a house where only the first people in Edinburgh were wont to be invited.

“ You will like him very much,” said James ; for although he prosed a little, he is exceedingly intelligent.”

“ I dare say he is,” returned I ; “ at all events, he is allowed to be a good judge of horse-flesh !” The Entomologist liked the joke well, and carried it on for some time ; and I found, in my tour southward with the celebrated poet, that several gentlemen fell into the same error, expressing themselves as at a loss why I should be travelling the country with a *horse-couper*. He was clothed in a grey russet jacket and pantaloons, be it remembered, and wore a broad-brimmed beaver hat ; so that to strangers he doubtless had a very original appearance.

When I finally learned from James that it was the poet of the Lakes whom I was to meet, I was overjoyed, for I admired many of his pieces exceedingly, though I had not then seen his ponderous “ Excursion.” I listened to him that night as to a superior being, far exalted above the common walks of life. His sentiments seemed just, and his language,

though perhaps a little pompous, was pure, sentient, and expressive. We called on several noblemen and gentlemen in company; and all the while he was in Scotland I loved him better and better. Old Dr. Robert Anderson travelled along with us as far as the sources of the Yarrow, and it was delightful to see the deference which Wordsworth paid to that venerable man. We went into my father's cot, and partook of some homely refreshment, visited St. Mary's Lake, which that day was calm, and pure as any mirror; and Mrs. Wordsworth in particular testified great delight with the whole scene. In tracing the windings of the pastoral Yarrow, from its source to its confluence with the sister stream, the poet was in great good-humour, delightful, and most eloquent. Indeed it was impossible to see Yarrow to greater advantage; and yet it failed of the anticipated inspiration; for "Yarrow Visited" is not so sweet or ingenious a poem as "Yarrow Unvisited;" so much is hope superior to enjoyment.

From Selkirk we were obliged to take different routes, as Wordsworth had business in Teviotdale, and I in Eskdale; and, at last, I landed at Ryedale Mount, his delightful dwelling, a day and a night before him and his lady.

I found his sister there, however, a pure, ingenuous child of nature ; kind, benevolent, and greatly attached to her brother. Her conversation was a true mental treat ; and we spent the time with the children delightfully till the poet's arrival.

I dined with him, and called on him several times afterwards, and certainly never met with any thing but the most genuine kindness ; therefore people have wondered why I should have indulged in caricaturing his style in the " Poetic Mirror." I have often regretted that myself ; but it was merely a piece of ill-nature at an affront which I conceived had been put on me. It was the triumphal arch scene. This anecdote has been told and told again, but never truly ; and was likewise brought forward in the " Noctes Ambrosianæ," as a joke ; but it was no joke ; and the plain, simple truth of the matter was thus :—

It chanced one night, when I was there, that there was a resplendent arch across the zenith, from the one horizon to the other, of something like the aurora borealis, but much brighter. It was a scene that is well remembered, for it struck the country with admiration, as such a phenomenon had never before

been witnessed in such perfection; and, as far as I could learn, it had been more brilliant over the mountains and pure waters of Westmoreland than any where else. Well, when word came into the room of the splendid meteor, we all went out to view it; and, on the beautiful platform at Mount Ryedale we were all walking, in twos and threes, arm-in-arm, talking of the phenomenon, and admiring it. Now, be it remembered, that Wordsworth, Professor Wilson, Lloyd, De Quincey, and myself, were present, besides several other literary gentlemen, whose names I am not certain that I remember aright. Miss Wordsworth's arm was in mine, and she was expressing some fears that the splendid stranger might prove ominous, when I, by ill luck, blundered out the following remark, thinking that I was saying a good thing:—"Hout, me'm! it is neither mair nor less than joost a treeumphal airch, raised in honour of the meeting of the poets."

"That's not amiss.—Eh? Eh?—that's very good," said the Professor, laughing. But Wordsworth, who had De Quincey's arm, gave a grunt, and turned on his heel, and leading the little opium-chewer aside, he addressed him in these

disdainful and venomous words:—"Poets? Poets?—What does the fellow mean?—Where are they?"

Who could forgive this? For my part, I never can, and never will! I admire Wordsworth; as who does not, whatever they may pretend? but for that short sentence I have a lingering ill-will at him which I cannot get rid of. It is surely presumption in any man to circumscribe all human excellence within the narrow sphere of his own capacity. The "*Where are they?*" was too bad! I have always some hopes that De Quincey was *leeing*, for I did not myself hear Wordsworth utter the words.

I have only a single remark to make on the poetry of Wordsworth, and I do it because I never saw the remark made before. It relates to the richness of his works for quotations. For these they are a mine that is altogether inexhaustible. There is nothing in nature that you may not get a quotation out of Wordsworth to suit, and a quotation too that breathes the very soul of poetry. There are only three books in the world that are worth the opening in search of mottos and quotations, and all of them are alike rich. These are, the

Old Testament, Shakspeare, and the poetical works of Wordsworth, and, strange to say, the “Excursion” abounds most in them.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

One day, about the beginning of autumn, some three-and-twenty years ago, as I was herding my master's ewes on the great hill of Queensberry, in Nithsdale, I perceived two men coming towards me, who appeared to be strangers. I saw, by their way of walking, they were not shepherds, and could not conceive what the men were seeking there, where there was neither path nor aim towards any human habitation. However, I stood staring about me, till they came up, always ordering my old dog Hector to silence in an authoritative style, he being the only servant I had to attend to my orders. The men approached me rather in a breathless state, from climbing the hill. The one was a tall thin man, of a fairish complexion, and pleasant intelligent features, seemingly approaching to forty, and the other a dark ungainly youth of about

eighteen, with a boardly frame for his age, and strongly marked manly features—the very model of Burns, and exactly such a man. Had they been of the same age, it would not have been easy to distinguish the one from the other.

The eldest came up and addressed me frankly, asking me if I was Mr. Harkness's shepherd, and if my name was James Hogg? to both of which queries I answered cautiously in the affirmative, for I was afraid they were come to look after me with an accusation regarding some of the lasses. The younger stood at a respectful distance, as if I had been the Duke of Queensberry, instead of a ragged servant lad herding sheep. The other seized my hand, and said, "Well, then, sir, I am glad to see you. There is not a man in Scotland whose hand I am prouder to hold."

I could not say a single word in answer to this address; but when he called me SIR, I looked down at my bare feet and ragged coat, to remind the man whom he was addressing. But he continued: "My name is James Cunningham, a name unknown to you, though yours is not entirely so to me; and this is my younger brother Allan, the greatest admirer

that you have on earth, and himself a young aspiring poet of some promise. You will be so kind as excuse this intrusion of ours on your solitude, for, in truth, I could get no peace either night or day with Allan, till I consented to come and see you."

I then stepped down the hill to where Allan Cunningham still stood, with his weather-beaten cheek toward me, and, seizing his hard brawny hand, I gave it a hearty shake, saying something as kind as I was able, and, at the same time, I am sure as stupid as it possibly could be. From that moment we were friends; for Allan has none of the proverbial Scottish caution about him; he is all heart together, without reserve either of expression or manner: you at once see the unaffected benevolence, warmth of feeling, and firm independence, of a man conscious of his own rectitude and mental energies. Young as he was, I had heard of his name, although slightly, and, I think, seen one or two of his juvenile pieces. Of an elder brother of his, Thomas Mouncey, I had, previous to that, conceived a very high idea, and I always marvel how he could possibly put his poetical vein under lock and key, as he did all at once; for he certainly then bade fair to be the first of Scottish bards.

I had a small bothy upon the hill, in which I took my breakfast and dinner on wet days, and rested myself. It was so small, that we had to walk in on all-fours; and when we were in, we could not get up our heads any way, but in a sitting posture. It was exactly my own length, and, on the one side, I had a bed of rushes, which served likewise as a seat; on this we all three sat down, and there we spent the whole afternoon,—and, I am sure, a happier group of three never met on the hill of Queensberry. Allan brightened up prodigiously after he got into the dark bothy, repeating all his early pieces of poetry, and part of his brother's, to me. The two brothers partook heartily, and without reserve, of my scrip and bottle of sweet milk, and the elder Mr. Cunningham had a strong bottle with him—I have forgot whether it was brandy or rum, but I remember it was excessively good, and helped to keep up our spirits to a late hour. Thus began at that bothy in the wilderness a friendship, and a mutual attachment between two aspiring Scottish peasants, over which the shadow of a cloud has never yet passed.

From that day forward I failed not to improve my acquaintance with the Cunninghams.

I visited them several times at Dalswinton, and never missed an opportunity of meeting with Allan when it was in my power to do so. I was astonished at the luxuriousness of his fancy. It was boundless ; but it was the luxury of a rich garden overrun with rampant weeds. He was likewise then a great mannerist in expression, and no man could mistake his verses for those of any other man. I remember seeing some imitations of Ossian by him, which I thought exceedingly good ; and it struck me that that style of composition was peculiarly fitted for his vast and fervent imagination.

When Cromek's "Nithsdale and Galloway Relics" came to my hand, I at once discerned the strains of my friend, and I cannot describe with what sensations of delight I first heard Mr. Morrison read the "Mermaid of Galloway," while at every verse I kept naming the author. It had long been my fixed opinion, that if a person could once succeed in the genuine ballad style, his muse was adequate for any other ; and after seeing Allan's strains in that work, I concluded that no man could calculate what he was capable of.

I continued my asseverations to all my intimate friends, *that Allan Cunningham was the*

author of all that was beautiful in the work. Gray, who had an attachment to Cromek, denied it positively on his friend's authority. Grieve joined him. Morrison, I saw, had strong lurking suspicions ; but then he stickled for the ancient genius of Galloway. When I went to Sir Walter Scott, (then Mr. Scott,) I found him decidedly of the same opinion as myself ; and he said he wished to God we had that valuable and original young man fairly out of Cromek's hands again.

I next wrote a review of the work, in which I laid the saddle on the right horse, and sent it to Mr. Jeffrey ; but, after retaining it for some time, he returned it with a note, saying, that he had read over the article, and was convinced of the fraud which had been attempted to be played off on the public, but he did not think it worthy of exposure. I have the article, and card, by me to this day.

Mr. Cunningham's style of poetry is greatly changed of late for the better. I have never seen any style improved so much. It is free of all that crudeness and mannerism that once marked it so decidedly. He is now uniformly lively, serious, descriptive, or pathetic, as he changes his subject ; but formerly he jumbled

all these together, as in a boiling caldron, and when once he began, it was impossible to calculate where or when he was going to end. If these reminiscences should meet his friendly eye, he will pardon them, on the score that they are the effusions of a heart that loves to dwell on some scenes of former days.

GALT.

I first met with this most original and most careless writer at Greenock, in the summer of 1804, as I and two friends were setting out on a tour through the Hebrides ; so that Galt and I have been acquainted these twenty-eight years.

That was a memorable evening for me, for it was the first time I ever knew that my name had been known beyond the precincts of my native wilds, and was not a little surprised at finding it so well known in a place called Greenock, at the distance of one hundred miles. I had by some chance heard the name of the town, and had formed an idea of its being a mouldy-looking village, on an ugly coast.

How agreeably was I deceived, not only in the appearance of the town, but the metal which it contained !

My two friends and I, purposing to remain there only a night, had no sooner arrived, than word had flown it seems through the town that a strange poetical chap had arrived there, and a deputation was sent to us, inviting us to a supper at the Tontine Hotel. Of course we accepted ; and, on going there, found no fewer than thirty gentlemen assembled to welcome us, and among the rest was Mr. Galt, then a tall thin young man, with something a little dandyish in his appearance. He was dressed in a frock-coat and new top-boots ; and it being then the fashion to wear the shirt collars as high as the eyes, Galt wore his the whole of that night with the one side considerably above his ear, and the other flapped over the collar of his frock-coat down to his shoulder. He had another peculiarity, which appeared to me a singular instance of perversity. He walked with his spectacles on, and conversed with them on ; but when he read he took them off. In short, from his first appearance, one would scarcely have guessed him to be a man of genius.

The first thing that drew my attention to him was an argument about the moral tendency of some of Shakspeare's plays, in which, though he had two opponents, and one of them both obstinate and loquacious, he managed his part with such good-nature and such strong emphatic reasoning, that my heart whispered me again and again, "This is no common youth." Then his stories of old-fashioned and odd people were so infinitely amusing, that his conversation proved one of the principal charms of that enchanting night. The conversation of that literary community of friends at Greenock, as well as their songs and stories, was much above what I had ever been accustomed to hear. I formed one other intimate and highly valued acquaintance that night, which continued with increasing affection till his lamented death: I allude to James Park, Esq., junior, of that place, Mr. Galt's firm and undeviating friend. I like Galt's writings exceedingly, and have always regretted that he has depicted so much that is selfish and cunning in the Scottish character, and so little that is truly amiable, when he could have done it so well. Of my literary acquaintances in London I dare not say a word until I get back

to my native mountains again, when I expect that my reminiscences of them will form a theme of great delight.

LOCKHART.

When it is considered what literary celebrity Lockhart has gained so early in life, and how warm and disinterested a friend he has been to me, it argues but little for my sagacity that I scarcely recollect any thing of our first encounters. He was a mischievous Oxford puppy, for whom I was terrified, dancing after the young ladies, and drawing caricatures of every one who came in contact with him. But then I found him constantly in company with all the better rank of people with whom I associated, and consequently it was impossible for me not to meet with him. I dreaded his eye terribly; and it was not without reason, for he was very fond of playing tricks on me, but always in such a way, that it was impossible to lose temper with him. I never parted company with him that my judgment was not entirely jumbled with regard to characters, books, and literary articles of every description. Even his

household economy seemed clouded in mystery; and if I got any explanation, it was sure not to be the right thing. It may be guessed how astonished I was one day, on perceiving six black servants waiting at his table upon six white gentlemen! Such a train of Blackamoors being beyond my comprehension, I asked for an explanation; but got none; save that he found them very useful and obliging poor fellows, and that they did not look for much wages, beyond a mouthful of meat.

A young lady hearing me afterwards making a fuss about such a phenomenon, and swearing that the Blackamoors would break my young friend, she assured me that Mr. Lockhart had only *one* black servant, but that when the master gave a dinner to his friends, the servant, knowing there would be enough, and to spare, for all, invited his friends also. Lockhart always kept a good table, and a capital stock of liquor, especially Jamaica rum, and by degrees I grew not so frightened to visit him.

After Wilson and he, and Sym and I had resolved on supporting Blackwood, it occasioned us to be oftener together; but Lockhart contrived to keep my mind in the utmost perplexity for years, on all things that related to

that Magazine. Being often curious to know when the tremendous articles appeared who were the authors, and being sure I could draw nothing out of either Wilson, or Sym, I always repaired to Lockhart to ask him, awaiting his reply with fixed eyes and a beating heart. Then, with his cigar in his mouth, his one leg flung carelessly over the other, and without the symptom of a smile on his face, or one twinkle of mischief in his dark grey eye, he would father the articles on his brother, Captain Lockhart, or Peter Robertson, or Sheriff Cay, or James Wilson, or that queer fat body, Dr. Scott ; and sometimes on James and John Ballantyne, and Sam Anderson, and poor Baxter. Then away I flew with the wonderful news to my other associates ; and if any remained incredulous, I swore the facts down through them ; so that before I left Edinburgh I was accounted the greatest liar that was in it, except one. I remember once, at a festival of the Dilletanti Society, that Lockhart was sitting next me, and charming my ear with some story of authorship. I have forgot what it was ; but think it was about somebody reviewing his own book. On which I said the incident was such a capital one, that I

would give a crown bowl of punch to ascertain if it were true.

“What?” said Bridges; “did any body ever hear the like of that? I hope you are not suspecting your young friend of telling you a falsehood?”

“Haud your tongue Davie, for ye ken naething about it,” said I. “Could ye believe it, man, that that callant never tauld me the truth a’ his days but aince, an’ that was merely by chance, an’ without the least intention on his part?” These blunt accusations diverted Lockhart greatly, and only encouraged him to farther tricks.

I soon found out that the coterie of my literary associates had made it up to act on O’Dogherty’s principle, never to deny a thing that they had *not* written, and never to acknowledge one that they *had*. On which I determined that, in future, I would sign my name or designation to every thing I published, that I might be answerable to the world only for my own offences. But as soon as the rascals perceived this, they signed my name as fast as I did. They then contrived the incomparable “Noctes Ambrosianæ,” for the sole purpose of putting all the sentiments into the

Shepherd's mouth, which they durst not avowedly say themselves, and those too often applying to my best friends. The generality of mankind have always used me ill till I came to London.

The thing that most endeared Lockhart to me at that early period was some humorous poetry which he published anonymously in Blackwood's Magazine, and which I still regard as the best of the same description in the kingdom. He at length married on the same day with myself, into the house of my great friend and patron, and thenceforward I regarded him as belonging to the same family with me, I a stepson, and he a legitimate younger brother.

Of all the practical jokes that ever Lockhart played off on the public in his thoughtless days, the most successful and ludicrous was that about Dr. Scott. He was a strange-looking, bald-headed, bluff little man, that practised as a dentist, both in Glasgow and Edinburgh, keeping a good house and hospitable table in both, and considered skilful; but for utter ignorance of every thing literary, he was not to be matched among a dozen street porters with ropes round their necks. This droll old tippling sinner was a joker in his way, and to Lockhart and his friends a subject of

constant mystifications and quizzes, which he partly saw through ; but his uncommon vanity made him like the notice, and when at last the wags began to publish songs and ballads in his name, O then he could not resist going into the delusion ! and though he had a horrid bad voice, and hardly any ear, he would roar and sing the songs in every company as his own.

Ignorant and uneducated as he was, Lockhart sucked his brains so cleverly, and crammed “ The Odontist’s ” songs with so many of the creature’s own peculiar phrases, and the names and histories of his obscure associates, that, though I believe the man could scarce spell a note of three lines, even his intimate acquaintances were obliged to swallow the hoax, and by degrees “ The Odontist ” passed for a first-rate convivial bard, that had continued to eat and drink and draw teeth for fifty years, and more, without ever letting the smallest corner of the napkin appear to be lifted, under which his wonderful talents had lain concealed. I suspect Captain Tom Hamilton, the original O’Dogherty, had also some hand in that ploy ; at least he seemed to enjoy it as if he had, for though he pretended

to be a high and starched Whig, he was always engaged with these madcap Tories, and the foremost in many of their wicked contrivances.

Well, at last this joke took so well, and went so far, that shortly after the appearance of "The Lament for Captain Patton," one of John Lockhart's best things, by-the-bye, but which was published in the doctor's name, he happened to take a trip to Liverpool in a steam-boat, and had no sooner arrived there than he was recognised and hailed as Ebony's glorious Odontist! The literary gentry got up a public dinner for him in honour of his great and versatile genius, and the body very coolly accepted the compliment, replying to the toasts and speeches, and all the rest of it. And what is more, none of them ever found him out; which to me, who knew him so well, was quite wonderful. What would I have given to have been at that meeting! I am sure Dean Swift himself never played off a more successful hit than this of "The Odontist."

He is long since dead; but he left a name behind him which has continued to this day, when I have let the secret out. Had he lived till now, I am persuaded his works would have swelled out to volumes, and would have been

published in his name, with his portrait at the beginning. I never heard whether he left Lockhart any legacy or not; but he certainly ought to have done so, and both to him and Captain Hamilton. Even the acute Johnie Ballantyne was entrapped, and requested me several times to bring him acquainted with that Dr. Scott, who was one of the most original and extraordinary fellows he had ever met with in print, and he wished much to have the honour of being his publisher. In answer to this request I could only laugh in the bibliopole's face, having been for that once in the true secret. I could tell several stories fully as good as this; but as John is now a reformed character, to all appearance, I shall spare him for the present. Wilson's and his merry doings of those days would make a singular book, and perhaps I may attempt to detail them before I die.

SYM.

I first met with that noble and genuine old Tory, the renowned Timothy Tickler, in his own hospitable mansion of South Side, *alias*

George's Square, in the south corner of Edinburgh, and to which I was introduced by one of his sister's sons, I think Mr. Robert Wilson, the professor's second brother.

At the very first appearance of my weekly paper "The Spy," Mr. Sym interested himself for it. Not only did his name appear first on the list of subscribers, but he recommended it strongly to all his friends and acquaintances, as a paper worthy of being patronised. Some of the fine madams pointed out to him a few inadvertences, or more properly, absurdities, which had occurred in the papers; but he replied, "O, I don't deny that; but I like them the better for these, as they show me at once the character of the writer. I believe him to be a very great blockhead; still I maintain, that there is some smeddum in him."

As the paper went on, he sent me some written advices anonymously, which were excellent, and which I tried to conform to as much as I could. He also sent me some very clever papers for the work, which appeared in it, but all the while kept himself closely concealed from me. It is natural to suppose that I had the most kindly feeling towards this

friendly stranger; but it was not till I became acquainted with the Wilsons long afterwards that I knew who he was. When Mr. Robert informed me that he was his uncle, I was all impatience to see him.

A little while before the conclusion of "The Spy," Mr. Aikman, the publisher, told me one day that he suspected the friend who had interested himself so much in my success was a Mr. Sym; but I had never heard more than merely his name, and imagined him to be some very little man about Leith. Judge of my astonishment, when I was admitted by a triple-bolted door into a grand house in George's Square, and introduced to its lord, an uncommonly fine-looking elderly gentleman, about seven feet high, and as straight as an arrow! His hair was whitish, his complexion had the freshness and ruddiness of youth, his looks and address full of kindness and benevolence; but whenever he stood straight up, (for he had always to stoop about half way when speaking to a common-sized man like me,) then you could not help perceiving a little of the haughty air of the determined and independent old aristocrat.

From that time forward, during my stay in Edinburgh, Mr. Sym's hospitable mansion was the great evening resort of his three nephews and me; sometimes there were a few friends beside, of whom Lockhart and Samuel Anderson were mostly two; but we four for certain; and there are no jovial evenings of my by-past life which I reflect on with greater delight than those. Tickler is completely an original, as any man may see who has attended to his remarks; for there is no sophistry there, they are every one his own. Nay, I don't believe that North has, would, or durst put a single sentence into his mouth that had not proceeded out of it. No, no; although I was made a scape-goat, no one, and far less a nephew, might do so with Timothy Tickler. His reading, both ancient and modern, is boundless, his taste and perception acute beyond those of other men; his satire keen and biting; but at the same time his good-humour is altogether inexhaustible, save when ignited by coming in collision with Whig or Radical principles. Still there being no danger of that with me, he and I never differed in one single sentiment in our lives, excepting on the comparative merits of some Strathspey reels.

But the pleasantest part of our fellowship is yet to describe. At a certain period of the night our entertainer knew by the longing looks which I cast to a beloved corner of the dining-room what was wanting. Then, with “O, I beg your pardon, Hogg, I was forgetting,” he would take out a small gold key that hung by a chain of the same precious metal to a particular button-hole, and stalk away as tall as the life, open two splendid fiddle cases, and produce their contents, first the one, and then the other; but always keeping the best to himself. I’ll never forget with what elated dignity he stood straight up in the middle of that floor and rosined his bow: there was a twist of the lip, and an upward beam of the eye, that were truly sublime. Then down we sat side by side, and began—at first gently, and with easy motion, like skilful grooms, keeping ourselves up for the final heat, which was slowly but surely approaching. At the end of every tune we took a glass, and still our enthusiastic admiration of the Scottish tunes increased—our energies of execution redoubled, till, ultimately, it became not only a complete and well-contested race, but a trial of strength to determine which should drown

the other. The only feelings short of ecstasy, that came across us in these enraptured moments, were caused by hearing the laugh and joke going on with our friends, as if no such thrilling strains had been flowing. But if Sym's eye chanced at all to fall on them, it instantly retreated upwards again in mild indignation. To his honour be it mentioned, he has left me a legacy of that inestimable violin, provided that I outlive him. But not for a thousand such would I part with my old friend.

DEDICATION.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LADY ANNE SCOTT, OF BUCCLEUGH.

To her, whose bounty oft hath shed
Joy round the peasant's lowly bed,
When trouble press'd and friends were few,
And God and angels only knew :
To her, who loves the board to cheer,
And hearth of simple cottager ;
Who loves the tale of rural hind,
And wayward visions of his mind,—
I dedicate, with high delight,
The themes of many a winter night.

What other name on Yarrow vale
Can Shepherd choose to grace his tale?
There other living name is none
Heard with one feeling—one alone.

Some heavenly charm must name endear
That all men love, and all revere !
Even the rude boy of rustic form,
And robe all fluttering to the storm,
Whose roguish lip and graceless eye
Incline to mock the passer by,
Walks by the maid with softer tread,
And lowly bends his burly head,
Following with eye of milder ray
The gentle form that glides away.
The little school-nymph, drawing near,
Says, with a sly and courteous leer,
As plain as eye and manner can,
“ Thou lov’st me—bless thee, Lady Anne !”
Even babes will catch the ’loved theme,
And learn to lisp their Lady’s name.

The orphan’s blessing rests on thee ;
Happy thou art, and long shalt be !
’Tis not in sorrow, nor distress,
Nor fortune’s power to make thee less.
The heart, unalter’d in its mood,
That joys alone in doing good,
And follows in the heavenly road,
And steps where once an angel trod ;—
The joys within such heart that burn,
No loss can quench, nor time o’erturn !
The stars may from their orbits bend,
The mountains rock, the heavens rend,
The sun’s last ember cool and quiver,
But these shall glow, and glow for ever !

Then thou, who lov'st the Shepherd's home,
And cherishest his lowly dome,
O list the mystic lore sublime
Of fairy tales of ancient time.
I learn'd them in the lonely glen,
The last abodes of living men ;
Where never stranger came our way
By summer night, or winter day ;
Where neighbouring hind or cot was none,
Our converse was with heaven alone,
With voices through the cloud that sung,
And brooding storms that round us hung.

O Lady, judge, if judge you may,
How stern and ample was the sway
Of themes like these, when darkness fell,
And gray-hair'd sires the tales would tell !
When doors were barr'd, and eldron dame
Plied at her task beside the flame,
That through the smoke and gloom alone
On dim and umber'd faces shone ;
The bleat of mountain goat on high,
That from the cliff came quavering by ;
The echoing rock, the rushing flood,
The cataract's swell, the moaning wood ;
That undefined and mingled hum—
Voice of the desart, never dumb ;
All these have left within this heart
A feeling tongue can ne'er impart ;
A wilder'd and unearthly flame,
A something that's without a name.

And, lady, thou wilt never deem
Religious tale offensive theme ;
Our creeds may differ in degree,
But small that difference sure can be.
As flowers which vary in their dyes,
We all shall bloom in Paradise.
As sire, who loves his children well,
The loveliest face he cannot tell,—
So 'tis with us ; we are the same,
One faith, one Father, and one aim.

And hadst thou lived where I was bred,
Amid the scenes where martyrs bled,
Their sufferings all to thee endear'd,
By those most honour'd and revered ;
And where the wild dark streamlet raves,
Hadst wept above their lonely graves,
Thou wouldst have felt, I know it true,
As I have done, and aye must do :
And for the same exalted cause,
For mankind's right, and nature's laws,
The cause of liberty divine,
Thy fathers bled as well as mine.

Then be it thine, O noble maid,
On some still eve these tales to read ;
And thou wilt read, I know full well,
For still thou lov'st the haunted dell ;
To linger by the sainted spring,
And trace the ancient fairy ring,
Where moonlight revels long were held
In many a lone sequester'd field,

By Yarrow dens and Ettrick shaw,
And the green mounds of Carterhaugh.
O! for one kindred heart, that thought
As minstrel must and lady ought;
That loves, like thee, the whispering wood,
And range of mountain solitude!
Think how more wild the mountain scene,
If times were still as they have been;
If fairies, at the fall of even,
Down from the eyebrow of the heaven,
Or some ærial land afar,
Came on the beam of rising star;
Their lightsome gambols to renew,
From the green leaf to quaff the dew,
Or dance with such a graceful tread,
As scarce to bend the gowan's head.

Think if thou wert, some evening still,
Within thy wood of green Bowhill—
Thy native wood!—the forest's pride!
Lover or sister by thy side;
In converse sweet the hour t' improve,
Of things below and things above;
Of an existence scarce begun;
And note the stars rise one by one.
Just then, the moon and day-light blending,
To see the fairy bands descending,
Wheeling and shivering as they came,
Like glimmering shreds of human frame;
Or sailing, mid the golden air,
In skiffs of yielding gossamer.
O! I would wander forth alone,
Where human eye hath never shone,

Away, o'er continents and isles,
A thousand and a thousand miles,
For one such eve to sit with thee,
Their strains to hear and forms to see !
Absent the while all fears of harm,
Secure in Heaven's protecting arm ;
To list the songs such beings sung,
And hear them speak in human tongue ;
To see in beauty, perfect, pure,
Of human face the miniature,
And smile of beings free from sin,
That had not death impress'd within.
Ah ! can it ever be forgot,
What Scotland had, and now has not !

Such scenes, dear lady, now no more
Are given, or fitted, as before,
To eye or ear of guilty dust ;
But when it comes, as come it must,
The time when I, from earth set free,
Shall turn the sprite I fain would be ;
If there's a land, as grandsires tell,
Where brownies, elves, and fairies dwell,
There my first visit shall be sped.—
Journeyer of earth, go hide thy head !
Of all thy travelling splendour shorn,
Though in thy golden chariot borne !
Yon little cloud of many a hue
That wanders o'er the solar blue,
That curls, and rolls, and fleets away
Beyond the very springs of day,
That do I challenge and engage
To be my travelling equipage ;

Then onward, onward, far to steer,
The breeze of heaven my charioteer ;
By azure blue and orient sheen,
By star that glimmers red and green,
And hangs like emerald polish'd bright
Upon the left cheek of the night.
The soul's own energy my guide,
Eternal hope my all beside.
At such a shrine who would not bow ?
Traveller of earth, where art thou now ?

Then let me for these legends claim
My young, my honour'd Lady's name ;
That honour is reward complete,
Yet I must crave, if not unmeet,
One little boon—delightful task
For maid to grant, or minstrel ask !

One day, thou may'st remember well,
For short the time since it befel,
When o'er thy forest bowers of oak
The eddying storm in darkness broke ;
Loud sung the blast a-down the dell,
And Yarrow lent her treble swell ;
The mountain's form grew more sublime,
Wrapt in its wreaths of rolling rime ;
And Newark cairn, in hoary shroud,
Appear'd like giant o'er the cloud ;
The eve fell dark, and grimly scowl'd,
Loud and more loud the tempest howl'd ;
Without was turmoil, waste, and din,
The kelpie's cry was in the linn !
But all was love and peace within.

And aye between, the melting strain
Pour'd from thy woodland harp amain,
Which, mixing with the storm around,
Gave a wild cadence to the sound.

That mingled scene, in every part,
Hath so impress'd thy Shepherd's heart
With glowing feelings, kindling, bright,
Some filial visions of delight,
That almost border upon pain,
And he would hear those strains again.
They brought delusions not to last,
Blending the future with the past ;
Dreams of fair stems, in foliage new,
Of flowers that spring where others grew,
Of beauty ne'er to be outdone,
And stars that rise when sets the sun ;
The patriarchal days of yore,
The mountain music heard no more,
With all these scenes before his eyes,
A family's and a nation's ties—
Bonds which the heavens alone can rend,
With chief, with father, and with friend.
No wonder that such scene refined
Should dwell on rude enthusiast's mind ;
Strange his reverse !—he little wist—
Poor inmate of the cloud and mist !
That ever he, as friend, should claim
The proudest Caledonian name.



George Cruikshank fecit

Captain Locky in the Barber's Dress

ALTRIVE TALES.

THE ADVENTURES

OF

CAPTAIN JOHN LOCHY,

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

I, JOHN LOCHY, was born I know not where, and I was the son of I know not whom; but my birth happened in that year in which the third William came to the throne; and that I was born of illustrious parents there can be no doubt, as the following circumstance completely and satisfactorily proves.

It happened on this wise: — As three great chiefs, with their followers, were going out on the 17th of August to hunt the deer in the forest of Glen-Lochy, in Breadalbane, at a certain pass they heard the cries of an infant, at which they were greatly amazed. They all stood still and listened, but could see nothing, for it was hardly yet day; but they heard the cries, and, following them, came

to a little chest placed on the verge of the river, and there was I, lying nestled among flannels, with plenty of fine baby-clothes, and by me a small box of jewels, and this ticket on my breast:

“This boy is nobly born. His name is John. To preserve his life from his blood-thirsty relations, his mother has been compelled to leave him in the path of the gallant chief whose heart she can trust. God bless and protect my son!”

“There will be watchers near,” said the chief of M’Nab; “let us spread ourselves all about and watch till sun-rise, and we shall be sure to catch them. If any perceive fliers, let them pursue and seize them, nor give up the pursuit till they are taken, though it last for a thousand miles.”

They did so, and a little after daylight they perceived two riders flying westward along a height called Bovain. Several horsemen gave chase, but took a wrong direction, and lost them; but they afterwards discovered by the tracks of their horses that they had doubled back and gone down Loch-Tay, where they lost all traces of them. They took one man prisoner on the other side of the glen, apparently a peasant; but of him they could make nothing. He spoke a little of the Low Country tongue, and denied all knowledge of, or connexion with the babe. But he could give no account of what he was seeking in that country, farther than that he wanted to see a hunt.

There being three great chiefs present, it was resolved that they should cast lots for the honour

of bringing up the noble boy; and the lot fell on the Earl of Breadalbane; so I was put to nurse with a poor young widow, and called John Lochy, after the river on the banks of which I was found.

This circumstance, it was said at the time, raised a great deal of curiosity, not only among the country people, but the principal gentry of the kingdom, and one or two very plausible conjectures were started, and some pains taken to trace them. But all inquiry was hushed after the earl received an anonymous letter which was put into his hand at Perth, in the midst of a great convocation of gentlemen. What that letter contained no man knows; but I was immediately removed into a place in the wilds of Glenorchy, and kept there in a farmhouse in the strictest concealment for a number of years. In all that time I remember of little else save a fat old black dog, to which I was greatly attached, and a poor woman who visited the house very often, bringing the farmer's wife many presents; of small value certainly, but they had the effect of making her a welcome guest there. To me she was particularly so, for many little nic-nacs she bestowed on me, with sweetmeats when none saw, and kindly words. Her name was Mora.

There was one time in particular, that she hovered about the house like a spirit, and was seen early and late in the environs. At length she came in to the farmer and his wife with many tears, and told them that some evil awaited me, and that if I was their own son they had better look to it. If I

was not their own son, she perceived from the second-sight that my danger was still the greater; and she charged them, as they valued the boy's protector, to remove me secretly to him, or send me to some other concealment for a time.

The farmer laughed at Mora's predictions, but the wife seemed much concerned. No steps being taken for my safety, I was that night taken away. The farm having been formerly possessed by two tenants, the dwelling consisted of two houses distinct from one another. In the one the farmer and his wife slept in one apartment, and a maid-servant and myself in the other; and the farmer's son and the other servants in the house opposite. At midnight a fellow stole into the house and took me, sound asleep, from the maid's bosom, without ever awakening her; and there being two other men at the door, they all three mounted on ponies and fled, taking me along with them: my favourite fat dog Cowlan, who never parted with me, also went with us.

No sooner was I taken out at the door and mounted on the little nag before the ruffian Highlander, than poor Mora awakened the farmer, for it seems she had been watching outside the house that night. He was crabbed, and bid her go about her business, for she was raving; but she persisted in assuring the pair that I was carried off to be murdered, and that if I was not rescued, every person about the house would be hanged. This being rather a serious consideration for old Donald, he ran

into the other apartment and awakened the sleepy maiden, when he found poor Mora's intelligence confirmed. She had by this time roused the inmates of the other house, and all were ready for the pursuit in a few minutes. Mora perceived the route the ruffians had taken, a track not leading towards any habitation; but by a singular providence Cowlan kept barking now and then all the way behind us, and sometimes howling, which kept the pursuers close on our track. Mora pursued with the rest; and the waste being so full of pools, sharp rocks, and other impediments, the pursuers gained rapidly on the riders. The latter at length paused, and high words arose among them, when, by the cover of a deep ravine, the pursuers, consisting of the farmer, his son, a lad of eighteen, two shepherds, and poor Mora, got close to the three ruffians; so close, that they heard every word they said. Two of the men were for saving my life, sending me privately abroad, and earning the high reward. The other, the huge fellow who had held me all the way before him with very little regard for my comfort, seemed to acquiesce in the proposal, but alighted first from his pony, taking me off with him. I was wrapped in a blanket, and had a linen night-gown on; and I well remember that when the fellow alighted he fell a groping for my bare feet, and seizing one of them close by the ancle, in one moment the blanket dropped from about me, and with a tremendous swing he flung me from the precipice into the loch.

I uttered a loud shriek while flying through the air, which was responded to by one ten times louder from poor Mora, who in one moment sprung from her concealment, and, rushing forward, tumbled the gigantic ruffian over the cliff into the loch, from which he never more arose, having been brained in his fall. One of the shepherds inadvertently seized one of the other ruffians, but the two, between them, knocked the shepherd down and escaped, the attention of the party being taken up with something else.

The moment that my fall made the plash in the loch old fat Cowlan was barking and swimming. The place where the ruffian made the plunge he never regarded, but swam towards me, baying with all his energy. He was one of those loquacious animals that never could do any thing either good or bad in silence ; every effort was accompanied by loud and incessant barking, and, in a time, as was said, inconceivably short, he had me at the side, trailing by the night-gown ; and though he could not then bark aloud, he was still making a constant attempt at it with his mouth shut.

I lay a good while in Mora's bosom before coming to myself, and was then taken home on the pony which had belonged to the dead ruffian ; so narrowly did I escape drowning in this savage place by night, owing to the sagacity of honest Cowlan.

This mountain lake into which I was cast is called Loch Dochart. It is not the Loch Doch-

art at the head of Breadalbane, lying at the foot of Ben More, but one situated in the rudest and wildest place of the Braes of Glenorchy, two or three miles to the westward of Inverouran. Often have I visited the scene, and stood on the top of the cliff from which I was cast. The body of the ruffian was identified as that of Alaster Campbell of Screegan in Upper Lorn, a notorious blackguard and smuggler; and the investigation of the case caused great and general astonishment.

I was shortly after removed to Inverness, and my name changed for a season. But there was a dark and mysterious plot against my existence, which it required the utmost vigilance to avert. My poor guardian angel, Mora, found me out once more, pressed me to her bosom, and wept over me, telling me that my father's, as well as my mother's kinsmen, sought my life, and had emissaries watching me for a convenient opportunity of putting their design in execution; and she assured me that unless I followed her directions I should never see the end of the week.

The next day, when I should have gone to school, I eloped with her, and for three years lived under her kind protection, wandering from one place to another, she being in constant terror for my life. I had no such terror; but being a stout boy, and fond of horses, I hired with Sir James Innes as a groom. There I remained till I was seventeen, and, as far as I remember, was regarded as a headstrong, quarrelsome, and precipitate young man.

But here it seemed that I had been again discovered, and a train laid for my life.

Sir James being at that time engaged in building, a number of workmen were still coming and going about the premises, and, among the rest, a sort of genteel vagrant lingered about the house for some time as a glazier. This fellow being forward and spruce, often succeeded in engaging Sir James in conversation; and one day he says to him, "What sort of a blade is he, this dashing groom of yours?"

"I know nothing about him," said Sir James, "save that he is an active stout young fellow, who manages his horses well, and keeps his own ground with his associates."

"What is his name, if you please, Sir James?"

"They call him John, but what more I never inquired, although he has been here for several years."

"I should like well to know his name, and where he comes from; for, to tell the truth, I have some suspicions of the fellow. Does your honour think he is honest enough?"

"*Honest enough* is rather a trying term, Mr. Glazier, and applicable to few. I doubt if either you or I could be tried by that standard: for my part, I never heard aught against the young fellow's honesty."

"O! it is merely vague suspicion in me, Sir James, and I mentioned it to put so honest and confiding a gentleman on his guard. I thought I

perceived a watch one day in the young rogue's possession quite unsuitable in value to his rank. I looked far wrong if it was not a gold one, and a very costly one too."

"That is quite impossible; the fellow is as poor as a buck in April," said Sir James, turning from the insidious glazier with a laugh.

"O! it is quite probable I may have been mistaken, Sir James," said the glazier, following after him, and speaking in a restrained voice. "Pray don't mention it to any body, for I wish not to do evil to any man. No, no, Sir James, far be it from me to injure any man who has his bread to win, like myself, with the sweat of his brow. I *must* have been mistaken; some gilt thing perhaps with sham jewels. Pray think no more of it."

Sir James went home, and told his lady what the glazier had insinuated against poor John. She looked a little alarmed, but said not a word, till, going to her bureau, she found her own gold watch, necklace, and jewels missing. There was no time to be lost. Sir James rode straight to Inverness, procured a warrant, and I was that same evening taken prisoner while playing at coits with the workmen. I was so perfectly unconscious of any crime, that I could not believe that it was not a trick they were playing off on me, and unluckily I stood on the defensive, and mauled the constables to some purpose. Being at last overpowered and mastered, my person was searched, and nothing of a suspicious nature being found,

they demanded the key of my trunk. Without hesitation, I told them that it was sewed to the inside of my breeches pocket, for fear of losing it, and that these were lying on the lid of my trunk. They found it accordingly, searched, and, at the very first, lying openly in the shottle of my trunk they found the whole of the stolen property, with the exception of some gold pieces. I swore that the officers had brought it with them, for that it was never put there by me; but they laughed at my asseverations, led me to Inverness, and threw me into prison. But lo and behold! ere ever the investigation by the sheriff took place the glazier had vanished, and could not be produced as a witness. He was seen going up Strath-Nairn with his budget on his back; but could not be traced farther. But the evidence against me being irrefragable, I was returned to prison to stand trial at the next assizes.

This was a very melancholy time for me; but I never despaired; for though I knew very little about religion and a divine Providence, and cared less, I had some idea of a principle of justice governing the world, and conceived that I could not possibly be hanged for a crime that I had never thought of, far less committed; else it was the most enormous thing that ever was done, and sufficient to sink a whole nation.

When the day of trial arrived my advocate urged me strongly to plead guilty to the charge; which I refused with disdain, and told him that if

my hands were free I would knock him down for such heinous advice. He told me if I confessed he would procure me the modified sentence of banishment for life ; but if I refused I was a gone man. He knew nothing of my spirit. I would have been cut to inches before I would have confessed ; so I boldly pleaded *Not Guilty*. My counsel was useless. He had no hope, and therefore made no exertion. The counsel for the Crown made a bitter speech against me, and demanded a verdict of guilty. But the judge, Lord Erskine, the only sensible man among them, in summing up the evidence took a different view of the matter, and plainly insinuated that he suspected the glazier. “ Here is a fellow,” said his lordship, “ of whom nobody knows any thing, and who, in virtue of his profession, has access to every room in the house ; and here is a simple fellow again, who has his key lying openly on the head of his trunk. It really appears to me, gentlemen, that if this young fellow had stolen the property he would have laid it more carefully by, or, at least, have secured the key better ; and I am the more confirmed in this opinion from a private assurance that from some great political or selfish motive an attempt was formerly made to take away his life, and I suspect this to be another clandestine effort, proceeding from the same source. I therefore charge you to give the prisoner the advantage of these suspicious circumstances in the chain of evidence.”

Quite secure now in being dealt with according to justice, I wondered what the fellows could mean in remaining so long inclosed, and keeping people's hearts and feelings on the rack, bawling and reasoning about a thing which could not admit of any doubt. At length they returned, and, to show how little a jury is to be depended upon, brought in a verdict by a majority of one voice, finding me guilty. The scoundrels! How my heart burned with indignation at their stupidity! The worthy judge, one of the Marr family, was astounded, and asked if that was really their verdict, when, being answered fiercely in the affirmative, he said that nothing then remained for him but to pronounce sentence accordingly; and there was I, as innocent of the crime as the child unborn, sentenced to be hanged by the neck on the 29th of May.

I was highly indignant at being used in this manner, and never would listen to any of their admonitions about repentance and confession; and when they asked whether I would have a Protestant or Catholic clergyman to attend me, I answered that I would neither have the one nor the other; and when any of the rascals came to pray with me I thanked them for their kindness, but begged to dispense with their services. One Parson M'Coll presuming to fall a-puling, contrary to my injunctions, I cursed him, and then sung him a Gaelic song, which soon put an end to his absurd devotions. However, after suffering all the agonies of an anticipated shameful death, at

the very last a reprieve arrived from the queen for John Campbell, *alias* Lochy, by whom obtained I never knew, though most likely by Lord Erskine, my enlightened judge : a pardon soon followed.

The terms of the reprieve for John Campbell, &c. excited my curiosity exceedingly, and I judged that I could be no less than of the family either of Argyle or Breadalbane; and while indulging in these grand ideas I was visited by poor Mora, who charged me never to make any attempts at a research of that nature; but if I at all valued my life, to haste from this country as soon as liberated, for there was a power combined against my life which I could not elude, and of which I had now had dreadful evidence. As I could not but love and respect this poor woman, I resolved to follow her advice, and made a solemn promise to her that day to be guided by her direction.

The very day on which the order arrived for my liberation a carriage with the M'Kenzie's arms waited for me, and a livery servant whispered in my ear that he was sent by Mora to conduct me from my enemies in safety. The hint was sufficient. I stepped into the coach, in which was seated a lovely and splendidly dressed female, apparently below thirty years of age. She received me in silence, but regarded me with great interest. She wore a snowy veil which reached to her knee, and through that she appeared lovely beyond conception; but she took care never once to put it aside. When she spoke, her voice thrilled to my

inmost soul, for it struck me that the voice was familiar to my ear. Can this be Mora? thought I to myself. Can this angelic creature be my mother, that she takes such an interest in me? The fond supposition for several minutes thrilled my soul; but the delight was almost transitory, and my heart told me that it could not be poor Mora nor my mother whom I saw there blooming in youth and beauty.

We went on board a vessel that waited for us at a bay down the firth, and the carriage returned. When we entered the cabin there was an officer's uniform lying, in which the divine creature desired me to array myself, retiring till I did so. Every thing was complete, and the sword had a basket of silver, and there was a J. and an L. engraved on it; but no appearance of a C.; and from that moment John Lochy became my confirmed name.

When the lady re-entered I took off my plumed helmet and made her a graceful bow, for I had learned good manners under Sir James, although only a groom, having a natural turn for gentility, which I suppose I had a good right to have, as you shall hear. Well, I said I made a graceful bow to the lady; so I did; but it was a humoursome one, a thing done in jest; as if I had said, "Here I am, madam, what think you of your servant now?" Instead of making me any reply, the tears burst into her eyes, and she threw her arms around my neck and kissed me. Yes, that lovely, that divine creature embraced and kissed me; and

though it was through a veil of cambric lace, I never got a kiss so sweet. I would fain have returned the salutation ; but she repulsed me gently, seeming to repent of what she had done. I think she must have been my mother after all.

We sailed the whole night, and yet the conversation never flagged. I implored her to tell me of my parents ; and after long entreaty she told me a part, and that small part was all that ever I knew of them. I remember yet every word she said.

“ Your parentage you never must know, for with that knowledge all your prospects and happiness in this world would become extinct, and most probably the day that you came to the knowledge of it would prove your last, and the last of others. One gallant knight has suffered death on your account already ; and were the secret of your birth divulged, Heaven knows what would be the consequence. Enquire no more concerning it ; but be assured of this, that the best blood of the kingdom flows in your veins.”

“ This is strange, and most oppressive !” said I. “ It is not to be borne.—Of course then I am an illegitimate child ?”

“ No,” replied she, “ your father and mother were married, solemnly married ; but the houses of both your parents have inadvertently, and without intending it, rendered you illegitimate, and, by an act of parliament, obtained by power in an unhallowed rage, ere ever you saw the light, made you an outcast and a vagabond on the earth ; and

though only one individual out of the two families knows of your existence, you see how you have been persecuted, and will be to the death. Therefore, for the sake of all that is dear to you and to me, never enquire more about your parents: in three days I will present you with a cornet's commission in Wharton's dragoons. Lord Wharton himself, the colonel's father, has procured it for you: look to him as your patron, and win your way to rank and honour in the service of your country."

Obedience and respect being my bounden duty, to such a sweet and benevolent being as this, I promised that I never would disgrace the good sword which her kindness had put in my hand, and that I would never enquire farther about my parents. I only begged to have her own address, and she should be to me father and mother, sister and brother, as well as the earthly object of my idolatry. She declined giving me it, saying it could be of no avail to me, as she was only commissioned to put me in a fair way to honour and fame, and might never have it in her power to assist me farther, or haply to see me again. With this answer I was obliged to be content, though my heart yearned for more of her dear society.

The day following the hostel boy said to me, "Captain, your horse is come;" on which I went to the stable, and found a jet-black steed of great beauty, and fully caparisoned. Of all the gifts I ever received, I valued this the most. I had a passion for beautiful horses, and cannot tell how

delighted I was when I mounted that fine animal, who caprioled and cantered away so beautifully. I felt as light as the wind, and perfectly dizzy with rapture. I shall be excused for this when it is considered that I was but the other day lying chained in a dungeon, ready to be hanged, with only one dark step before me into eternity ; and now, here was I bounding away upon a gallant steed, and men taking off their hats to me and calling me captain !

My commission soon arrived, signed and sealed, with a letter of instructions ; but by whom either these or the horse was brought, I was kept in profound ignorance ; and not having any money by me to bear my expenses on the road, I knew not what to do or where to apply. My time was limited, and I began to dread that all would go wrong together, when, on the morning of the very last day I had to remain, I heard a sweet and beloved voice below, inquiring for the young captain. I knew it to be the voice of my lovely protecting angel, and hoped that all would yet go well. Heavens ! how was I astounded, when, on running to the head of the stair to welcome her, I perceived only poor old Mora in the entrance ! I received such a shock of disappointment, that for a while I could not speak ; which was very bad of me, for there was no one living to whom I was more indebted than to poor Mora. I at length half articulated, “ Oh, poor dear Mora, is it you ? ”

“ Yes, it is I, captain, just come to see you, and bid you farewell,” said she, with a fawning accent,

for the people of the house heard us: "you must give me something for a remembrance before you go away."

"Yes, Mora, I must give you something before I go away," said I, and took her into my apartment, for her accents had thrown me into a quandary. I led her to a window. I looked into her features, and studied them as if I had been going to read her fortune. They bore not the marks of age when narrowly looked into. Her eyes had the beam of youth, and her teeth were beautiful; but the features were not the features of the lovely stranger who had raised me from the depths of misery into life, light, and joy. Still every tone of that voice went to my heart, and I knew not what I was doing. She smiled at my perplexity, and said, "I must not stay with a dashing young officer, you know, as it may hurt my character, and degrade you. Here is my errand, and may the blessing of God accompany it, as shall her's, who will never forget nor forsake you!" With that she squeezed my hand, wiped her eyes, and hastened away.

I hastened to examine the contents of the parcel, and found in it a small purse well filled with gold pieces, some of them British, and some foreign coin. The next morning I began my journey, and went by Perth and Stirling to Glasgow, as directed. There I joined Lieutenant Drummond with thirty-six raw recruits, stout young fellows, but great country boobies, and bad horsemen. With these we marched

southward, always gaining strength as we proceeded, till we came to Blackheath, where a great camp was formed, preparative to the sailing of an armament for Flanders to join Marlborough. This I thought a grand sight, but it was a mere drop in the bucket to what I afterwards beheld.

Drummond and I being of an age, soon found ourselves great friends ; but he was a great party man, and an adherent of the banished Stuarts. I knew little about these matters, but was rather inclined to take the other side, owing to the sentiments I had imbibed with the Innes's ; but there was so much enthusiasm and chivalry about this young officer in the cause of wronged royalty, and the lineal descendant of our ancient kings, that my heart joined with him, though my tongue said no.

I now entered on a new scene of existence. It was one of toil and slavery, and required a subordination, to which I found my proud spirit scarcely could submit. The passage over was one of utter confusion, noise, and outrage, and several men as well as horses were lost in landing. The Duke of Marlborough and his staff were a day behind us in landing, and the first time I saw him was at Maestricht in the Netherlands, in company with his brother and the earl of Orkney. I was greatly struck with his appearance, which manifested calmness and benignity ; but his brother, the general, I thought a better looking man than he.

We lay here about a month, while every day there were fresh arrivals of troops from the various

provinces and principalities, all in good order ; all hearty, and careless of any thing but matters of the passing hour ; in these they took a deep concern, and would have quarrelled on mere trifles. The great rage of the officers was excellence in the sword-exercise, and I could not have believed that so much science and expertness could have been attained by men. Many of them held, that to wound them was impossible ; and the officers of different countries were playing with sharp swords every day. Every regiment had its fencing-masters ; and these fellows fought for the pre-eminence, and slew each other without remorse in the most dashing style imaginable, without any delinquency being attached to the deed. I practised early and late to attain proficiency, and at length challenged my then master, a countryman of my own, one Corporal Renwick, whose prowess I pretended to hold cheap ; but he disarmed and wounded me, making at the same time a remark which cut me to the heart. From that time forward I studied the science harder than ever, one while under the celebrated Donald Bawn, and another under Von Malloch, a Saxon ; until, quite conscious of superiority, I watched a fit opportunity, when, one evening I found Renwick somewhat inebriated, and making terrible vapouring among his pupils, on which I challenged him again, and after a very few passes, slew him on the spot.

Grievously did I repent of this. A fencing-master's life was not accounted much of ; but yet my

brother-officers accounted this unfair, and cried shame ! shame ! I had not a word to say, for my heart told me it was a murder. It was malice pre-pense. I had prepared myself for it, and taken him at a disadvantage, when too elevated by drinking ; and I found that I had done a deed which would hang like a millstone about my neck as long as I lived.

This happened after we had left the Netherlands, and were on our march to the Upper Rhine. I had been introduced to Prince Eugene, and had seen the prince of Baden, both great heroes ; but the latter I never liked, nor could any of the English officers bear him ; but Eugene was the darling of all ranks. The first time I saw the French, face to face, was at a strong military station in Bavaria, on the second day of June. I had a curious disagreeable sensation that day. The French nation had always been liked in Scotland, as its ancient friends, and the English hated ; and here was I joined with our inveterate enemies against our old friends. Nevertheless, I was eager for the fight, and resolved to distinguish myself at all hazards. We attacked the enemy at a dreadful disadvantage, for the hill was strongly fortified, and their lines of circumvallation appeared to me almost interminable. The Dutch infantry commenced the attack on the left, and the English shortly after ; but they were so hotly handled, that in fifteen minutes the Dutch lines were first staid, then driven into confusion, and beat back. Our regiment was ordered to their

support, and went up the slope at a canter, cheering on the Dutch, who looked rather gruff and dispirited : but the Bavarian infantry that were opposed to us we rode over like a field of thistles, and restored that part of the field for the present. We came next upon the lines at a half-angle, which confounded us, exposing us to the fire of the lines behind. A great number fell. I saw them dropping in whole files, and among the rest, our brave young colonel fell under his horse. I was at his side in a minute, and extricated him, mounted him on my own horse, and that moment sprang on behind him, for I had no idea of being left in that confusion without a horse, and mine was the best on the field. “Lochy, I am crushed a little,” said he; “take you the rein, and let us lead on. We must break the second line.” Our left flank company by this time were scrambling and plunging in the second line. Ours never got the length, for we were almost a wreck. “Colonel, what shall we do?” said I. “Hem ! hem !” said he. So we turned and retreated with the rest. The English had likewise given way on all points, save twelve squadrons of horse, which the Duke of Marlborough encouraged to advance, and that movement prevented a total rout. Such a confusion I had never conceived, far less seen. The shouting of orders often contrary—the thunder of the artillery—the cloud of smoke that involved us in total darkness—the curses and roars of the wounded, whom we were trampling under our feet like so much carrion, altogether

presented a hideous view of the pomp and circumstance of war.

A number of horses, whose riders had fallen, were at this time hurrying by, and some foot-soldiers laying hold of them : I called out, "A horse here for the colonel. Bring that bay here, you dog !" The man obeyed, and I wondered at his fearful looks as he approached, looking up at the colonel's face. "I thinks our cornal's reather lwoking gash on't sur," said he.

"What do you mean, fellow?" said I.

"What dwos I mean? Whoy, Gwod bless the heart of thee, the man's dead. He'll never need a horse more, I assure thee, and if he tould thee he was living it was a dom'd mistake !" said the blunt Englishman, with perfect sincerity of countenance. A number of officers gathered around, and General Gower being brought forward, mortally wounded, at the same time, brought others to our side, and they all saw the dead colonel taken from my horse, out of my arms, which caused some sensation. We laid him down on the bloody field, and left him there.

The gallant Prince Eugene had by this time turned the fortune of the day, by attacking with his imperialists the enemy in flank, in such a way, that their trenches did them more evil than good. The whole British and Flemish force was then led on a second time to the attack, and a complete, but dear-bought victory was gained. A rich field of spoil fell to our share ; and the next day we took

the town of Donawert, and pillaged it; and at the gate of that city I was made a lieutenant. We pursued the enemy across the Danube, taking every place that came in our way.

A terrible business ensued after this, which I shall never forget while I live. The duke, from some offence taken at the Elector, ordered us out to plunder his whole country, which order was obeyed to a tittle. The whole of that fertile country was overrun and plundered, burnt, and destroyed; while the most abominable cruelty and licentiousness prevailed. We often plundered and burnt from twenty to thirty rich towns in a day; and it was said that upwards of three hundred such were utterly consumed. The riches that some men got were immense; but they were mostly in goods of high value, and a good part was again lost before they could be turned into money. For my part, I should have got very little, save in horses, for which I was always on the look out. But there was a little fellow, Finlayson, a Highland soldier's orphan boy, who had attached himself to me at Brussels, and had kept close by me as a servant ever since. That little fellow beat all beings I ever saw, for gathering up plunder. He was like a needle, and sure to be in every rich house and shop first; and having no other way of saving his plunder from stronger hands, he brought it all to my tent, and gave it me, as the only means of securing any part of it. I had by these means more riches than I knew what to do with.

But I was now guilty of a sad mistake. About the beginning of August I was one day disposing of a part of my stolen Bavarian horses, for which there was great demand, when, unfortunately, General Churchill took a fancy for my own black horse, and offered to buy him. I refused to sell him at any money. But he let me understand that he *wanted* the horse, and that I had nothing to do but to set a reasonably small price on him, for in that way the transaction was to be settled. I despised this, and told him plainly the horse was mine, and should be mine as long as he could bear me so well in my country's service! "Ay, ay! say you so?" said the general, with a sneer, and turned away.

The very next day the great duke himself called me to him, and asked me as a favour to let him have my horse, though at double value. I told him candidly that for particular reasons I could not part with my horse, and that rather than do so I would yield up my commission. "Oh, very well, 'tis all right," said he.

My friend Drummond witnessed this, and heard all that passed. As soon as the duke turned away, he said, "Good Lord! Lochy, are you mad? You have ruined yourself. That horse was worth a regiment to you; but now your doom is sealed. If you had had common sense, or the least grain of it, you would have said, 'My lord duke, though I value my horse, as a token of friendship, he is most heartily at your service without money or price;

for in your hands alone can he be of the highest value to our country and to the liberties of Europe.' What a dolt you were ! I wish I had had ten horses as good asked for in such a manner." The next morning at our sword-exercise I was challenged by a Colonel Scrivener, in a very saucy manner, for some pretended breach of order in our play. I offered to fight him with cut and thrust weapons. He said he would make one of his drummers chastise me. "Very well, colonel," said I, "I'll fight your substitute, as your substitute, whoever he is, and hope that you will at least choose a better than yourself."

We were to meet by ourselves ten minutes after sunset, for there were no seconds in repute there. I attended at the appointed time and place, where I found a figure walking to and fro wrapped in his camp-cloak. It was taller than the colonel, but seemed not to regard my approach. I unsheathed my sword. "Friend, if you are come here to meet me as Colonel Scrivener's substitute and bully," said I, "be pleased to throw off that superb cloak of thine, and betake thee to thy defences." He nodded assent—turned his back to me—loosed his cloak—stripped off his buff jerkin—drew out his sword, and felt its edge with the greatest deliberation, and then brandishing it scientifically, he turned round and faced me.

The very first look from him froze my blood ;—it was Renwick, the fencing-master, whom I had so foully slain in a duel at Elchingen ! He grinned ghastly at me, pointing to the wound in his breast,

at the same time lifting his weapon as if to cleave me. Being quite deprived of the reasoning faculty, I ran for it with all my might ; the phantom pursuing me with giant strides, close at my back, until, quite desperate, I plunged into the water at Frechingen, and swam across, and the phantom did not think proper to follow, or if it did, it sank in the brook, for I saw no more of it. My mental faculties were in a state of total derangement all that night ; and the next day preparations were begun for the great battle of Blenheim, in which I acted merely as an automaton ; for the only thing I remembered when that dreadful battle was over, was seeing the French cavalry drowned in the Danube. In their retreat they were hurrying over the river on two broad pontoons, guarded by a redoubt. General Wilkes called out, “ A thousand crowns to the gunner who will snap the chain ;” on which several tried it without effect ; among the rest, an old Hessian, who missing it the first and second time, cursed and swore terribly, but loaded and pointed again with great expedition. His grey hair was streaming in the wind, and at every slight alteration that he made he grinned and swore ; but getting her at last to the very point he wanted, he called to the matchman, “ D——n and h—l ! touch her off now !” Off went the cannon with a roar like the bursting of a mine, and threw the too eager cannoneer with a thump on the sward. Mercy, how he swore ! But that moment a yell of horror arose from the Danube, for the old savage had snapped the chain

neatly at one end. The pontoon turned over with the current, and throwing its whole complement of men and horses on the other one, both went down, and the whole corps perished. Thirty squadrons of men and horses were thus plunged in the river, and scarcely threescore of them made the dry land. The loss of cavalry to the enemy was greater than in the field. The old gunner swore in grand style, and clasping the huge cannon to his bosom, he kissed and blessed her one while, and cursed her another. “Ah, Saint Christopher bless thee for a noble lady!” said he, “I have manned thee these twenty years; but for all thy blustering and din, d—n thee, if ever thou gavest me a complete amends of these scoundrels till now!”

I remember also something of the great riches of the field: they were immense. Six horses could not have drawn the coined silver and gold found among the military stores alone. The other stores were incalculable. Thirty thousand French and Bavarians were killed, drowned, or taken. So that a more complete victory never was won. Little Finlayson came to my tent at night, laden with gold watches, money and trinkets; and, among other valuable things, a sword with a gold handle, which had belonged to one of the imperial generals: for Finlayson plundered all the time during these battles; friends and foes were alike to him, nor did he care a pin who gained or lost.

I believe I behaved as well as my neighbours during the engagement; that is, I acted

like a machine, and obeyed such orders as reached me, never turning my back, which many a one did. Nevertheless, two days after the battle I was broken for cowardice, and turned into the ranks. It was a mere pretence, a sham trial made by the commander to be revenged on me. Colonel Scrivener, indeed, stated that I had challenged him to single combat, and durst not wait his arrival, for on reaching the appointed spot he saw me running from the field as if the devil had been at my heels. I had not one word to say for myself then. The Austrian general's sword being found in my possession, was likewise greatly against me. In short, I was pronounced an egregious coward, and the majority were for my being blown from the mouth of a cannon; but there the duke interposed, and said the more proper punishment for a proud spirit like mine was degradation; so I was condemned to serve in the ranks, my grand accoutrements and riches being all taken from me, and among other things, my noble black horse, on which I had the mortification to see General Churchill mounted the next day. Fain would I have passed a bullet through him, for as for death at that time I valued it at nothing; it would have been welcome in any shape, for in that degraded state I determined not to live.

No man condoled with me but poor Finlayson, who did not forsake me even in this low state, but bade me be of good heart, for as long as he lived I should never go the worse to my dinner for all

that had befallen. I then told the little fellow in confidence that I intended deserting to the French, in order at some time to be avenged on the Duke of Marlborough. What was my astonishment when the boy told me that he understood the duke was not to blame, for that the persecution raised against me proceeded from another source altogether. “Did you ever know,” said he, “that your life was eagerly sought at home?” I answered that I did. He assured me that this proceeded from the same source, though he knew not what that was; but I never should eschew it till it brought me to my end; and this he said he learned from old Andrew M’Vity, the huckster, who was telling it to another man, and who had said farther, that there were spies watching me, who would soon now bring me to a legal death, and that if I attempted deserting to the French I was gone. “Why not desert to the king of Sweden?” said the boy. “Perhaps the duke would give you leave to desert to him, for here you can never succeed.”

I pondered on this intelligence all night, exceedingly irritated and unhappy, and the next day I presented a memorial to the Duke of Marlborough, stating that I hoped he was sensible that I was punished without deserving it, and that I had done my duty to my country and commander as far as lay in my power; and that, as my first commission was purchased, he would allow me to push my fortune elsewhere, for that he could hardly expect that a Scottish gentleman could serve in his ranks.

The only answer I received to this was from a corporal's guard, who came with an order to take Private John Lochy to prison, there to be confined till further orders. Accordingly I was put into a vile unhealthy prison at Philipsburg, in which there were Frenchmen, deserters, and malefactors of all sorts. There was no more attention paid to us than if we were dogs; for, in the hurry and confusion of the war, we seemed to have been totally forgotten. There was nothing but starvation, cursing, blaspheming, suffering, and death. The prisoners almost all died, for the place is surrounded by a marsh, and unhealthy in the extreme; and with that, and hunger and filth conjoined, they went fast to their long homes, unmissed and unregretted, for in war human life is no more regarded than the crops that grow in the field, hardly so much. I could not have lived in that prison a week, had it not been for poor Finlayson; but he failed me never; he never came empty handed, for he could work his way every where. The wealth of France and Germany seemed at this important period to be at his disposal. I believe little Finlayson at some times could have raised a company of men; but possession was so uncertain thus obtained, that he lost his wealth as fast as he gained it.

I lost all account of the time I was in this accursed place; but, to my great astonishment, I lost sight also of little Finlayson at one time, and gave myself quite up for lost, till one day I heard my name called from without, in broken English, and

on pushing my nose through the bars, I was accosted by a very pretty maiden, who informed me, as well as she could, that my boy had sent her with money to buy me out of the prison ; but that she knew not how to accomplish it, and would hand me up the purse, that I might manage it myself.

I intreated her not to do that, as I should be robbed of it instantly, for every thing that came into that place of misery was seized on as common property. But I mentioned a scheme to her that shall be nameless, on which she stood for a long time silent, as if confounded at the atrocity of the proposal. At length her eyes began to open on the probable consequences, and she gave me a nod of approbation, smiled, and vanished. The next night but two after that I was set at liberty at the dead hour of the night, charged to return at a certain hour, and committed to a guide who was to direct me how to proceed.

My guide from the prison proved to be a little old capuchin monk of slender and delicate proportions, and having a voice dwindled to treble pipes ; but being covered with a gown and hood, I could not discover his lineaments. I followed close behind him along the main street, but soon found that I could not walk, there was such a feebleness about all my joints. He led me into a sort of dormitory belonging to the little monastery, where an old woman gave me some bread and wine without opening her lips. My guide then brought me armour and a sword, at the sight of which I trembled

and wept for joy ; but on putting it on, I could not walk one step, but fell down in a faint. The little kind-hearted capuchin disincumbered me of my armour, remarking that I stood more in need of some nourishment than these trappings of chivalry, which I could not use, but that nevertheless there was an absolute necessity for an instant escape. I was perfectly subservient, being so overcome with gratitude for my delivery from a place where I seemed to have been utterly forgotten, and left to perish by the most miserable of all deaths, that I did as I was bidden, precisely as a child does. On returning to the porch, we found two gallant steeds awaiting us, which we mounted ; I with unspeakable joy, for horsemanship had always been my delight. The little monk, as I followed him, was constantly beckoning me to silence and humility of deportment. We had three gates to pass, all bolted and double guarded ; but a pass-word whispered by this mysterious little fellow opened every one of them as with magic, and each of the porters bade us God speed.

“ We are safe now, captain,” said my guide, in good plain English : “ where is it your wish to go ? ”

I was so petrified by the tones of the creature’s voice, and the idea that I was liberated and safe, that I could make no answer ; but there I sat on my horse, making faces of the most idiotical cast, which it was a mercy could not be seen for the darkness ;

and on the monk reiterating the question, I answered, "Any where you like, save to the allied army."

"The great duke is in England just now," said he, "and in a fine puzzle; so also is his brother; so that you are safe from their persecution. I wish I could say you were so from every other. But I think we must make our way for Darmstadt, this district being so much indented between hostile countries; and could we reach that place in safety, I expect there to meet with a gentleman who will secure our escape."

I acquiesced without remonstrance, and, feeble as I was, I never enjoyed a ride so much as this. All nature looked as if new to me, or rather like a beloved old friend with a fairer face. I did not believe that the world had contained aught so beautiful as the glorious windings of the majestic Rhine, which were constantly opening and shutting on our view as we descended. We journeyed slowly, lived well, and passed without any trouble, till we came to Darmstadt, where we were taken up and cast into prison, till we could give a more satisfactory account of ourselves. We were here hardly set, for the monk spoke bad French and no German, and I not knowing what to say, could not speak at all. We did not even know on which side the grand-duke was at that time, matters being in such confusion all along the banks of the Rhine. However, the little monk had some art with him, to me un-

known, for with all his broken language and poor treble voice, he constantly gained his purpose, and was instantly liberated ; but I was detained.

The next day the constable came in, chapeau in hand, and introduced Baron von Kui and Mademoiselle de Whartoong. The grand titles of my visitors confounded me, but their entrance redoubled my consternation. The baron seemed an active little fellow, covered with gold lace ; but he only bowed, stood aside, and let his partner advance. It was my own guardian angel,—the adorable creature who had formerly saved my life, given me my commission, and fitted me out in Scotland ! Yes, it was herself, splendidly dressed, and smiling in mature beauty. I wept like a child, pressed her to my bosom, and, without knowing what I was saying, in my delirium of joy I prayed her to tell me whether I should address her as my sister, my mother, or my wife.

“ O your mother, to be sure,” cried the baron, bursting into a laugh ; “ does it not strike your honour that she may more likely prove your daughter ?” That instant the man of gold was at my knees embracing them, and I perceived then that it was my faithful Finlayson ! A scene of joy and happiness ensued that cannot be described. We quite forgot that we were in a prison, but there we sat recounting our adventures. My beloved was herself the capuchin who had rescued me from thralldom, and conducted me from Philipsburg. The plan of escape had been pointed out to me by Fin-

layson long before, as easily to be effected, provided the Duke of Marlborough and General Churchill were at a due distance. It was at last done by and through the interest of the lovely, but most mercenary Madam Vilshoven, who could readily procure Prince Eugene's assent to any thing.

The indefatigable Finlayson had been obliged to abandon the vicinity of Philipsburg, owing to his unlicensed depredations on friends and foes; but he contrived to get word to Britain of my miserable state, and that to the only source from whence relief could have emanated. I perceived from this, that there was a mysterious understanding between him and my beloved, into which I durst not inquire, since it was her will to keep it secret from me. Finlayson conducted us to his hotel, where we were introduced to his lady, the Baroness Kui, a young Bohemian of great beauty and simplicity, dressed in a style so magnificent, that to me, who knew the little fellow's origin, this whole business of titles and grandeur appeared quite ludicrous. He seemed sensible of this, and instead of putting on any airs to me, he constantly demeaned himself as my inferior; and when lording it over others, at which he was not slack, he would cast a sly look and a wink to me, to note how well he acted the great man. He was a strange character, and such a one as the Highlands of Scotland only can produce,—a being void of any moral principle, save inviolable faith and attachment to a superior.

At Darmstadt my beloved guardian took leave

of me, recommending me to keep far from Britain, and not to part company with Finlayson, on whom I might depend to the last. I was again fitted out as a British captain, and, to shorten unavailing description, we took our way for Saxony, resolved to join the army of the king of Sweden. Finlayson had become too notorious on the Rhine, and was glad to get away to a distance from it ; and having little to detain me there, I consented with some reluctance to accompany him. He had a carriage and horses of his own, in which we travelled ; and as soon as we left the hotel he dropped his travelling foreign title, and adopted a Scottish one, for fear that in the Swedish camp I should forget, and call him by his old name ; and moreover, we were both desirous to appear there as Scottish officers of rank ; for ever since the days of Gustavus the Scots had been greatly caressed in Sweden.

The title which he now adopted was Sir Ranald Finlayson, with which his fair Bohemian was particularly delighted ; Lady Finlayson sounded so grandly in her ears. On our way, I could not help remarking that Finlayson seemed to regard his lady with a great deal of indifference, which caused me, out of sheer civility to a very lovely woman and a foreigner, constantly to pay as much attention to her as I could. He spared no expenses on her, for she was dressed like an empress, but otherwise had very little attention paid to her, save what I did myself : the consequence of this was, that the poor girl

clung to me as to a lover, and on coming to a place called Altenburg, we chanced to be alone together; and while I was merely saying some civil thing to her, without taking any thought, she came and sat down on my knee, clasped her arms about my neck, and kissed me. I was never so confounded in my life, and knew neither how to act, look, nor what to say. I pushed her gently away, and said, “My dear Lady Finlayson!” but she would not quit her hold, but held me in her embrace, and wept on my neck; and while we were in this beautiful and promising attitude, in walks the redoubted Sir Ranald Finlayson, with a swagger and a look quite indescribable. I really felt greatly abashed and out of countenance; for though I despised Finlayson in the main, and knew his tricks, yet had I been deeply obligated to him, and to appear as if endeavouring to seduce the affections of his young and simple wife was quite intolerable.

“Really, sir,” said I, rising, and looking very like a fool, “really this is excessively awkward; but on my life—”

“No, no! not the least awkward,” said Finlayson; “I am very happy to see you two such good friends, as it will take a great deal of the charge and trouble off my hands.”

I was worse now than ever; for the lady, whose hand still held mine, squeezed it, as if delighted with the liberty granted us. What does the little precious villain mean? thought I; for I was so dumb-

foundered I could not speak a word. Does he mean that I shall participate with him in the favours of his wife?

“I thank you, Sir Ranald, for your courtesy and confidence,” said I, “neither of which shall ever be misused by me; and this very day I will give you a proof of my resolution.” So saying, I left the room, went out and purchased a horse, and set out for Leipsic by myself, leaving them to come in their carriage by themselves, resolved to shun their company in future; for this freedom of behaviour I could not comprehend.

On reaching Leipsic, who should I meet but my countryman, Captain Drummond, formerly mentioned, who rejoiced to see me! He had come in a diplomatic capacity on behalf of the exiled Stuarts; had found a gracious reception; but despairing of the assistance of the king of Sweden, until the Czar Peter was farther humbled, he had resolved to remain with Charles, to keep him in remembrance of his promise. He introduced me to Marshall Ren-nyson, the greatest general of the age,* who received me with great kindness, telling me that his father was a Scotchman, and promised to introduce me to the king in a few days. In the mean time Finlayson found us, and again attached himself to me. I called him Sir Ranald, on which Drummond took a searching look of him, and said he did not

* Can this be the celebrated Marshall General Renschild, whom the captain means?

know there had been a Sir Ranald Finlayson in Scotland.

“ It is only a German title, sir,” said Finlayson, with perfect nonchalance ; “ one conferred on the field of battle by Prince Eugene.” I durst not ask for his lady ; and, strange to say, I never saw more of her. Many a time I have wondered what the creature made of her, for I sometimes thought, if he had not killed her, she would have found us out, as we remained at Leipsic five weeks. I am almost certain she would have found means of speaking to me, and explaining some things. But nobody can comprehend what that being was capable of ; he had not one virtue but an inviolable attachment to me.

On the 16th of April we were both presented to the king, as two Scottish officers who had served under the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene. Charles received us, I believe, as graciously as he could ; but a more disagreeable wretch I never saw. At the first look I really took him for an idiot ; his head was of such a strange shape ; it was by far too wide above ; and his thin sandy hair stood all out in bristles ; and that the man was a sort of half-idiot I had no doubt then, nor have I any to this day. He had two buck teeth ; that is, the two next to the foremost two protruded greatly from the semicircle ; and of this peculiarity he either was ashamed, or had been so at some previous period, for he always covered them with his upper lip, so that when he laughed he was like one crying ; and

besides, it gave his mouth a twist, which was any thing but seemly. His eyes were hazel, with a shade of blue, and had considerable brilliance ; but then the beams seemed to be thrown inward ; there was no ray of general benevolence coruscant from them ; they were the windows of a dark, indignant soul, through which one saw nothing but obstinacy, pride, and revenge. His form would have been good, had he dressed like any other gentleman, but he was a boor and a sloven ; and I have even seen with my own eyes the vermin creeping on his blue surtout, which had always the appearance of a second-hand one, worn by an English horse-dealer. Such was the man who was at once the admiration and terror of Europe !

But such troops I never beheld, for their evolutions were all like the work of enchantment. I question if the equal of that army ever existed, and to think that they were commanded by a headlong fool was very extraordinary. We entered his army as supernumeraries or expectants, and each of us got five hundred crowns as pocket-money. As for Finlayson, he was a mine of wealth ; I believe he had more riches at this time than was contained in the treasures of some of the German princes. He offered to raise a company, and fit them out at his own expense ; but the king declined admitting the Saxons into his army ; so after five weeks of feasting and drilling, we set out on our route towards Lithuania, to fight Peter the Great, who had overrun that province, and all the north-east of Poland.

The whole of this rapid conquest, as it will likely be particularly described by future historians, I shall take no notice of, farther than that we had in reality no fighting; for, wherever we turned our faces, the Russians fled before us like fire from flint, abandoning every thing to us; and such as chose to plunder might do so with impunity. There was a standing order against it, but subject to so many modifications, that it was seldom put in force. Finlayson pursued his old mode with such fidelity, that about the beginning of August he was fairly caught in the snare, having collected the whole treasure of Kossa, on pretence of the king's order, which he had done in more instances, and to a far greater amount; but the rapidity of our movements prevented these things coming to light, for Finlay kept always in the rear. He was tried, found guilty, and condemned to lose his head. He was not, however, in the least dispirited; and how he got the sentence altered I know not, but it was through General Rennyson; for the king never knew but that he was beheaded. He was whipped and drummed out of the army, and I did not expect ever to see him again.

Every day I was the more and more convinced of the total derangement of the king. His eagerness to humble the czar had increased to a frenzy; and when any of the officers of his guard mentioned his puissant enemy, and the confusion into which the king's movements had thrown him, then the king always uttered a demoniac laugh. Any man

could have known by his countenance when he was thinking of the czar ; then the right eye closed, the upper lip protruded half an inch over the under one, and his whole features were squeezed as in a vice. He had not patience to wait for his army, but, drunken with rage, he pushed on at a canter, so that only a few of his best-mounted soldiers could keep up with him. I always did for one ; but I saw plainly that if it had not been for the anxiety of the guards to shield him from danger, he would have ridden straight on, and faced the czar and his army by himself.

I was present at a gallant action by night in the town of Grodno, and was one of thirty who opposed two thousand Russian cavalry, and kept them at bay for the space of ten or eleven minutes, till the king was apprised of his danger, and marshalled the army, such as it was, a mere handful ; but we broke the Russians at the first onset, and killed the greater part of those who had entered the gate.

On alighting from my horse, a little before day, I fell down among the snow, and could not get up again ; but there I lay lolling on the street. A guardsman lifted me ; but we could not understand each other. He laughed at me, thinking I was benumbed by the frost ; but, on supporting me into the house, it was found that I was wounded in the thigh, a bullet having entered near my knee on the outside, and penetrated upwards into the thickest part, where it remained close by the bone. It was

immediately extracted by a Dr. Rymmer, after a cruel operation. I was not in the least aware when I received it.

The next evening, as Rymmer was dressing the wound anew, a peasant boy in the Polish dress assisted him; and was so handy, that the doctor applauded him, recommending me to retain him in my service till my wound recovered. When the surgeon retired, to my astonishment, the vulgar-looking Polish boy came up to my couch, seized my hand, let the tears fall on it, and asked me how I did. It was Finlayson, the indefatigable, kind-hearted Finlayson! He had laid aside all his riches and honours to follow me in disguise, and minister to me. I never felt more happy at any recognition, for I found that I stood greatly in need of his help, and, wicked and unprincipled as I knew him to be, when I thought of my guardian angel's charge, and of his unaltering attachment to me, what could I do but embrace him, and welcome him back? As soon as we began to converse together, he advised me to leave the service of that madman, which I refused, and reminded him of my lovely protector's charge to keep far from Britain. I said, moreover, that there was something romantic in following this meteor king, which I intended to persevere in, and, I hoped, to honour and preferment.

"Ay, the preferment of being buried in a snow wreath," said Finlayson. "What does a man seek honours and preferment for, but to spend the latter part of his life in ease and comfort? I have se-

cured already as much treasure as will buy all the land in Scotland—I mean all that is to sell; and, if I can lay my hands on it all again, which, without your assistance, is out of my power, the whole shall be at your disposal.”

I testified my astonishment, yet continued firm in my purpose to make that campaign with Charles. But nothing could retard the restless impatience of that monarch. Though in the depth of winter, and in the middle of a great snow-storm, he was off after his adversary the very next day; and there was I, left in an enemy's country, and among strangers, unable to move from my couch: but people stood in dreadful awe of Charles, and no one offered me any insult, or any thing save acts of kindness; but my poor Polish peasant boy, whom nobody regarded, was constantly paying well for every favour in his master's name.

What a strange being he was! He had brought a splendid grandee's over-dress with him, and chaperon with plumes, which I knew nothing of; and, dressed out in that style, he was every day and every night playing pranks in the town, among the Jews in particular, a great number of whom inhabit it, and many of whom he had taken in to a great amount. Both his peasant and grandee dresses were made so that he could change them in half a minute. There was at that time a Baron Steinburg in Grodno, of whom I every day heard some accounts; of his munificence, bets, and amours with certain ladies of high rank. He had, moreover,

ruined certain monied men, by a species of gambling which I did not understand ; but was at last caught in a married lady's bedchamber, one of great beauty and rare accomplishments, and of the very highest rank in Poland. He escaped by the window, but was hotly pursued, and was seen to take refuge in our hotel, as some alleged. The count's servants and an officer instantly besieged the door, and a strict search commenced ; and there being no stranger found in the house but myself and servant boy, I was suspected, and taken prisoner ; but the state of my wound, and the oaths of the good people of the house, freed me. Baron Steinburg could not be found ; nor was he any more seen or heard of in Grodno, to the great disappointment of the Jews and the Count ——, the lady's husband.

He was now believed to have been the devil, as he had often been seen and disappeared in the same way. This belief saved the lady, who declared that he came into her room she knew not how, and vanished again in the same manner. But how was I astonished, long afterwards, when Finlayson told me the Baron Steinburg was himself ! and when I professed myself shocked at the enormity of the crime, he laughed, and said it was only a piece of common gallantry, and that if I had seen the beauty of the dame, I would have done as he did.

“ But how had you the confidence ? ” said I ; “ how durst you, for your soul, make your proposals to a lady of such beauty and rank ? ”

“ Nothing more easy or natural,” said he ; “ it

is only the ladies of rank to whom I ever make such proposals, for they are always the most mercenary. Perhaps you will not believe me, but I have never yet met with a lady, either in Germany or Poland, whom I could not bring to my own terms at the first interview; and my infallible charm is jewellery. Money, plenty of money, will do it, but jewels are irresistible. Why, this same countess, who is really a fine woman, only had a pair of ruby ear-rings from me, in a Jew's shop one day; but then I promised her a gold chain, and the matter was settled."

I was terribly nettled at hearing the little insignificant wretch express himself in this wise; for, though I had had very little communication with ladies of the higher ranks of life, I entertained the most elevated respect for them; and this asseveration, partly authenticated by a recent fact, deranged all my sublime sentiments regarding female excellence and purity. I wished I had never heard the allegation; but comforted myself that the accused were not Scottish women.

On the 27th the Prince of Wirtemberg came upon the king's track, with three thousand men; on which, though very unfit for a campaign in such weather, I had my thigh bandaged, and Finlayson, whose name now was shortened into Fin, and I, being both well mounted, we joined the cavalcade. We found no difficulty in travelling, for the two armies had cleared the road, and the frost had made the trampled snow like a pavement. Wher-

ever the snow had formerly been deep, we came up to great numbers of slaughtered Muscovites; for it was terribly against the czar that he had the roads to clear, not only for himself, but for his pursuers. Still, as we advanced eastward, the number of corpses increased, and Swedes were mixed with them. The Swedish army was so full of every thing, that they never stopped to rifle the slain; but Fin always tarried behind, and picked up things. His portmanteau was still on the increase wherever situated; and, among other things, he brought me a parchment one day, with the great seal of Russia on it; but I could not read the document, and paid no attention to it. In a morass, about two days' journey west of Minsk, we came to thirty Swedish waggons, which had sunk, and been abandoned by the army, in their haste to keep up with their madcap king, who issued orders every day to the rear to quicken their march. He was only intent on wreaking vengeance upon Peter, and neither seemed to know nor care what was going on behind. He was generally from fifteen to twenty miles in advance of the bulk of his army; and as his military chests, at this period, contained upwards of ten millions of specie, he was quite reckless with regard to casual losses. As a striking instance of this, Fin could not leave these thirty waggons without an interesting scrutiny of their contents: and in one baggage-waggon, which had belonged to General Levenhaupt, who was now sent on a different route, the little fellow discovered four

sealed coffers of specie. One of these, filled with pieces of pure gold, Fin, after stuffing his pockets, selected for himself, and hid it; the other three he brought carefully, and delivered to the prince, who commended him greatly, and offered him a high reward, which he refused; and with a simple stupid face, said that his master had forbidden him taking any gratuities from gentlemen. The prince observed, that in no young man had he ever seen so much honesty and simplicity. Fin put his finger in his mouth, and looked so sheepish, that I was like to die with laughing.

At Minsk we joined General Horn's division of the army, who had gathered the pursuers of the right wing together, and waited the king's orders to advance, as a great battle was expected at the crossing of the river Berezine. I was exceedingly anxious to share in this battle, and observe the military tactics of this conqueror, of whom I had formed so poor an opinion. It was now the middle of summer, at least in England; but owing to the melting of the snows in the forests of White Russia, the river was flooded to a mighty torrent, and the Czar had intrenched himself in a strong position behind the river, his main body being in the town of Borissow, and a strong encampment on each flank. The only possible place of passage at any season by fording was right opposite the town, over against which there was an embankment, all bristled with cannon. Early in the morning General Horn and General Ross commenced operations at this ford,

by a heavy cannonade from behind a temporary cover, attempting twice to cross the river in great force, which drew the whole puissance of the Czar's army to that spot; as on the defence of that ford all depended. The prince of Wirtemberg and I joined the king's division before day. He did not know me. When introduced by the prince, he held out his left hand, and said in Swedish, "Ha, Lochy, glad to see you again. Thought you had deserted me. True Scots gentleman. Thought of making you governor of Smolensk. Was sorry for the fate of your companion. Must have been a finished rascal though!"

From this I knew that he was not aware of the escape of Finlay. He was in high spirits on being so near his hated rival, and burning with eagerness to be at him. He led ten thousand well-mounted troops round a wood, quite out of sight of Borissow; and at sun-rise we came to a temporary pontoon, on which we crossed slowly, but in perfect safety over the roaring flood. This was ten miles above the town, and there was a strong intrenched camp before us, three miles from the town. But as soon as the king saw himself at the head of one thousand men, off he rode full drive, straight on the camp of the enemy. I never saw a more mad or precipitate action, to run headlong upon an intrenched army of thirty thousand with one thousand men! The Muscovites opened on us a heavy fire of musketry from their counterscarp, and brought down many good gentlemen around the king; on which

he was obliged to wheel to the left, and attack three thousand men who guarded that position. He led his small column into the middle of them, at full gallop, and rode right through them; on which those on our left fled into a wood, and the rest into the camp; and as we were now in a line with the trenches, and some thousands more of our troops coming right in front, the Russians took fright, and fled into the town, carrying dismay and astonishment with them.

In the different lines that were here broken there might be about twelve thousand men; but their artillery had been drawn off to the defence of the ford, which was all what the French call a *ruse de guerre*, though it succeeded to the utmost. This was the first battle I had fought along with Charles by day, and it was lauded by his officers as a masterpiece; whereas I still say it was the rash and precipitate act of a madman. If he had made such an attack on any of the armies on the Rhine, he would, at the very first, have been surrounded and cut in pieces. He was a general who despised all advice and consideration, which at once showed him to be a fool: he had no quality but headlong and precipitate valour. Marlborough, scoundrel as he was, and who had proved himself so to me, was ten thousand degrees beyond Charles as a general; so was Prince Eugene. But they had to do with their equals; the other had not.

The moment that the right wing of the Czar's army was broken by the king in person, the Mus-

covite troops began their flight eastward ; but, in spite of all that Charles could do, Prince Gallitzin held him in check at Borissow, till Peter, by forced marches, got thirty leagues in advance. This was owing to the Swedish army having been divided by the Berezine, and the difficulty in getting over the baggage. I never saw a more furious and unreasonable being than Charles was at this delay.

For six weeks we pursued the Russians through a most abominable country, without either hill or dale, but covered with interminable woods and morasses. Charles could not now get away before his army, for all the roads and bridges were broken up by the retreating armies, and every furlong was to clear ; yet, spite of all the Czar's precautions, we harassed his rear, and had fighting, less or more, every day, killing great numbers of his savage boors, whose lives were of no value ; and, at the same time, losing many gallant Swedes, whose lives, in times of peril, were invaluable.

On the 7th of August we came to a river called Dobrinsk, a branch of the great river Boristhene, called by the natives Dnieper, and here we found twenty-four thousand Muscovites encamped in a spot which they deemed impregnable, but Peter was not with them. I think he was horribly afraid for himself at this time, and that this great army was left merely as a sacrifice, to gain time for himself to escape ; for he could scarcely imagine that it was to turn Charles, or keep such a potent army as his long in check. The cavalry stemmed the river,

to the saddle-laps, and the foot waded below them, in long lines, holding by each other; those on the lower part of the lines were drowned, the water getting above their depth; but I saw nothing of this. They were never regarded.

After the greater part of the army had got over we found that there was still an impassable morass between us and the enemy, a mile and a half over. It was a complete quagmire, a shaking fen, which no man in his right senses would have attempted to cross on horseback: but the king, as usual, despising all remonstrance, dashed into the bog, and ordered both horse and foot to follow him. Ere he had proceeded thirty yards down went his horse, head foremost. The king was thrown forward, and sunk in the mire, and the beast made such a terrible splutter and splashing, that his majesty was in great danger. I saw some officers, and his nephew the prince, in particular, laughing till they were like to fall from their horses, at seeing the greatest conqueror in the world plunging to the ears in the mire, and sweltering for life. He was terribly affronted; and when he got to his feet, without ever giving his clothes a shake, he ordered his foot to follow him, and his cavalry to keep by the water's edge, and ride round the morass. We obeyed: but he had ordered his infantry to do that which was impossible; for, in an instant, several hundreds of them were over the head in the slough. I never saw any thing in an army so ludicrous. The case was thus: the whole of the slough was

partially covered with water, or rather mire; but it was all cut full of deep trenches, and these being also full of mire, they could not be discerned, till down went the king and his brave followers headlong into each, one after another. Still there was no alternative, but on they must go. When they got about half way over the Muscovites opened a heavy fire on them; but not one Swedish carbine would go off, having been all, as well as the cartridges, so well steeped in the morass; and there were they advancing in the face of an intrenched enemy, as helpless as a drove of bullocks going to the slaughter.

We had three leagues to ride round, by a horrible bad path; and before we could meet the king we had to cut our way through the right wing of the enemy. His majesty was draggled from head to foot, and as I had the good fortune to reach him first, I gave him my horse. "Thank you, thank you, Scots gentleman," said he, mounting and flying to the attack. A quarter of an hour after I saw him again, charging on foot; but by that time Fin came up with the king's own horse, which he had left in the slough. That indefatigable being, who seemed incapable of leaving any thing of value behind him, perceiving the king's grand coal-black charger wallowing in the mire, swam him out at the end of the trench, and thus extricated him with the greatest ease. When the king had his horse thus presented to him by a sheepish-looking boy, in the midst of the battle, he gave his

mouth a twist, and cast on Fin a look, one would have thought, of high displeasure. “How’s this? how’s this? This is queer!” said he, rapidly, in Swedish, as he mounted; and that was all the thanks poor Fin got. But the Prince of Wirtemberg being present, knew Fin, and said, “That young lout is worth his weight in gold,” and flung him a handful of pieces, which he gathered as greedily and as eagerly as if he had not been worth a farthing: whereas Fin had a baggage-waggon of his own coming up behind in my name, than which there was not a better stored one, nor one drawn by better horses, in the Swedish army.

The battle was now of short duration; the Muscovite lines were broken through, and a great slaughter ensued for the space of half an hour, by which time the army had vanished into the woods, and pursuit was impossible. A more gallant action than this never was fought; still it was quite manifest that the whole proceedings were those of a madman.

The beaten army retreated on the great river Boristhene, and still we pursued. The Czar also broke up his camp beyond the river, and fled towards Moscow. It was here said that he begged of Charles to enter into terms of a most advantageous peace, which the other refused, till such time as they two should meet in Moscow. For my part, I do not believe this: I heard nothing of it at the time, nor did I hear it mentioned till within these few years by Lord Keith.

It was four days before we effected our passage over the great river Boristhene, or Dnieper, and at a Muscovite town called Mohillovey the horse tarried for that space ; but if the king had not been seriously indisposed from his ducking, first in the morass, and then in the river, we would not have been allowed that breathing time. He had no review there ; but a complete system of plunder went on.

About the middle of September we again set out in full pursuit, all in high spirits, and bent for Moscow, a place greatly admired by Fin, because it was said the houses and churches were roofed with gold. The greater part of our road lay through forests. We had a fine broad road, with forests of wood on each hand, and here we had battles every day ; for the Tartars lurked in the woods, and kept up an incessant fire from behind the trees ; and, as our cavalry went foremost, great numbers fell, without being able to make any resistance. I heard, by chance one day, that this country was called Smolensko, and I then remembered that it was the place of which I was to be made governor ; but I felt no interest in it.

The very next day after this intelligence, which must have been about the last week of September, for I remember thinking we had now pursued a retreating foe for exactly a twelvemonth, it was said in our army that we were not more than one hundred and sixty miles from Moscow. It was on a Sunday morning that we were called up

to fight the whole Muscovite army. This was joyful tidings, for there was nothing our army longed for so much as a fair engagement with the Czar. But, as usual, the king's impatience had nearly proved the ruin of his whole army; for though quite aware that the woods were lined with an ambuscade, he dashed on the front of the enemy, with only about four thousand of his best dragoons, broke them, and kept cutting down all before him, till we were alarmed by shouts from behind. The Tartars that lined the woods had closed behind us, and cut our party off from the main army, as the Czar had cunningly devised, knowing the rashness and mad violence of his rival. We had nothing for it now but to face both ways, and fight back to back; but our force was nothing but a handful. The Tartars closed on us with an appalling shout, announcing their certainty of their prey, and rushed on like as many wild bears. They could not have mastered us, had it not been for the fire from the woods on each side, which brought down the Swedish troopers in whole files. My horse was shot through the heart, and, in plunging, threw me and himself into the ditch at one side of the road. My thigh-bone was broken; and, as I was crawling out on the other side, a Tartar struck me with a lance, and wounded me in the neck. I lay still, quite conscious that I was dying; and, though I believe but half sensible, I had an impression that I saw the Swedish van-guard cut off to a man. How the king alone escaped, is more than I can tell; but it

seems that he did escape ; which, when I heard of afterwards, I believed him shot-proof, like some old heroes whom I had heard of in Scotland.

I regarded the scene very little, as I thought, what had a dying man to do with these things? The road between the woods was choke-full of dead and dying, whom no man regarded, and, of course, no one regarded me ; but about the fall of evening I was addressed by a Russian officer, who put up his head from the crush of carnage, and hailed me in some barbarous language, which I could not understand. I saw by his noble mien that he was of high rank. His signs indicated that he was dying of thirst ; but I was obliged to make signs that I was not able to assist him, for I wondered at myself being so tenacious of life, having expected every hour to be my last since I fell. The poor fellow began to crawl towards me, but slower than a snail, for he was obliged to trail himself along the ground with his face upward ; when he turned it down his head fell forward to one side. I never saw such fearful and pitiful looks, and I began to feel an inclination to live for his assistance. I could not help reflecting on the horrible system of warfare in which I was engaged, which allowed no time either for looking after the wounded or the dead, but still hurrying, hurrying on in the work of farther destruction. The poor fellow made to the side of the ditch, which, being dammed by the carcass of my horse, stood half filled up with bloody water, to which he pointed with his pallid hand, groaned,

and jabbered. I could not resist the inclination to assist him, wretched and hopeless as I was ; so I crawled over the dead horse, and held my canteen to his lips, which contained a portion of wine. He drank it with quaking eagerness ; and when our two bloody hands met, he squeezed mine kindly and thankfully. What a vain fuming creature is man ! A few hours before this we two meeting would have cut each other's throats, and exulted in the deed ; now equal misfortunes joined us in mutual sympathy. He refused to drink more, but motioned to me to take it ; which I did, and felt greatly refreshed, for in my agony I had forgot that I was thirsty. He had a limb shattered by a cannon-ball, and a sabre cut in his neck, which had severed one of the tendons, and made his head hang down. I tied up his head with a sword-belt, and stuffed the wound, and there did we lie groaning and drinking blood and water mixed for the whole night.

Next morning we were found by Fin, who had missed me, and suspecting the worst, came bringing his own baggage-waggon along with him, and plenty of wine, cordials, and dressings. With my own help, he set my broken thigh, and bandaged it, and washed and dressed the wound in my neck, which looked black, and very bad ; and then, at my request, he reluctantly took the Russian officer with us, carrying us both to Smolensko. He turned out to be an Asiatic prince of a great people in the interior, called Baschkeirs, and his name was Iset. He had tried to seize Charles

alive, but received the sabre cut which brought him down from the king's own hand. Fin carried us to the house of a Jew, named Zebulon, in which he had found a footing, as the servant of a great general of Britain, as rich as Cræsus. Zebulon was delighted to have us. When he found that he had an Asiatic prince and a British officer under his roof, he chuckled exceedingly, viewing his fortune as made.

We got such surgeons as the place afforded, and they amputated Prince Iset's limb, and bandaged his neck; and I never saw a more heroic fellow, though in the most miserable circumstances. I had no hope of his recovery. The surgeons made rather light of my wounds, telling me that I should be ready to take the field again in a few weeks: and there Iset and I lay both in the same apartment. We saw no more of our surgeons for many days, for the good people of the town and country around had now brought in great numbers of wounded soldiers; and the Protestant cathedral was given up to them as an hospital, where they lay, Russians and Swedes promiscuously, entirely at the mercy of the poor inhabitants. The week following an agent arrived from Charles with supplies, who called on me, and told me all the news, proffering every sort of assistance that I required. I had got a late supply of money, and declined any more; but Fin, by a made-up story, contrived to procure a round sum from this agent.

My broken limb gave me little trouble, save con-

fining me in one position ; but the wound in my neck tormented me greatly. Iset fevered, and all hopes of his life were given up. He owed his preservation to the unwearied attentions of a beautiful Jewess, named Araby, the niece of old Zebulon. The latter was a complete Nabal ; and coming to the knowledge that Prince Iset had no resources in monish, he grew careless of him, and harsh, letting him know that his absence would be quite agreeable. Alas ! he could not be removed ; and there was no hopes that he ever would be removed, except to his grave ! All these misfortunes rendered him the more interesting to the lovely Araby, who attended him unremittingly, notwithstanding her uncle's bitter taunts. How I admired the angelic creature, as she kneeled beside his couch, administering the cordial to his parched lips with the tears in her eyes, smoothing his couch, or bathing his beating temples with vinegar ! The heart of woman all over the world is alive to pity. As for Fin, he was as selfish as the Jew ; for, though I lacked no attendance nor kindness that he could bestow, he would not attend to the prince, and seemed offended at Araby's attentions. I was frightened lest the lovely and amiable girl might fall a prey to that unaccountable creature's wiles, knowing his boundless command of money, and suspecting that her uncle kept her very bare ; but, as she could speak a little broken French, I often held a friendly *tête-à-tête* with her, and trembled to hear her speak so well of Fin.

Naturally healthy and cheerful, I recovered fast, and had begun to sit up in bed, and take my food with a good deal of zest. But news arrived that the king of Sweden had gone away into the southern parts of the Russian empire, into provinces from which it was impossible he could ever return, and that a great army of the Czar's was approaching Smolensko for the reconquest of Poland. This was terrible news for me, and for many gallant Swedes who were lying wounded there, as well as at Holosin; and ere we could resolve what to do, or how to escape them, a party arrived to convey all the wounded Swedes, every one, to Moscow, there to be healed of their wounds, previous to their setting out for Siberia.

Fin came to me with the news that there was a Russian guard on the cathedral, and that the officer was searching the town for more prisoners; but the little fellow seemed rather elevated than depressed with the news. He was sick of Smolensko, and longed for a change; but, when I told him what sort of a place it was whither we were to be banished, his countenance fell, and he sat biting his fingers, and considering the matter with a grotesque and flippant seriousness. At length, cocking up his Polish cap, he said, "Well, then, I shan't go. Depend on it, my dear master, since you tell me that there are neither money nor pretty women in that same Siberia, I for one shan't go near it. Nor shall you go either, unless you have a mind to it."

"I would dedicate my life to the man or wo-

man," said I, "who would save me this day from going into exile. But I perceive no scheme by which it may be practicable. Peter, I know, is determined that not one officer or soldier of the Swedish army, who comes within the limits of his power, shall ever return to his home again."

"Whew!" cried Fin, snapping his fingers, "servile slaves, every officer in Peter's army!—men who, for a little money, would sell any thing in Muscovy save the life of their emperor. But I'll not even condescend to buy off this count. Remember, you are a servant of Peter's, one to whom matters of great trust are confided. But Charles, being master of the country, you durst not acknowledge it. See, do you remember aught of these?"

With that he took out the papers formerly mentioned, which he had picked up among the Russian slain, and which I remembered having seen and disregarded. Fin had got them deciphered, and they proved to be a passport from the Czar to General Count Fleming, ambassador to Augustus king of Poland, with some other sealed credentials. I thought there was something to be made of this; but the experiment was dangerous, as I could not conceive how the documents could have come there. I knew that Charles used every art to waylay and seize Count Fleming, and get possession of the correspondence; but I knew also that Fleming had escaped safe into Poland. The credentials were for General Count Fleming *and suite*, and it was

probable that they had duplicates of these documents ; and that some part of *the suite* had been chased back into Peter's army, and there fallen. I was so puzzled what to do, that my heart grew sick, and I felt that I was incapable of doing any thing. Fin waited for a while for orders ; but I could not, durst not, come to any definitive resolution.

“ Come, come,” said he, “ something must be done. We must seek out this Count Followowsky, and appear first before him ; for if he have to find us out, we shall not escape so easily :” so away he went, and I saw no more of him all that day and the following night, nor the next day, till past noon, when I saw two noblemen, well attended, pass by on horseback, on their way to the cathedral. I waited till their return, expecting to see the whole of the Swedish wounded pass ; but they came back as they went, and the most splendidly dressed one, whom I took to be the Count Pollo-wowsky, and who rode on the right hand, cast a look up to my window, and I perceived that it was Fin ! I declare, at that moment, a suspicion struck on my heart that the creature was the devil. It was manifest that he had at once imposed on the Russian count, and passed himself off for a greater man than he ; leaving me and my fears and scruples altogether out of the account.

The Swedes were all packed off that night towards Moscow in waggons, dung-carts, and sledges, without the least regard to their sufferings or deaths.

It was a sight that oppressed my heart for many a day, and even till this present time my dreams are troubled by it. I still see some hundreds of brave men lying bound in pairs, writhing with pain, dragged off by their mortal enemies, never more to be heard of by their country or friends, and all to gratify the spleen of a fool—a born idiot! Oft has it caused me sinfully to say in my heart, “There can be no supreme and just ruler of the universe, else he would not suffer one madman thus recklessly to throw away an hundred thousand of his creatures,—a prey to death and bondage.”

I could not, however, but feel grateful to the wayward and unaccountable being who had thus, by the most consummate duplicity, rescued me from a fate so dreadful, and I awaited his return with the most fearful anxiety. The poor Prince Iset was even more impatient than myself, expecting every minute a visit from his brother officer; but the latter left the town without deigning to call on him, and, I greatly suspect, without knowing he was there. His situation, doubtless, was most deplorable; for I had hitherto paid all the griping demands of old Zebulon, to prevent the prince’s being laid on the street; and, as Fin’s boundless wealth was both strangely situated, and under ticklish management, I feared it was not to be depended on.

Fin returned a grandee of the first rank, perfectly unknown to the prince, and every one of the Jew’s family. He only deigned to tell me, in English, that I was now his subordinate officer, and that he

was the most noble General Count Fleming, ambassador from the Emperor of Russia. I nodded assent, for I durst not converse freely, even in English, on so ticklish a point, before the prince and Araby, who had now heard a great deal of our language. When this elevated and proud diplomatist disowned all knowledge of the prince of the Baschkeirs, and let him know that the Count Polowowsky did the same, Iset writhed in distress, and, I suppose, cursed the latter in bitterness of spirit. But I have no doubt that Fin concealed even the prince's name, lest the count should have come to our domicile, and learned more than he ought to have learned. Besides, Fin hated the prince, for what reason I could not guess, save that he had no feelings but those of selfishness and affection for me; an affection so strong and unalterable, that it hardly seemed natural. On the present occasion, he with a face of brass assumed the ambassador, and told the count that, for the preservation of these precious parchments, he had been obliged to assume the dress of a lowly Polish peasant, and pass as his own officer's servant. The count could not read a word; but he knew the seals, and believing all the great lies that Fin told him, he became obsequiousness itself, set Fin on his right hand, did him all honour, and would never part with him while he remained in Smolensko.

It was necessary now that we should depart, for winter was setting in, and we already ran the risk

of being cooped up where we were in rather equivocal circumstances; but that which pained my heart the worst of all was leaving Prince Iset in such a deplorable state. He begged to go with me, saying he would follow me to any part of the world, for the whole earth was now alike to him, as he should never see his home again. There was a Chinese Jew in the town who knew a little of the prince's language, and explained some things to us; but we could not find out where his country lay, as, by his own description, more than half the world lay between him and it; but his father was the head khan of thirteen different tribes, which had each a subordinate khan of its own. He described this country as a perfect Eden, with great rivers and ships. What was to be done? he had no friends, no money; and mutual sufferings had rendered him so dear to me, that I felt strongly disposed to take him along with me, notwithstanding Fin's aversion to him, and the great trouble which I saw it would cost us, for he could still only lie on his back. So a bed was made for us in a covered waggon, and off we set, his excellency the ambassador riding in his chariot before us.

The description of this journey would take a whole volume, it was so disastrous; but the worst thing attending it was, that the ambassador, in spite of all our guides could say, would take his own roads, for a reason which I understood well. He had hidden treasures all the way; and the snow having fallen to a great depth, it was most difficult

to find them. He searched for the coffer full of gold at the great morass, where the waggons were lost no less than a whole week, by which time the roads were quite impassable, and we lying all the while in a hovel. He gained the prize however at last, but told no one of it but me.

What a terrible country we had to traverse among snow and ice ! At one time we stuck among the snow, and remained there all the night, and in the morning two of our horses were dead. At another time we were plunged into a river through the ice, and lost our waggon, but extricated the horses. We at length had to resort to sledges ; and one having been constructed suitable for the two invalids, we made considerable progress ; for his excellency having an order signed by Peter's own hand, pressed horses, carriages, and attendants whenever he chose into his service, and carried things with as high a hand as if he had been the grand vizier of the Turks.

All the attendants and guides that left Smolensko with us had long ago deserted, and returned homeward, excepting one boy, who continued close with us, and was most attentive to all our wants day and night. When we reached a town called Wilna, by which we were obliged to go, the ambassador paid the boy his wages, and ordered him to return home. I called him in to bid him farewell and give him a small present, and found him drowned in tears. On inquiring the cause, he could not tell me, but sobbed till his heart was like to

burst. I said if he did not like to return home he was welcome to continue in my service, for that I esteemed him very highly for his attentions; on which the poor fellow kneeled, clasped my knees, and kissed my hand, and in a few minutes was as blithe as a lark.

From that time my heart was knit to the boy, and indeed he had been a favourite, and deservedly so, from the time of his engagement. The river of Wilna, on which we meant to have embarked for Koningsberg, being at that time shut up by the frost, we were obliged to continue our journey by land, anxious to get fairly out of the czar's reach, lest our sly escape should have been discovered; and as we were now approaching the country where the real General Count Fleming was well known, Fin dropped the ambassador, and again took his own name with a new title, General Finlay, by which appellation he continued to conduct all our movements.

From Wilna we journeyed by land, and on a dreadful road, towards a town called Kowna, that had been represented as only fifty miles distant; but which we did not reach till the evening of the fourth day, by which time we were quite overcome with fatigue, and ready to perish, our guides having fallen down through exhaustion by the way, owing to the great frost. The prince had very nigh perished; and poor William, for so we called the Russian boy, fainted, and was carried in quite lifeless. My whole efforts were exerted towards his recovery,

and I soon succeeded in restoring animation ; but he remained so faint and feeble, that I trembled for his life. At length he fell into a profound sleep, and, as I was unbuttoning his frozen fur frock to wrap him in warm blankets, I discovered, to my utter amazement, that poor William was a young maiden, and no other than the beautiful Araby the Jewess ! My heart was quite overcome by various sensations, and my hand trembled so, that I could hardly conceal the youthful bosom from my own eyes and those of (as I wished to do) all the world beside.

At first I had no doubt that this diabolical act was one of Finlay's machinations, and my blood boiled with indignation at the thought. But when I considered that he had paid her her wages as a boy, and wished her to return to her native place before going quite out of the reach of it, I knew not what to think. I had heard him speak to her in a careless manner, as a servant lad about whom he was indifferent, ask anent her parents, and advise her to return home as the most prudent step she could take ; so that if he really had gained her affections, and persuaded her to follow him in that guise, there was a duplicity in his whole behaviour that I could not believe him or any man capable of.

The truth is, I was in a fine quandary, for, after drawing every inference that I could from existing circumstances, I came to this conclusion, that a romantic passion had induced the girl to make that singular elopement ; and I thought it

most probable that the attachment was to myself. I had never been in love all my life, excepting that I felt a preference in my heart towards my beautiful preserver. I had never yet had time to fall in love, at least to any great depth ; but felt a strong predilection to do so now. Here was a lovely and innocent virgin, of a race that had been the wonder of the world—one who had left every earthly relative for my sake—had cut off her beautiful raven locks—assumed the dress of a peasant-boy, and slept nightly at my feet in the waggon, often warming my feet in her bosom. In short, I thought of her with so much affection, that I often felt the tear smarting my eyes : this I called pity ; but strong compassion is allied to love.

Day after day did my eyes follow the beautiful boy, out and in, early and late ; and still, whatever vehicle we rode in, she attended us as our humble companion. She perceived at last, and that before we reached the coast, that I regarded her with more than ordinary attention ; and I marked the very moment when suspicion first reached her heart that I knew her sex. It was beautiful. Her eyes met mine, and they spoke to each other, telling what language could not so impressively have revealed. The blush on her cheek came not suddenly ; it began like the morning's dubious tint ; and still, as suspicion imbued her heart, the cheek reddened and reddened, till all from the brow to the bosom was one ruddy glow, and then she hastened from my presence.

“She is mine,” said I to myself; “wholly in my power! But may every misfortune be my lot, if I use that power to her disadvantage or ruin!” She came seldomer into my presence now; but being vexed at this, I spoke and looked to her as I was wont to do, or as nearly so as I could. But I saw that an explanation was necessary, for she was often exposed to the company of vulgar men in her present capacity, which I could not endure; and having now watched Finlay strictly, and thoroughly considered all his behaviour from first to last, I was convinced he was ignorant of her sex.

This was confirmed one day at Koningsberg as we were shipping our baggage. I was standing on the wharf giving some orders, when I heard a cry, and looking about, there was the great General Finlay beating my interesting maid cruelly with a cane. Without stopping to inquire the cause, I rushed to the spot, and with one blow of my crutch knocked him down. Some said I had killed the gentleman; and at that time I was so incensed, I cared not though I had. But the very next minute there was the beautiful Araby kneeling over him, weeping, and bathing his bloody face with cold water! “She is betrayed! she is betrayed! and his mistress after all!” thought I; “but I’ll have his heart’s blood for it, and then make her what reparation I can.”

Boiling with rage and indignation, I went on board without regarding what became of Finlay or his degraded attendant. The prince inquired of

me, in his broken English, what I ailed at the great little man, who surely had a right to beat his own servant boy. As I could make no answer, he went on, saying that he was a good and a kind gentleman, and we could not have lived without him ; and so many kind things, while the tear often stood in his eye, that my heart relented, and I went to ask for him, for I knew if alive he would be on board, as he neither would nor durst separate from me. We were by that time half way to Lubeck, and I found him in his cabin, and Araby still in attendance. He had his head bound up, and still looked very ill ; but as soon as he saw my face he begged my pardon, adding that he had forgot the boy was my servant, which he certainly was from the time that he had paid him off, and I had retained him.

I said, that with regard to his maltreating the boy as my servant, that was what I could easily forgive ; but there was something under it of so vile and flagrant a nature, that I could never forgive it, and as soon as we reached Scotland it must part us for ever.

He then fell a crying outright, and said, though he had been guilty of many crimes, he had never been guilty of one towards me ; and for the rest he was answerable himself. This answer confirmed me in his guilt with regard to the wretched maid in whom I had felt my heart so much interested, and I left them without any explanation.

Shortly after she came into the prince's cabin

and mine, and told us that the general had discarded her as not belonging to him, and ordered her still to wait on us as usual, for he was better, and had another boy; and at the same time she looked so blithe and happy at the change, that I was again mightily puzzled, and knew not what to think. She remained with us, and slept in a small hammock off our cabin, and was so cheerful and attentive, that I began to love her better than ever. One night at Lubeck, being a little elevated with wine, and the prince having retired to his chamber, I began to question her about Smolensko, and if she did not wish again to retire home, proffering her at the same time the means of doing so directly by Petersburg. She answered unhesitatingly, that she had no such desire, and was still busy with some work when I inadvertently said something about her uncle Zebulon. Looking towards her, quite unconscious of having disclosed her great secret, such a statue of astonishment I never beheld. The work had fallen from her hands, and her face turned to crimson; but instantly it grew pale as death; the colour left her lips, and I, thinking she was fainting, took her in my arms, and set her on a sofa. .

“Captain, what was it you said to me?” said she. “What or whom were you talking about?”

“Araby,” said I, “could you ever conceive that I did not know you?”

The poor creature kneeled, and wept abundantly, and at once confessed that an unconquerable attach-

ment had caused her to follow me ; but that she had resolved never to have disclosed her sex as long as she lived. But I was transported with delight when she informed me that neither Finlay nor the prince knew or had ever manifested the least suspicion of her sex ; and then in the height of my transport I dried her tears, kissed her lips, charged her to keep the secret inviolable till we reached Scotland, and then every thing should be according to her wishes. In this she readily acquiesced. I flew, and made friends again with Finlay, and every thing went right. I was deeply in love, and whenever Araby's eyes and mine met each other, they conversed in a language known only to ourselves.

No sooner had we reached Edinburgh than I equipped my darling in all the finery of the day ; and when I took her into the great tavern, leaning on my arm, and introduced her to the prince and Finlay, I never saw such another scene of amazement and joy. The former, notwithstanding his crutches and wry neck, skipped about the floor, till I thought he had lost his senses ; and then again and again he came and laid Araby's hand on his crown, and at the last prostrated himself in order to put her foot upon it ; but this I would not permit. I had never seen her laugh so heartily before.

The city was at this time in great confusion ; but time went on joyfully and happily with us, until I at last thought it time to unite myself with the maiden of my heart, who had left her country

for my sake, and thus cast herself entirely on my honour. So, taking her hand one day, I asked her fervently when she was going to make me happy.

“You need not ask that,” returned she; “for you know that every day and every hour I am ready and willing to make you happy, as far as honour and virtue will permit me, and farther I know you never will ask.”

“Never, while I live, dearest Araby,” said I; “but, in one word, when are you willing to become my wife?”

“Your wife, sir? What can you mean? Are you serious in such a question?”

“Quite serious, by all my hopes of earthly happiness!” said I. “And, moreover, was not this matter understood between us long ago?”

“Alas, never by me, sir!” said she; “but the very reverse of it.”

“What!” said I; “did you not tell me at Lubeck that an unconquerable attachment had caused you to follow me from your native country?”

“Yes, I did, sir; but I never said that attachment was for you. If I did not make you to understand this, I thought I had done so; or, perhaps, I weened that every one saw into my heart as well as I did.”

“Oh, very well, madam!” said I, in high dudgeon; “I see how it is! I am deceived, cheated, fooled by you and your paramour. And so you are Mr. Fin’s mistress after all? I might have known

as much when I saw you crying over his bloody coxcomb. But I'll bait him—I'll bang him for it, the deceitful wretch!"

"Alas, sir, how far you misread all my motives!" said she; "I had no feeling toward the gentleman, but pity for his ill usage; whereas you think that the heart of one of the lost sheep of Israel can entertain none but selfish passions. I like him not, for he is too cold hearted for me; but it is Prince Iset with whom my heart is bound up, and that so firmly, as to be incapable of removal, except with death!"

I was so transfixed with amazement, that I could not speak; but, as I lifted up my hands and eyes towards heaven, I prayed inwardly for blessings on that young and benevolent heart, and then, as if speaking in a dream, I exclaimed fervently, "He is mutilated, and maimed for life,—an outcast—a beggar—a helpless stranger in a foreign land!"

"Ay, there you are right," cried she; "these are the things that have endeared him to me! But as long as I am attached to him he cannot be very destitute. I will do every thing for him with so much delight; for his heart is ever as it should be. He is so grateful, so kind, so cheerful, and contented under every privation and every affliction; and then so utterly helpless, that, O! I could not suffer him to go away into a strange country by himself."

"You are a most extraordinary creature," said

I; “a being of which I have no comprehension! Your affections, your delights, and even your very nature, appear to run counter to those of all other maidens of the race of Adam. But this romantic attachment, so disinterested, and so out of the common course of woman’s love, shall never be thwarted by me. I am disappointed, it is true, in the attainment of the only heart I ever coveted; but, for all that, I am bound to admire it more than ever. I too love the prince with a brother’s love, and it shall be my study to assist and protect you while I live; but come with me, we will now astonish him more than ever.”

“O no! no!” cried she; “I cannot have it told him—no, not for the world would I discover to him the depth of my affection. I desire merely to live with him as his menial, as his servant-maiden, and be allowed to love and take care of him. I take on myself voluntary slavery, which you know every free woman has a right to do.”

“No! no!” said I; “there is no such thing allowed in this country as slavery of any kind; and since you have appeared here as my equal in rank, it is only as his wife or mine that you can remain with us.”

Araby cried, and was greatly distressed about the *éclaircissement*, and regretted that I had first found out her sex, and then the state of her affections, which I never should have done if she could have avoided it; but I persisted in introducing her to the prince as his betrothed, or, at least, as the

maid he was bound in honour to wed, she having refused my hand and independence therewith, out of pure affection for him.

We went forthwith, and laid the whole case before the prince. But in place of being overjoyed, as he was at the first sight of her in Scotland, he was quite cast down, and in the deepest distress; and at last, after weeping abundantly, peremptorily refused to make her his wife, and thereby reduce her to a state of beggary. He next besought her to become my wife, and suffer him to live with her as a friend and humble dependant.

We were now in a sad dilemma, and, for my part, I knew not what to do, for I was terrified for Finlay, knowing that what he set himself about he would accomplish; and he was beginning to look very kind upon her. The prince *would not* marry her, and she *would not* marry me; and to live with us all three as a sister or relation would not do; so I boarded her with two old maiden ladies of high rank in the Lawn Market.

Before proceeding with my own history, I must digress a little to give the history of Prince Iset. The czar's army, after the battle of Smolensko, having taken different routes, it was a good while before the prince was missed. But as soon as he was missed every search was made after him, and it came to be ascertained that he had been carried into Smolensko alive; but there all traces of him were lost. The powerful army that he commanded neither would nor could be led by any other gene-

ral than their own prince, whose language and signals they understood ; so that the czar was obliged to send an express for the old khan, Iset's father, to command the Baschkeirs, who came, but died on his march to Pultowa, through age, cold, and fatigue.

The search was then renewed for Iset with more ardor than ever, and by some means it was discovered that he had been removed from Smolensko by General Count Fleming. An express was sent to Dresden, and there it was found that the count had not been in the czar's dominions that year. But at Smolensko they found the Jew, who gave the marks of the prince, and then with ease they traced him to Leith.

One day, as I was sauntering down the Cannongate with Captain Drummond, with whom I had again met, one of the city criers was standing with his drum, braying away amid a crowd of giggling idlers. Drummond, who was deeply concerned in matters public and private at that time, drew me near to hear the proclamation ; but when he heard what it was, he turned away, smiling, and saying to himself, " Oh ! is that all ? " I asked him what it was : he said it was only the Calmuck prince, whom they had been crying every day for this half year. I returned again to the spot, and heard the following extraordinary proclamation brayed out from the lungs of a genuine Campbell of Kilmun ; for the Campbells had at that period every post high and low.

“ Husha ! And a more husha ! Tis was to brought te believe tat tere was stolen or strayed from te creat man’s of te Moss—cubhaid one creat prhince, all but te one leg and te neck,—feith his name is prince Iset Dog-at-brew ; whisky cuach of tirteen peoples ; whaever shall brought him to te pear of Leith, liffig or not liffig, shall pe gotting fifty toozand livers for te saiffety of him.”

I heard at once, that though the Russians and the Highlander had not been able to comprehend each other properly, it was my beloved friend for whom the reward was offered ; and without saying a word to Drummond, I posted off to the Lawn Market with the news to Araby, that she might discover her favourite to his countrymen, receive the reward offered, which amounted to £2,400, and then accompany him home to his regal dominions.

On reaching Miss Cumin’s I found that Araby was not there ; and more, that she had been absent for three days ; that I had sent for her express, and she had left the home in a chair for my lodgings on Sunday evening. This was the sharpest thrust of all ; to have the dear affectionate creature ferreted from me in that clandestine manner, I could not bear. Suspecting Finlay at once, I hastened home, and in presence of the prince, charged him on his life to tell me where he had that amiable girl concealed, before I hewed him in pieces. He grew as pale as death, and sank on his knees, without being able to articulate a word ; and jealousy, which is as cruel as the grave, prompted me to believe that this was

nothing less than a fair avowal of his guilt; so, in the plenitude of my wrath I drew my sword, and had it not been for the interference of the prince, who came hopping between us, struck up my sword with his crutch, and offered to stand surety with his life for the innocence of his friend the general, I certainly had cleft the villain's head.

We now came to speaking and hearing, when Finlay protested his innocence in the most solemn manner, saying, that if I judged of him from former circumstances, I judged amiss; it being his opinion that whatever took place between a man and woman, if it was agreeable to both, and no other person concerned, then there was no injury done. But in this case, where he knew his only friend and protector to be so deeply interested, he would have laid down his life before attempting an abduction.

I was still but half convinced of his honesty, and told him to find her out, that I might hear the truth from her own lips, else I would hold him guilty to the day of my death; and he and I both instantly set out in search of her, without knowing well what to do first. My mind was at that time so wholly taken up with the loss of my beloved Araby, that I forgot even to mention to the prince his good fortune in the restoration to his father's throne.

I went again to the Misses Cumin, and told them I would make them answerable for the young foreigner I had left under their care with their lives

and fortunes. I saw they were very much afraid, and, to intimidate them still farther, I had them apprehended and brought before the sheriff, who examined them very sharply; but they really seemed to know nothing. Finlay was more successful, for he had collected a whole posse of chairmen and caddies, and had them sworn and examined before the council, by which means he found out one of the men who had carried Araby from her lodgings. But then he had been released by a livery-servant at the Fountain well, and all that he knew was that the lady was carried down towards the palace.

I proffered him a high reward if he would find out any of the bearers, and he promised that he would. Finlay and I continued our search, having agreed that each of us was to whistle and sing alternately a Jewish melody, which we had learned from Araby. We did so, and about the fall of the evening a fellow came running after me in a street called Cannongate, and laying his hand on my shoulder, requested me to come and speak with a young lady, who had sent him expressly after me.

“Where is she?” said I.

“In a house down by here,” said he: “for the L—’s sake, sir, follow me directly, for I fear she is in a very bad taking.”

I still hesitated, for the man wanted the bonnet, and had a wild raised look; so I asked him who the lady was, and what she wanted with me.

“It is the lady you brought from High Germany,

sir, your mistress, you know. By ——, sir, if you don't follow me directly, you will rue it all your life. I could not answer for the consequences, no, not for a minute," quoth the man; and so, turning, he ran down the street, and I after him. He led me into a narrow street on the right, where he rapped loudly at a door, and it was not till he had rapped six or seven times, that a voice within, in deep and angry tones, inquired what we were wanting. The man said this was the gentleman whom the young lady wanted to see; but the inmate of the house ordered him to go about his business for an ignorant and impertinent scoundrel; and with that we heard another door bolted inside. My conductor then swore most terribly, vowing the most ample revenge on some villanous aggressor; but the man was in such a fluster, it was impossible to understand him. He ran down the close, bareheaded as he was, and coming to a fine front or entrance door facing the south, he ran to that, calling me with curses to follow him; and without waiting to knock, tried to force the door, which he would soon have effected, had not a gentleman fired on him from a balcony above. The poor fellow fell, and tumbling down the steps, grovelled on the green, swearing without intermission.

I was standing in a sort of stupor, not knowing well either what to say or do, when the screams of Araby crying out my name struck my ears, at which both caution and discretion vanished. I flew to the door, and at the first effort bursting it open, I

ran along a circular corridor, till coming to a grand stair, I there on the second step met the same gentleman who had shot my conductor, who, with his drawn sword, attacked me in the most furious and brutal style. Being in a foreign uniform, I was armed, but my sword in the scabbard ; so I was obliged to fly with all my might, and before I got to the green before the door, I was wounded slightly in both shoulders. I was obliged to jump into the garden over a parapet of at least eight feet high, before I had time to draw my sword. My gentleman entered by the gate, running all the way. He was a beautiful and handsome man, with long curled hair over each shoulder. I called to him to restrain his rage, and grant me a word of the young foreign lady in that house ; but he only advanced the quicker, saying he would teach such foreign puppies to burst into his house, and attacked me furiously with his weapon. I knew that no man in Scotland could be my superior in wielding the cut-and-thrust sword ; so that now, getting leisure to draw, I stood his attack, and made play. He was agile and acute at the sword-exercise, and, I dare say, valued himself on his science ; but in that he was a child to me. I tried three times to disarm him, but could not, and, at the third time, receiving a sharp wound in the thigh, I lost patience, and with a back stroke cut him across the breast, and killed him on the spot.

With my bloody sword in my hand, I ascended the steps from the garden, and was going straight

to attack the house, when the wounded man on the green arrested my attention with a "hem ! hem !" I looked towards him : he was holding out his hand, which I took, and squeezed fervently in the perturbation of the moment. "Fly !" said he, " fly for your life ! you are a brave fellow, and 'tis pity you should die. But you little know what you have done. Fly ! the lady is safe *now*. I say, take the first street-door on the right, and bolt it behind you. You will find your way quite safe !"

I left him, and sheathing my sword in the close, walked quietly and deliberately out of the entry, looking carelessly around me. The first right-hand door in the street I found with the upper half open, like a barn-door ; and entering, without any person that I could discern noticing me, or looking that way, I left the door open as it was, and watched a while from the interior. Instantly there was a rush of officers into the close. I could not help being alarmed, and, trying to work my way in the interior, I found it easily to a first and second story of curious antique appearance. The door of the first floor having an iron bolt as thick as my arm, I drew it, and was going to wait the issue, watching what I saw. But perceiving a barber's light dress, apron, and wig, I loosed off my sword, and put them on. This I had not well effected, ere I heard voices in the lower shop, calling out, " Barber ! Barber ! What the devil 's become of Süds ?"

As I heard the men speak in the English Northumberland tongue, I knew that they were stran-

gers, and with my white apron, jacket, and yellow wig, I went down to them and began officiating as a barber, hoping to hear who the gentleman was whom I had slain, and if they had heard any thing of the lady. I prepared the suds and fell a-shaving; but the Northumbrian made a wry face, and cursed me. While still busy, with a trembling hand, a fourth Englishman came running in, crying, "Let us gwo bwoys! let us gwo." They would not consent, asking the reason of his haste, when he was obliged to tell them reluctantly before me that some of Mar's rebels were in town, who within these few minutes had broken into a house, and slain a near relation, and head general of king George's; and that the whole city was in arms, searching for them to cut them in pieces. "Whoy than, Lwoghdl, we aghe gwone evehy swole of us!" cried the fellow I was shaving, starting up, all suds, and half-shaven as he was; and I never saw four fellows in greater agitation. They offered me a high reward if I would conceal them till midnight, which I accepted, and bolting the shop-door as I had at first been desired to do, I led the way up stairs, bolted the second door, and then up to a dark inscrutable third story, from which there led a long narrow passage, having a low black door at the farther end. On laying my ear to this, I heard indistinct sounds of wo, and was convinced it was the house in which my beloved Araby was secreted, and where her violator lay a corpse, killed by my hand. Feelings of indefinable perturbation seized

me. I suspected that the occupier of the house we were in was the poor fellow who was shot, and that it must have been by that door he had obtained communication with Araby. As I was casting about in my mind if it was not possible to get her conveyed by that private door once more under my own protection, I was alarmed by a terrible noise at the street-door. The strangers had been seen to enter, and a company of the military were breaking open the door. The men rushed from me to defend the second door, and in the mean time I easily shut the inner bolt of the private door, for which a convenience had lately been made by a small hole, in which there was an awl sticking. I found myself in a sort of confused concealed armoury, where I could easily have concealed myself in a coat of mail, and taking out the awl and bolting the door behind me, I attempted it. But aware that I could not live long, I thought it as good to venture forward and endeavour to escape while the great commotion was in the street; so finding the doors all on the latch, I passed on till I came to a sort of grand narrow gallery, in which a number of ladies were sitting all in tears; but Araby was not there. At the sight of me they all screamed and fled, taking me for the ghost of the barber who was shot, in whose daily dress I had appeared. I heard some expressions of dreadful terror; but all fled from my face, and I passed whom I pleased. Agitated as I was, in the middle of the saloon I sung aloud a stave of the plaintive Jewish melody;

but there was no answer, no scream, but a solemn silence; and then I knew that Araby was either shut up from my hearing, or no more; and so escaping by the front door, without any obstacle, I went down through the garden and over the wall into a low road, which following, I came into the street called Cowgate, and soon reached my own lodgings. Neither Finlay nor the prince knew me, and assured me I might travel through all the world in that dress without being recognised by one individual. The yellow wig in particular so disguised me, that had it not been removed, they would not have been convinced of my identity.

This was a great comfort, and I immediately set out with Finlay to learn the fate of the Northumbrians; but we met the military coming up the High-street with them all prisoners, and saw them consigned to the prison called the Tolbooth; so we returned home, and, to our infinite joy and surprise, found Araby there before us. She had been sent back to the house of the Misses Cumin in a sedan-chair, almost on the instant after I had slain the gentleman; the ladies of the mansion appearing very anxious to get quit of her.

That was a night of joy with us, but one of great perplexity. We could make nothing of Araby's story, as the people she was with spoke in a different language, save when they spoke to her, and her English was imperfect. She said it was a great foreign prince that I had killed, and that she was to have gone abroad with him next day, to per-

sonate a queen or princess for a season, we could not make out which. But then she had told them of my name; the Misses Cumin also knew of our connexion, and it was apparent that my life was in momentary danger. There was no violence offered to her, except restraint, but, on the contrary, the greatest kindness; and they spoke to her of riches and grandeur. The story was inexplicable; but we hoped to hear all explained by the trial of the Northumbrians, who were to be examined in the council-chamber next day.

We knew not what to do first; it was necessary to disclose to the prince and Araby their good fortune, and have them consigned to the emperor's emissaries. It was also absolutely necessary that I should make my escape, else my fate was inevitable, as the disguise of the barber would ere that have been discovered; and in that garb only should I now be sought after and recognised. We sat together all night, maugre every danger, consulting together, and making reflections on the strange reverses of fortune, that seemed to attend us all individually, and myself in particular, whose life had been one tissue of danger and difficulty. When I told the prince that the great czar's messengers were awaiting him to take him home to his father's dominions, and that the thirteen nations would not draw a sword, but under his command, I never saw a human creature agitated by such a diversity of feelings. He wept bitterly, took my hand and squeezed, and kissed it, protesting that he would

never part with me. Then he spoke again of his people and his kindred, lauded their love and fidelity, and wept again. Araby likewise shed some tears, but no one could guess whether of joy or grief. She was a singular girl, the Jewess, and different in all her feelings from any that I ever saw. When the prince said that he rejoiced that he now had it in his power to reward her by setting the crown of his father and mother on her head, she smiled, and said with the utmost decision, “No, no, prince, that is no station for me, nor one of which I will ever accept. I rejoice that you are going again into the bosom of your friends, where you will have no more need of me. If I saw that your life and comforts depended on my attention, I would have followed you to the end of the world; but as it is, I will remain where I am, and serve my masters here. All that I request of you is, sometimes to remember me.”

It was in vain that he declared his life and happiness depended more on her than ever, and that he never would go home without her; she remained inflexible; saying, the queen, and princes, and great men, would soon thrust the poor daughter of Israel from among them, and that she had no heart or desire after greatness. But she wished him well and happy, and there was no fear of her. She could work well for her bread any where, and looked for nothing higher.

After all, our entreaties proved of no avail. I mentioned Queen Esther to her, and what a bless-

ing she had been to her people by being raised to royalty; and hinted that there were doubtless great numbers of the scattered race of Israel in the prince's native dominions. Then a new light seemed to break upon her soul, and she turned her lovely dark eyes towards the prince for information. He assured her that one-fourth of all the people of his dominions were Jews, the richest and most industrious; and that they would rejoice in her exaltation, and keep jubilees, and bring gifts; and then I saw by her looks that her heart clung to the prosperity of her people. Her heart was made for conferring benefits, not for receiving them, and I felt that I was to lose her for ever.

I now equipped myself in the dress of a British captain, which I thought myself entitled to do, though so basely deprived of my rank by Marlborough, and ventured out to the council-chamber to hear the examinations of the Englishmen. It was a very curious one. There was a sufficiency of evidence to have hanged the fellows at once, had the council of Edinburgh not been divided, almost equally, between the houses of Brunswick and Stuart; and the latter seemed to be the strongest party over the greater part of Scotland. The magistrates durst not expose one another; and it was impossible to have any cause tried fairly and fully there. The name of the foreigner whom I had slain was even strictly concealed during the trial; but they could not prove his death by the hand of any of the Northumbrians; although they clothed

one of them in my apparel, which they had found where I had concealed it, and made the ladies of the house make oath, they all denied that any one of them was the man. At last it was fairly concluded that the murderer had escaped in the disguise of the barber; and then the utmost vengeance was breathed against me. My bloody sword was produced in court, which brought the worthy magistrates into a fine puzzle. It was a fine cut-and-thrust blade, with the basket and handle of silver; a present to me from the king of Sweden; and sorry was I to part with it. But when they found *Carolus Rex* engraven on it, I never saw men look so dumbfounded. They looked at one another; then they looked at the ceiling, as if in deep contemplation. Then the lord-provost put his hands in his breeches-pockets, and shook his head; the bailies put their hands in their pockets, primmed their mouths, winked, and shook their heads. They were all convinced that they had the Pretender within the city, and his sword in their hands; but farther they comprehended not. At length one of them spoke nearly as follows:—

“Aw doot, ma luord an’ breethren, ye’ll differ frae me; but its maw hoomle opunion, that since we hae the true air o’ the croon o’ Scotland amang us, we shood let him slip awa’ like a knotless thread, an’ no bring oursels in guilty o’ the blude royal, whilk wad be a stain on the auld town for ever-mair.”

“Do ye no think, my lord,” said another, “that

our friend wha spak last should gang straught away to Perth, and try to assist Lord Mar wi' his counsels, and no bide here to distract ours ony langer, as we ken weel what cause he wishes to prevail?"

"Ooerder! Ooerder! Maw luord, aw cry to ooerder!" said the first speaker.

"No, sir, begging your pardon," continued the other, "I'm not out of order; and, as a friend and weelwisher to you, let me hint, that if it *was* the Pretender whose hand committed this slaughter, what a deadly misfortune to himself! Why, it is the most extraordinary manifestation of Divine vengeance on a cause, perhaps, that is to be found in history, and a certain signal that that cause is not to prosper."

Every one present acknowledged the singularity of the event. I know not what I would then have given to have known who this illustrious foreigner, whom I had blamelessly slain, was; but that was strictly concealed, even from a part of the council, who were not suffered to ask publicly.

The last speaker was at this time examining my sword, with closer minuteness than I liked. However, he noticed nothing new, till a gentleman, looking over his shoulder, pointed out the half obliterated figures to him. This kindled another flame, and put them all on another scent, not so agreeable to me. "My lord, there is something here we didna see. This is the king of Sweden's sword," cried he; "and this strange sacrilegious murder must have been committed by some trusted emis-

sary of that dangerous man, who has lately espoused the cause of the Stuarts. And, my lord, since this is manifestly the case, it is absolutely necessary for our own honour and safety that we secure that foreign delinquent. He is perhaps the king of Sweden's first minister; at all events, some great accredited person. And I cannot help observing, that if the king of Sweden's agent have been led to commit this slaughter, it is a more extraordinary coincidence than the other."

In short, after a whole forenoon's wrangling among these wiseacres, the Northumbrians were dismissed, with orders to keep their mouths shut, and return straight home. Their dispatches were burnt before them, for they were written on a principle of concealment, through which the magistrates could not penetrate; and they did not wish their ignorance to be discovered. And finally, it was determined to offer a great reward for the apprehension of the king of Sweden's officer.

This was a ticklish announcement for me, for they had the clothes that I had worn, and my sword, in their possession; so that they could describe my appearance minutely; and they could have direct information from the Misses Cumin, and the people where I lodged beside. I was also known to Captain Drummond; but of him I was not afraid. Then there was a transaction in the bank, the only one then in Edinburgh, which was made out in my name by Finlay, who took the whole charge of my money concerns on himself;

for knowing I had so good an agent, I made him master of my funds entirely. He had lodged a deposit in the bank at interest, in my name, that utterly astonished me; and as a great part of that was in foreign coinage, there I was not only sure to be detected, but to lose my all, as a foreign traitor to the cause of the king of England.

We left our lodgings that very afternoon, as if going out to take a walk. But I knew there would be an instant chase after me, and went straight to a furnishing tailor's, and exchanged my scarlet uniform for that of a Highland chief; and putting an auburn wig over my own dusky locks, I never valued myself on my appearance till then, in my life before, and I could have defied my nearest friend to know me. Still, that was not a dress for Edinburgh at that present time on one who could give no better account of himself; and I knew neither what to do, nor what I had done, which was the thing that distressed me worst of all.

In this extremity, I sent Finlay in search of Captain Drummond; but during his absence I heard myself called at the drum-head, and a thousand marks offered for my apprehension: while, worse than all, the very broker from whom I had the Highland dress was with the officers, to point out to them the man. It was on the shore at Leith I heard this; and being in a sort of dark coffee-room, I determined not to be taken; because, though conscious of no guilt, I saw my case looked bad; so I watched their motions. They repeated

the proclamation. A servant at the tavern, or the tavern-keeper, went out bareheaded, and spoke to them, apparently in a jocular way: they regarded him with eager attention, and I saw him point to my window. I rushed out at the back-door into a stable-yard, where I came upon a beautiful girl, hanging some clothes on a cord. "I am pursued, my dear. Save me!" said I. She pointed to a door, and continued her song, without being in the least moved. I ran in; and behold! it was a small dark stable without any egress; and being fairly at bay, I flew to the darkest corner, with a cocked pistol in one hand and my drawn sword in the other. The whole party rushed after me in one moment; but the girl put them on a wrong scent: they took another door, and I heard them running past where I stood, like so many wild horses. She then called me out, and led me into a large cellar. "You need have no fear, sir," said she. "I am mistress here, and not for worlds would I betray one of the bold adherents of the Stuarts. Let these go, the dogs! They are fairly on a wrong scent. Take the use of every thing here. I must to my work again. They will be back."

I was so much affected by the spontaneous chivalry of this young and beautiful female, that I caught her in my arms, and kissed her cheek and lips, a freedom I had scarcely ever taken with a girl before; for mine had been a life of toil and danger, not of love. She gave me a playful slap, and ran out to her work in the yard. I saw her

through the iron-stanchions of the cellar, as she began a clapping her muslins between her hands, and singing. She had scarcely begun when several of the party came back, and examined her over again. I now heard every word, and could not but admire her careless and indifferent air. To their queries, if such a man really passed through the yard, she answered, “To be sure there was. I had no occasion to lie about it. I saw a Highland gentleman pass through the yard. He went close by my side; but as he seemed in a hurry, I did not follow him with my eye. I thought he went out at that door. If he did not, he must be in the stable, he can be no where else.”

They searched the stable, and came out convinced that I had eluded them in the back close. “Who is the gentleman? And what has he done?” said she.

“Who is he!” said the head-officer. “D—n him! he’s the king o’ Sweden, come over here to help the Pretender, and drive our true Protestant king frae the throne, as he has done half a dozen already. And to begin the work, he has killed with his own hand a great foreign prince or bishop, or something. Confound the knave! There’s a thousand pounds set on his head, and they are doubling it every hour.”

“I wish I had catched him by the kilt as he went by, and squealed out till ye came to me! I could easily have done it. But I hope you will get him still. Mind, you are to give me a hunder pounds of it

for telling you the right door." The officer then ran off after the others, swearing great oaths to have the king of Sweden before he slept.

The delightful creature then came back to me, like to burst with laughter at the ridiculous idea that she had the great king of Sweden locked in her back cellar. She addressed me by the title of majesty, and treated me with various sorts of wine. A more intense jacobite never existed, and she told me there were a thousand of her name in the northern army who would die for king James every man of them, but they would place him on his throne once more. She was of the clan M'Kenzie. Yet, for all so completely as she had me in her power, and a high reward offered for me, she had the delicacy never once to ask who I was, or to hint that it was requisite she should know, which I admired exceedingly ; but did not think it proper to tell her, though it was evidently my duty to have done so. I told her however that I expected Lord Drummond's brother to call on me every minute, in company with general Finlay, and described their appearance when they should come into the coffee-room, and ask for the Highland chieftain.

She appeared quite delighted with every thing she heard or saw ; so I sat down on the end of a brandy cask, and took her on my knee ; but at that moment, hearing the voices of strangers above stairs, she sprang off and left me : turning round however on the trap-stair, she made me a low and graceful

courtesy, saying, in a whisper, "Good bye, your majesty, I will be back anon."

I felt the reproof, but could not help admiring the ease and animation of this captivating girl, and wished from my heart that Finlay and Captain Drummond might not come to part me from her. They had come already, and a fine pickle they were in. Drummond had been summoned before the council as a suspected person, and not choosing to risk a trial and find securities, he was obliged to abscond, and was proclaimed a rebel. Finlay had a still worse story. The officers, in their search for me, had laid hold of Prince Iset, and finding him a foreigner, had taken him prisoner. Finlay saw him stumping away with his tree leg, and his face on one shoulder, between two officers, in a fine dilemma, for the men could not understand one word he said. As we knew not what had become of Araby, every thing now with us had got into complete confusion; and, though ashamed to say it, I found that I was in love with our landlady, and unwilling to leave the house, urgent as matters were. I tried every expedient in order to remain, charging Finlay with the whole concern; for I had no fear of danger to him, he being more cunning than the serpent. He was willing to undertake any thing that I ever desired; but here both he and Captain Drummond expostulated on the great danger we two should brave if we remained. So much, they said, that no vigilance could save us for twenty-four

hours more. I resisted flight strenuously, saying I knew not what was become of Araby, whom it behoved me to see placed in safety. It was moreover absolutely requisite that I should see the prince liberated. These were weighty motives for remaining; but there was one stronger than them all, and that was a design I had formed on my charming landlady, whom I had deemed a virgin of such unmatched beauty and qualifications, that I determined to win her at all risks, even at that of marriage.

However, finding expostulation vain, the love of life prevailed, and I yielded, promising that if they would but suffer me to remain in that house concealed for another day and night, until I could hear of Araby and the prince, I would then fly and accompany Drummond to the earl of Mar's army. From this resolution I would not be broken, and there they were obliged to leave me.

I had nearly paid dearly for my temerity. The house was again searched for me at midnight, and all the premises, as if they had been searching for a rat; and had not my beloved landlady been endowed with an ingenuity superior to other women, I must have been taken. I escaped by such a measure as never was contrived, and occupied a position for some time, which I choose not to describe, and which would soon have proved as fatal to me as the executioner's axe.

The next night came, and with it came Finlay, in great perplexity about my life. He said it was

ascertained that I was in that house, and I might expect a search every minute. I was more loth to go away than ever, but could find no more pretences for remaining: so flying up stairs to my charming girl, I in the most passionate way declared that I could not part with her, after the devotion she had shown to me; and that therefore I offered her my hand and heart. She laughed in my face, and told me she was a married woman! I stared in amazement, but was far from letting belief take hold of me. It was true! she had married a smuggler! one who had amassed immense riches by evading king George's new taxes, and who had at that time great stores purchased abroad, and imported free at almost no expense. I chided her for not telling me at the very first that she was a married woman. "Would I?" said she, in her sharp Highland tongue; "ha, bee my faith, and that would I not, though you had remained here these six months."—"Thou art another than a good one, Joanna," said I, "but not the less sweet and engaging;" and imprinting a warm kiss on her lips, I left her laughing at me, and entreating that I would come back and accompany her to Prince James's coronation.

The impression which this wild girl left on my heart was astonishing even to myself. I could not get her image removed from it; which incident, little to my credit, greatly softened the parting from Prince Iset and Araby, the care of whom I was obliged to trust wholly to Finlay. It was in vain

that I tried to reason with myself, Joanna M'Kenzie was still uppermost in my thoughts, and till that period I did not deem myself so inconsistent a being. I wished to get the smuggler's wife from him by any means. The atrocity was not called into account, provided I could get the enchantress into my power. I wished the smuggler might drown himself in the sea, or fall a victim to the broken laws of his country, and get his head chopped off, so that by any means I might come into the possession of his wife. I am ashamed to tell this, but truth obliges me to do it ; besides, this lawless attachment proved afterwards instrumental in modelling some of my actions.

On the first of October Captain Drummond and I made our escape at break of day across the Firth. The danger of my being seized was imminent, but he reached the pinnacle in safety, and was waiting for me between Leith and Newhaven. I was so hotly pursued by one officer, that I was obliged to take to the tide, and the fellow following, seized me after I was waist deep. A hard struggle now ensued ; but I saw Drummond rowing toward me, and took courage, though I found my opponent was the stronger man ; and besides, there was another coming running up the head of the bank. He continued to drag me toward the land, and, in a desperate struggle, we came both down in the sea, and I uppermost, and there I held him till I drowned him ; but he bit my left hand terribly under water.

Drummond reached me, and took me in just as

the other officer was entering the water. We saw him reach his companion and carry him ashore, but whether dead or alive, we could not tell. There appeared to be a great disturbance on the Fife coast before us, with armies mustering on the shore, and we wist not well what to do; but return we durst not; and so holding on, to our joy and astonishment, we found the young Lord Sinclair with a body of horse acting as a rear-guard to a body of the Highland army that had performed a very gallant action that morning, in capturing a government ship laden with arms, off Burntisland; and joining this body, we journeyed with them to Perth, where we were introduced to the earl of Mar by Sinclair, as two of the king of Sweden's officers. He received us with a politeness which I never saw equalled in a general, except Marlborough, who, villain as he was, was certainly the most accomplished gentleman as well as commander of the age.

I could not help despising Mar from the beginning; for when he learned that I had served as a captain under Marlborough, as well as the king of Sweden, he deemed it incumbent on him to have a *tête-à-tête* with me about the tactics of these great commanders. He had plenty of cunning, and was shy of his own observations; but I easily saw through him, and that he knew no more about bringing the energies of an army into effect than a mere child. He was a pompous, bustling, polite, insignificant body; and though I intended to have raised a com-

pany at my own expense, as soon as I saw through our generalissimo I declined it. He however gave me a company at once of brave M'Raes, under Lord Seaforth. Captain Drummond took the principal command of his brother's regiment; and we two, being regarded as efficient officers, were very much employed in drilling.

Mar had the whole strength and puissance of Scotland north of the Forth, and why he should not at the very first have attacked Argyle and his handful of men, appeared to every brave man a perfect anomaly. It was evident to me, as well as to my colonel, Seaforth, that there was no hope of any gallant or decisive campaign under Mar. True, his army was a motley one. Such an army I never before had seen, excepting one division of the Muscovite army. But for all that they were men of strength and courage, and the Highlanders, at least, devoted to the cause; and it ought to have been his first measure to have rushed with them to battle as long as he had at least six men for every one under Argyle. Yet there we lay grumbling and assessing the country, and cutting the throat of our own cause.

It having been found out that I had plenty of money at command, (rather a scarce article in our army,) and having given my own company some largesses, I became a great favourite among Seaforth's soldiers. I said Mar's was a motley army; but when I first joined Seaforth, I could not keep my gravity at witnessing his muster. Sir John Fal-

staff's regiment were nothing to those of the great earl of Seaforth. Such a set of naked, shaggy, ragamuffins I had never beheld, rank and file before, the Lewis men in particular. Yet, on acquaintance, I found them orderly, civil, and rather well-bred; but they stole every thing they could lay hands on.

But the most original figures of the whole army were some of the squadrons of horse, of which the Strath-Bogie regiment was one, and perhaps the most whimsical of the whole. The riders were strong, powerful men, with broad bonnets on their heads, and rig-and-fur stocking-boots on their legs, reaching more than half way up the thighs. Their saddles were mostly made of sacking, stuffed with straw, or goat-skins, without stirrups. Their bridle reins were made of plaited hair, and acted by a gin on the nose, instead of bits in the mouth: so that to see those soldiers at drill was a treat, the like of which I have no hopes of ever seeing again. Their horses were constantly wheeling with them out of the ranks, and, as every soldier carried a strong whip, in place of spurs, he would then strike it violently on the cheek to make it wheel in again, which frequently set the animal on a rotatory motion, like a millstone: and there was then one expression which I frequently heard, "Dumm the bleed of ye! Far ye gaun, ye ——?" But it is disgusting to dwell on this ill-managed business.

On the 23rd of November Finlay arrived at Perth. He had been several days with Borlam

and his Mackintoshes, thinking to find me there with the regiment of the Drummonds. His approbation of Borlam's army was extravagant; and he said he was widely mistaken if the old fellow was not a hero, every inch of him.

The news that Finlay brought was of the most thrilling interest to me. Prince Iset was put safely into the hands of his friends, and Finlay, who never suffered gain to escape him, had pocketed the high reward. Araby, my beloved and amiable Araby, had clung to the prince in the end, finding herself otherwise totally deserted. I cannot tell how I felt on hearing this. I rejoiced in Araby's good fortune, but I felt a blank in my heart, and as if I had been a creature deserted,—an isolated and lonely being, who seemed thrown upon the world to be a football in it; a creature,—the sport of every misadventure that could fall to the lot of man.

All this time, from the day of my birth, I knew not who I was, or from whom descended; and this day, the 7th of February, 1731, when I write this, I am as ignorant of my parentage as I was the first day of my remembrance. I was merely Captain John Lochy, which was always pronounced Lockie, both abroad and at home: and that was all that I knew about myself, farther than that I had been the tennis-ball of fortune in a pre-eminent degree. It was in a mess of the officers at Perth, where the marquis of Huntly chanced to mention that I had a singular resemblance to the duke of Argyle, in which he was joined by every one present. Mar

himself declared that, intimately acquainted as he was with Argyle, he could not, for several days, divest himself of the impression that I was that august person, come in disguise to reconnoitre his army and position. The only feeling that I had at the time was that of extreme awkwardness, not being able to explain who I was, or how related to his grace; and when pressed to tell in what way I was related to the family, for that I was nearly related to Argyle no one doubted, and not knowing what to say, I expressed myself in my confusion to the purport that, considering our relative situations, it was at present as good not to divulge my relationship to the duke. No more questions were then asked: the matter was perfectly understood.

Not many days thereafter Finlay came to me with a laughing face, and asked me if the report current in the army was true, that I was a natural son of the late duke of Argyle.

I answered Finlay ingenuously, that I believed I was, for that I knew I was the son of a nobleman, and was reared under the protection of the Campbells; but farther I knew not.

“The officers have your lineage cut and dry now, however,” said he, “part of which I know to be not true. They say you are son to the late duke of Argyle, and half-brother to the present duke, and that your mother was the honorable Miss Helen Lockhart; and that you took her name, and she bought you a commission in the allied army.”

I was thunderstruck at this news, believing it

throughout. "Well then, sir," said I, "what part of this information do you know not to be true?"

"I know that your mother was not a Miss Lockhart," said he, "but a lady of the highest rank in England. And I farther know, or at least believe, that you are not a natural child, but that your parents were man and wife; for of this I am certain, that had you known who you were, to have asserted your own rights, you were heir both to extensive domains and titles; and on that account your life was sought in your youth, with an intensity which no human power could have circumvented. Now, ask me no farther, for farther I cannot tell you. It is but little more that I do know, and that most imperfectly; but if you knew even that little, it would soon cost you your life."

"Sir," said I, drawing out a loaded pistol, and cocking it, "tell me who is my mother, or I'll instantly shoot you through the head."

"I don't know, sir," said he, with a fierce and settled determination.

"Who is my father, then?"

"I don't know, sir; and if I did I would not tell you."

"I conjure you to tell me, at all events, every thing that you know of my parents."

"No, I won't, sir; I thought I had told you as much already."

"By the God that made me, sir, then I'll shoot you through the head this instant."

“ You dare not, for your blood, sir; for your soul you dare not.”

Every part of my flesh crept with impatience, with madness. I lifted up the pistol, and presented it at the head of the man who had again and again saved my life : he stood unmoved and indignant : my eye caught his face, and that moment I dashed the pistol out of my hand into a gutter, and holding out my hand, I begged his pardon. “ I take your hand only on the condition that you never mention the subject to me again.”—“ It is a hard condition,” returned I ; “ but as it is an injunction which I have no right to infringe, I accept of it.” So there was no more about it. I was conscious that I could not live without Finlay, and he had from his boyhood the impression that he could not live without me. Thus was I left in a state of mind which I cannot describe. Hitherto I had thought very little about my parentage, regarding it as a secret that never was to be revealed by the parties concerned, and by any other means inexplicable. These late insinuations raised a burning desire within me to know what I have never learned to this day ; but since I became acquainted with the duke of Argyle, I am persuaded that we are brothers.

However, to return to my narrative. I found that Finlay had brought money with him to raise a whole regiment for king James ; from which I dissuaded him, telling him how poor an opinion I had

of our commander-in-chief. “ We seem to have more soldiers already than we can either pay or arm properly,” said I; “ and though sheer necessity obliged me to join this army, I account myself in honour bound to share its fortunes; but as a friend, I would advise you not to enter it, or if you do, enter it merely as a gentleman volunteer; for depend on it, John earl of Mar is not the man to keep this ardent and miscellaneous mass long together. If I had had the command, I should have been in possession of both Edinburgh and Glasgow a month ago.”

Thus admonished, Finlay attached himself to the Kintail regiment as a volunteer, by the appellation of Captain Finlayson; John M’Kenzie of Assynt was our colonel, but I was, in fact, the commander of the regiment. Lord Seaforth had five regiments in the army, and five colonels under him, but he himself was head colonel, the sole leader of that division. He was a most powerful chief at that time; for, besides these five regiments, consisting of upwards of three thousand men, he had a great army in the north, under his brother Colonel Alexander M’Kenzie, keeping the Sutherlands in check. Our regiment, consisting of the M’Raes of Kintail, was by far the best regiment his lordship had. They were powerful, strong-bodied men, and perfectly subordinate; consequently I took great pains in perfecting them in the art of war, and I brought them to such a pitch of excellence, that I knew they would do credit to the division of the army in

which they fought. As for the Lewis regiment, under Colin M'Kenzie, they were the drollest-looking kernes I ever beheld. The rest were so-so.

Nothing more happened worth noting during our stay at Perth, save that Mar had many foraging parties out, and parties lifting contributions at every town on the eastern coast. The redoubted Finlay contrived to get himself extensively employed in that capacity, whether always by Mar's authority or not, is rather doubtful. But true it is, that he contrived to amass a great deal of wealth during that short campaign. I never knew of this till it was all over, and, of course, out of time to check it : but I took it very ill, and reprimanded him for it in a way that he never forgot.

At length, word arriving at Perth that the Forth was frozen to such a degree, as to bear horses and carriages, Mar was obliged to move forward to fight the duke of Argyle. The frost had rendered Stirling no pass to defend, the whole of the river being bridged over from end to end ; so the Highland army could pass over where they pleased. Thus his lordship, having no excuse left, was compelled, as I thought, with great reluctance, to set off, bag and baggage, to cross the Forth, and fall down upon the Lowlands ; and, of course, to fight Argyle and his handful of rebels, as we called them, those base slaves to the elector of Hanover.

At a village, the name of which I have forgotten, we were joined by general Gordon and the flower of the clans, among whom there were some of the

finest regiments I ever saw; for every one of the four clans M'Donald had a regiment made up of men, not only picked, but most of them gentlemen. There was a spirit in the looks of these men that clearly bespoke their capabilities, and they were, besides, in excellent training, which I could not comprehend. On expressing my astonishment at this circumstance, one of their chiefs said to me with exultation, "Sir, these men have been trained to battle from their cradles;" alluding to a regiment of his own, denominated the Moidart regiment: General Gordon was a gentleman who had seen much service. The clans confided in him and he in them, but with all the rest the case was otherwise.

Mar was a craven, there can be no doubt of it; would he else ever have come to guide the attack of the clans, while General Gordon, who was ten times better qualified to lead the attack than he, was with them, and by that means leaving all the rest of the army without a general? It was sheer cowardice: whenever he saw the ardor and spirit of the clans, he clung to them, not daring, for his life, to trust himself any where else; and thus left the main body and left wing to fight or run away, as they chose; the last of which they did, and could not be blamed for it, for they had no one to direct their general movements. I know the M'Donalds wanted none of his directions, and wished him at the devil when he came and placed himself at their head: so did I, with all my heart, for I was next to them, being on the right hand of

Seaforth's line that day, and consequently next to the Skye men, who were on the left of the M'Donalds. I had the sole command of the Kintail regiment that day, for Assynt committed it to me, and rode with his chief.

Mar's own fear and folly ruined the success of the battle, and along with it the cause of his master, and many a brave man. The English regiments, horse and foot, did not stand the attack of the M'Donalds above ten minutes. It was the most furious simultaneous assault that I ever saw made by foot-soldiers, and reminded me very much of the king of Sweden's attacks with cavalry. Being determined that my M'Raes should not be the last, I hurried them on so quickly that I was before the left and centre of them all the time of the assault. The right of the M'Donalds was always foremost; and bloody work they made; but one of their bravest chiefs was slain, which irritating them still more, they hewed down all that came before them; for me, I took every man prisoner who asked quarter.

I relate only what came under my own eye, which was not much, leaving the general detail to historians. There was a fine-looking regiment of English dragoons, which were drawn up a little to the left of the right forward course, which it behoved the Kintail regiment to follow. I should have faced to the east and flanked this regiment: I saw and felt the necessity of it, but there were no orders to that effect: our general was a cipher;

would he had been nothing worse ! so I durst not quit my line, but held on straight forward, being obliged to run for a good space in order to keep up once more with the intrepid M'Donalds. It was however manifest, that, had that regiment been commanded by an officer of sense or experience, it might by a wheel either to flank or rear of us have cut my brave M'Raes all to pieces, and I expected nothing else. But, to my astonishment, that gallant regiment seeing itself cut off from its companions to the left, and perhaps not being able to see over the ridge what was going on in the right, took fright, and galloped off without striking a stroke, or any body striking one at it.

We had nearly the half of Argyle's army before us flying in confusion, the foot entirely at our mercy, the horse scouring away quite in advance, and we hard upon Stirling, without one thing to stop or stay us. We ought to have entered Stirling pell-mell with the fugitives, smashing them down as we went; and where would Argyle have been then, between two armies, either of them larger than his own ? I insist on it, that we had the ruin, the total ruin of the duke's army entirely in our power ; and I should have sought no more than the M'Donalds and the Kintail men to have effected it. But no ; Mar took fright, even in the pursuit ; called a halt, and ordered a retreat. There was a brave old captain in my regiment, called John Gun, who swore at our commander, and cursed him, till he foamed at the mouth ; at this order, both Glengarry and Keppoch

expostulated sharply with the general; but he had a tongue and a manner peculiarly conciliating. They were silenced at once.

But the worst was yet to come : he drew us up on the top of a little craggy hill, from whence we had complete command of the road. Argyle's retreat was cut off—fairly cut off. A single regiment of Highlanders would have broken his remnant, and scattered them like sheep, before they could have winded round the bottom of that little hill, even suppose they had had no weapons but the stones that lay among their feet. Argyle saw he was entrapped, and drew up, waiting an assault, for to proceed was out of his power. If we had but kept our situation, he must have fled to the mountains, for to have attacked us up the steep was impracticable : to have passed two or three men abreast below our feet was equally so ; and certainly I never saw an army more entirely at the mercy of another.

Could any man have believed what followed ? With all this, set plain before his craven eyes, bobbing John ordered an instant retreat. When it was communicated to me, I laughed as loud as I could laugh, and even clapped my hands ; and I saw the general turn a malicious look on me ; but it had no effect ; the order was given, and persisted in. I wonder to this day that some of the high-spirited Highland chiefs did not cut off his head.

There was an elderly gentleman, with a grey head, rode up to him at this time, and seemed expostulating most vehemently with him ; but I was

not so near as to hear the words. I expected when the old gentleman first rode up to him, that he would cut him down, for he had his drawn sword over his shoulder, and appeared resolute, and in a rage. I heard him mention the cause of the king and the nation, and I thought he asked the command of the clans but for one hour. I could not hear what Mar said; but the worthy old gentleman turned from him, and came away wiping his eyes.

I had done with Mar for ever. There was no standing such mean behaviour as this, after the commanders I had fought under: so, committing the retreat to Captain Gun, I rode straight to Lord Seaforth, and gave up my commission.

I found his lordship in even worse humour than myself. He said the main body of the army were left without either guide or direction, and knew not whether to advance or retreat. They lost sight of the right wing at the very first, and knew not how the battle was going there. On the other hand, they saw the left wing retreating; and as there were no troops ever came to attack the centre division, they had nobody to fight with. When I told him how the clans of the M'Donalds, and his own Kintail men, had the power of Argyle at their command, and that Mar refused to let them take the advantage, he bit his lips, and said, "I believe the fellow is a specious traitor, and has ruined the Highlands to aggrandise himself."

"No, my lord," said I, "I do not think so. He is a fool and a coward, and utterly incapable of

executing the great charge committed to him. His pusillanimity yesterday surpassed aught I ever witnessed on a field of battle ; and, you may depend on it, the cause is ruined, notwithstanding the preponderance of strength on your side ; for, as every thing depends upon the commander-in-chief, so, in truth, success under such a general is out of the question."

"I wish to God every one of us could as easily get quit of the concern as you can!" said he : "and though I regret your dereliction, I cannot blame you."

I then took leave of his lordship and old Assynt, and never saw them afterwards ; and being merely a soldier of fortune, though Drummond had inspired me with a little enthusiasm on the side of the Stuarts, my natural and original bias leant to the Protestant succession ; and now that I fairly saw the incapacity of the jacobite general, I judged it utter madness to involve myself farther ; and, in company with Finlay, I left Perth, resolved to offer my services to the Duke of Argyle. I know I shall be blamed for this volatility of purpose ; I cannot help it. It is true ; and it is farther true, that ever since I was made to believe that I was the duke's brother, I had an insatiable desire to be acquainted with him, to serve and to oblige him.

Thinking it requisite that two dashing captains, who had fought abroad, should at least have a servant between them, I hired a young ragged peasant at Alloa, the only one I could get.

I could not help laughing at his appearance and address; and when I asked his name, he said it was Bobby Bunker! I took this for a nickname, it sounded so odd; and asked if it was his right name. "Aum shure aw dinna ken, mun, but aw never heard masel' ca'd aught else!"

I got him rigged out in a new suit, and bought a shaggy Highland pony for him to ride on; but such a simpleton as Bobby I never saw. The first day that I brought him in to wait at dinner, ere ever I wist, he drew in a chair, and sat down at table! "What do you mean, you scoundrel?" said I. "Think you I hired you to sit at table with me? Get up, and stand behind my chair till dinner be over."

"Ay," said he, with perfect good humour, his mouth choke full, and rose.

"Bobby, have you no more sense of manners than this?" said I.

"Oo, what did I ken, mun? Aw thought aw wood hae to get my meat, un' it was as good soon as syne," said Bobby.

"And, moreover," continued I, "when you speak to me, or any gentleman, especially a stranger, be sure always to denominate him SIR."

"'Sir!'" said he, with a lilt of disdain. "An' what the better will he be o' that?"

"If the duke of Argyle, for instance, ask you any question," said I, "will you just call him *mun*?"

“Aha billy! Catch me there!” said Bobby.
“Nah! I wad ca’ him naething ava!”

“What! you would not call him Sir?”

“Oo ay, if ye insistit on’t. I dinna think it’s any grit sin; but I never ca’d a man *Sir* a’ my life.”

When we came near Stirling, I ordered him to ride into the town, and find stalls for our horses, and be ready to take ours. But his pony had a will of its own. It had been accustomed to follow, not to lead; and not, if Bobby should have felled it, could he make it go past our horses. It ran forward full speed, till it had come parallel with the foremost; and then stopping short in one moment, uniformly threw Bobby forward over its head, among the snow and ice. “Aw comes aye aff at the mooth,” said he, with perfect good humour; and mounted again.

When we arrived at Stirling, he alighted at a respectful distance; and a number of officers and gentlemen volunteers being present, he wanted to be very mannerly; so taking off his cap, he held it in the one hand, his horse’s bridle in the other, and his stick in his teeth, across. In that guise he attempted to come to us. But no, his horse would only go backward; not a step would it lead. “Aw wonder what ails the beast, aw wonder!” said Bobby, with the staff in his mouth. If some other servant had not taken our horses, they had never been taken by our own. The greater part of servants

are a great plague, and the more one has of them, his own cares are the greater. For me, I never saw one I could live with, except Finlay, whom I now acknowledged as my equal in every company, though he never assumed that consequence himself, but was constantly employed in looking after every thing that belonged to me, and putting all to rights. My interest was his, and he looked after the interest of none else beside.

I applied to the duke's equerry for an introduction to his grace. The equerry took me to Major Campbell, the duke's secretary, who asked our names. I gave him both, telling him plainly that we were two foreign officers, who had deserted from the Chevalier's standard, and were come to offer our services to his grace.

The major smiled, and said the general had more officers and gentlemen of his own clan than he had companies or posts of honour of any description for. He would, however, introduce us to him when he next saw him; for he was nowise difficult of access. We were introduced accordingly, and at the first sight and salutation my heart was knit to him. How different my feelings were with regard to him, to what they were with Mar! The latter was a specious, insidious character; the duke, a free, downright honest gentleman, qualities to which every look and every word bore testimony. I felt at once that I was in the presence of a hero, and of a man superior to the rest of his species. He repeated my name, Lochy, to himself several times,

and looked at me with a suspicious interest. I was abashed, and dreaded something, I know not what. He asked if we had any warrantice to show that we were not spies from the Pretender's army. I said we had none, save that we brought honest hearts and good intentions, and were so disgusted with Mar's ignorance of every thing like military tactics, that we could not fight under him.

"Ha! Do you think so?" said he, rather as if displeased. "Pray, may I ask what school of military tactics you adhere to?"

I answered that I had served both under the duke of Marlborough and the king of Sweden; generals, whose measures were directly opposed to each other. I was going on to make some wise remarks on the military tactics of the two being carded together to make a complete system; but he interrupted me, by saying, that I certainly had a good right to find fault with the military tactics of the day in Scotland, which ranked very low; and he added, "But we are just obliged to do as things will do with us. In the mean time," continued he, "I must send you to prison."

"I trust, my lord duke, you will not do so," said I. "We have trusted ourselves to your honor, and mean to serve you truly. We came not to serve you for bounty or reward, but to fight under your banner, until we have proved ourselves worthy of your patronage."

"It is spoke like a gentleman, Sir, and I do not discredit your present intentions," said he. "But

why did you not join the royal standard at first? It is this instability of purpose which I dislike, and of which I am always suspicious."

"We are mere soldiers of fortune," said I, "and neither know nor care much about the rival claims of the two competitors for the crown. But you know it is natural for a man to join the side that he is convinced will be ultimately successful, whatever may be the justice of his claim."

"True," said he. "What you have said is common sense. But you must have had some motive which regulated your choice of sides at first?"

"Why, my lord duke," said I, "the truth is, that I fell in with a gallant Scots officer, first in the Netherlands, and afterwards in the king of Sweden's army, who somewhat impressed on my mind the right and title of the family of Stuart to the throne of this realm. On coming home to Scotland I again met with him, and at his persuasion went with him, and joined what he called the royal army, in which I would have continued and fought you, and conquered you too, had I not felt convinced that I was fighting with a general under whom no man of spirit could fight. I can assure your grace, and you may take it as you please, that if I had had the command of the Highland army for two hours, on the afternoon of the 13th, I should have made my own terms with you."

"And you would perhaps have found your calculations incorrect," said he; "but that is over, I am thinking of something else. So you met with

this jacobite officer on your return to Scotland?" I answered in the affirmative." And you left Edinburgh together about the beginning of October?"

"I—I—am sure I do not remember exactly," said I, hesitating, and visibly in a quandary.

"Oh, but I remember well enough," said he, "and know more than you think I do. Do you remember any thing of a certain royal sword that was found, and what event it proved the instrument of effecting?"

I stood like a condemned criminal. Not a word had I to say for myself; but I looked at Finlay, and he gave me such a look! It said in plain English, What a fool you are! You have done for yourself now! The duke laughed at our dilemma, and having previously rung the bell, he ordered his guards to conduct these two gentlemen deserters to prison, and see that they were well guarded. We were accordingly consigned to the state-prison of the castle, apart from the prisoners taken in the battle.

I was greatly cast down, and vexed at my stupidity; but I never once thought of the duke knowing aught of the affray in the Cannongate, of which I was moreover conscious of being blameless. I felt assured, however, that I was at the disposal of a great and good man, who was incapable of any act of injustice. Finlay soon cheered up his spirits, saying he had plenty of money, and should purchase my freedom underhand that night, if I chose; but this I treated with derision.

I asked Finlay how he liked the duke. He answered, that there was only one thing he liked about him. He was, in fact, very like me, and he had not a doubt that we were brothers. For my part, hardly as I judged of his behaviour, my heart clung to him in a manner that I was ashamed to own; and I did not own it, but waited patiently to see what would be the end of this unlooked-for adventure. The duke was indeed a noble looking person, and had a dignity of manner to which neither I nor any man I ever saw could pretend. As to our personal resemblance, it was not apparent to me; but there must have been something in it, for every person said so, and I have since that period often been taken for him. What a yearning desire I now felt to know something of my parents, and the circumstances of my birth. The imminent and inexplicable dangers to which it had exposed me made me the more and more suspect there must have been something highly criminal connected with it. But for a long while, about that period, I would have braved any danger to have come at a glimpse of the truth.

Well, here in the castle we lay for several days, ignorant of what was to be our fate, the duke having been at Edinburgh on some business relating to the foreign auxiliaries, then on their way to join him. The morning after his return he sent for me into his office, where I found him with Major Campbell and Colonel Cadogan busily engaged. He had on a dressing-gown of crimson

velvet, and his hair being long and elegantly dressed, I never saw a finer looking man. He received me with cool civility, and desired me to wait a few minutes in the anti-room. After waiting a long space, he at length came, and spoke to me with all the freedom of an old acquaintance, yet without any familiarity; from the nobleman and the high-born chief he never descended. After a number of inquiries, every one of which I answered candidly, he addressed me nearly as follows:—

“ You have been telling me the truth, Captain Lockie; I know it. You have told me the truth all along, and I have therefore set you down in my mind as an honest man. But by this murder in Edinburgh you have subjected yourself to a criminal trial; and, as matters stand just now, it will go hard with you for your life. Tell me truly, are you really ignorant who the person was whom you slew there ?”

“ Totally ignorant, my lord duke, on the honour of a gentleman; and perfectly blameless. I slew the ruffian sheerly out of self-defence, for I tried thrice, at the risk of my life, to disarm him, but could not; and in one of those close scuffles I was wounded, so I was obliged to kill him.” The duke turned away his face at this speech, unable to suppress laughter.

“ But it is averred,” said he, “ that no man in Scotland could have mastered his sword with fair play.”

“ I could not master his sword, certainly,” said

I, “but I mastered himself with great ease, and could have done it with equal ease the first round. As the assailant, he ought to have called a parley, for he perceived well enough that he had met with his master.”

“Indeed!” said the duke, “are you so much master of that noble science?”

“Give me a good cut-and-thrust blade in my hand, such as the king of Sweden’s, which I lost, and, in a good cause, I’ll meet any man in Europe, hand to hand, and foot to foot,” said I.

“You take high ground, indeed!” said he; “but I hope there are many of my Campbells with whom you might still improve. You smile: speak out: I know you would say, ‘They would in that case have stood the M’Donalds and M’Raes a little longer.’ Well, we shall have a trial with foils to-morrow. In the mean time let us consider the proper destination for you. It is probably as well for the present to let you remain in ignorance of the enormity of your crime. But I am amused at the circumstances in which you stood. Had it come out in the Pretender’s army what you had done, you would have been in a fine dilemma! Why, captain, you knocked one of the finest Popish plots on the head that ever was devised: one set on foot, too, by foreigners, in favour of the Pretender! It would, in all probability, have proved futile in the end, but you settled it at once. Now I know what the councils of Edinburgh are at present, and what they will be as long as the Chevalier has a party in

Scotland. Apprehended you will be, and that instantly. Are you willing to take your trial, and run all risks, or will you go for me on a distant mission, and secure your safety till these troubles are settled one way or other ?”

“ I am quite subservient to your grace’s pleasure,” said I; “ but my choice would be to remain and fight under your grace ; for depend on it, the Chevalier will very soon have no party in Scotland. I shall run my risk of that event.”

“ Here is a letter from your chief, Seaforth, proffering terms of joining me. But he is a turbulent spirit ; I’ll none of him. This must be yourself he alludes to — ‘ the distinguished foreign officer.’ You have cast yourself on my honour, and it is my advice that you absent yourself for a space from Scotland. I have at this instant an express to send to my father-in-law, the Lord Mayor of London, as well as a packet for my lady, who is at present ill and in his house. These I will entrust to your care, with proper credentials and a passport. Your friend may remain with the army, or go with you, as he chooses.”

I had nothing for it but to obey, and after receiving my credentials, and a general order for post-horses all the way, Finlay and I rode to Hamilton the first night ; and changing horses at every post, the next night we crossed the border. We were dressed as dragoon officers of king George’s, and proceeded without question, till we came to a place called Appleby, where we were obliged to enter into a

fierce dispute with the master of the inn, a rude boorish fellow, who refused us fresh horses, on the pretence that he suspected us for two rebel officers, making our escape in that disguise. He would not so much as look at our passport or order, saying, “ he cwold nwot reawd wony of them domm’d scrowls, and cared nwot a domm about them.”

Our high words brought a mob about us, many of whom, without doubt, saw that we were government messengers; but no one interposed on our behalf; and the fellow being quite unreasonable, refusing either to give us horses for our order or money, we were obliged to go to the mayor, get a warrant, and press horses. This hubbub lost us a good part of that short day, and as we were pushing on under cloud of night, there were five or six men came on to the road at a right angle, and joined us. One of them addressed us in rather a genteel polished style, asking if we were the Scottish officers who left Appleby with some forged credentials.

“ Forged credentials, sir!” said I; “ what do you mean? I have my credentials from the lord-lieutenant of Scotland, of which I will satisfy any man, as soon as we reach a place where light is to be had.”—“ O you are perfectly well known,” returned he. “ You are discovered; so you must please to return with us, who have a warrant for that purpose. It was a bold expedient; but it is up; you are discovered.”

“ Sir, my errand is express; and of my identity,

as the duke of Argyle's special messenger, I will satisfy any magistrate you please, who resides on the way before us; but return I will not for any man's pleasure."

"Well, then, sir, I am sorry we must take you by force."

"I'll shoot the first man through the head who dares to attempt it," said I, seeing two of them drawing up before me. I was that moment struck on the head with prodigious force; but kept my horse, and shot one of my assailants dead. The second blow brought me down; and I remember no more.

On coming to myself, I found I was in the house of a poor miner in a straggling hamlet, and grievously mangled. Finlay had escaped with very little injury, by counterfeiting death, and was waiting anxiously upon me. But never were two poor fellows in a more miserable plight, for we were robbed of every thing, clothes, watches, money, dispatches, and passports; and had only some plain clothes left to us, which seemed to have belonged to peasants. The people in whose house we were, being poor, rude, and uncivil, insisted on our going away. Alas! I could neither move nor be moved, for my whole body was bruised, my skull fractured, and my face beat to a jelly. I had shot one of the scoundrels, and they had murdered me, as they supposed, in the most brutal manner. Finlay was sadly put to his shift: he had lost, he said, a thousand pounds in Bank of Scotland notes and gold.

I had gold on me to the amount of thirty-two pounds, and a gold watch, sword, and pistols. All were gone; and what were we to do? For my part, I could do nothing but lie wishing for death every night; for I was far worst in the night with delirium of the most terrible description. The people believed nothing that we told them, and insisted on taking me from house to house in a cart home to Scotland. Finlay at last found out a Dr. Campbell, originally from Ayrshire, who interested himself deeply in our affairs, and hearing a plain tale from Finlay, sent off a message to the duke of Argyll all the way to Stirling; and the same day caused our late landlord, with whom we quarrelled at Appleby, to be apprehended; Finlay assuring him that the fellow was of the party. I could say nothing, as I had neither seen him, nor recognised his voice, in the attack made on us. But Finlay, who had most emphatically groaned and sprawled to death, perceived every thing perfectly well; and, among other things, the direction in which they bore off their dead or wounded companion. A search was instituted, and the man was found in the house of a poor Catholic priest, who disclaimed all knowledge of his inmate's person or circumstances, declaring that he sheltered him for pity's sake alone as a dying person. He turned out to be a Mr. Abraham Taylor, brother to one Edward Taylor, who had made himself peculiarly obnoxious to government, by inflaming the country in favour of the Stuarts. He had joined the rebels

with thirty men at Preston ; but in the confusion he and his brother, the wounded man, and some more adherents, had escaped in the habits of countrymen. The matter was fairly brought home to the landlord, who had these men in hiding, he himself being known as a papist and a fierce jacobite : it brought him to the gallows very easily. In his dying declaration he asserted that the party wanted nothing but the passport to carry them to London, where they could secure their safety, and that the robbery and murder, (which he still believed in,) arose out of contingent circumstances to which he had never given assent.

He was hung, however ; but of this we were not the better, our wealth and our precious trust were gone, and we found ourselves in much like an enemy's country, with the exception of Dr. Campbell, whose interest with the Lonsdale family was of great benefit to us. His messenger to Argyle returned in due course of time, bringing a letter to the earl of Lonsdale, and a short note to me, with a remittance ; and, lest any person should suspect these adventures to be a fabrication, I shall here give the duke's note to me, in his own words :—

“ SIR,

“ Though I deplore the severe misfortune that hath happened to you and your friend, I, at the same time, must reprobate your imprudence in exposing your credentials to public view, knowing, as you ought to have done, the value of such at this

moment. These should never have been shown but to an accredited magistrate. But what is done cannot be undone. Remain in England until you hear how the campaign in the north ends. We leave Stirling to-morrow. I transmit a small sum for present emergencies, and have written to my friend Lord Lonsdale in your behalf.

“ ARGYLE.

“ Stirling, Jan. 26, 1715-16.”

We were instantly removed to the gardener's house at Lowther Castle, to comfortable lodgings; and every attention paid to my wounds, of all of which I soon recovered, save the one in my head, which continued to enfeeble and distress me very much; and I became so altered in my appearance, that my nearest friends could not have known me.

I did not feel at all comfortable here. I was like a dependant or hanger-on, and was not noticed by any of the family, save that the young ladies sometimes visited me. Among these I observed one very beautiful and very young lady, who always regarded me with great interest, and, on inquiring her name of the gardener's wife, I was told that she was a Miss Van, daughter to Lord Barnard; but, as I neither knew who Miss Van nor Lord Barnard were, I thought no more of the circumstance.

Finlay being obliged to go to Edinburgh for a supply of money, he asked an order from me on the bank. I asked what funds I had remaining in the

bank : he answered, that we had a part there as yet ; but it was lodged in such a way that he could not lift any more without my name along with his own. The fancy struck me at that moment that I would accompany him ; and notwithstanding all the poor fellow's remonstrances, I persisted in my resolution. Will any person believe me, that it was the smuggler's wife at Leith who influenced me to this wild undertaking, while I was neither in a fit state to travel, nor had funds to enable me to travel as my situation required ? Lord Lonsdale gave us a passport, and forwarded us on our journey as far as Carlisle in his chariot, and there we were left to our own resources. We hired horses to a place called Langholm, on the Scottish side ; and on reaching that place, we found that neither my strength nor our funds were adequate to the journey. With great difficulty we reached Hawick on the evening of the third day, where I was left quite exhausted, while poor Finlay was obliged to proceed to Edinburgh on foot, for want of funds to hire a horse ; the scoundrelly landlord of the Douglas Arms refusing to give him one, pretending that not one horse had been returned to him for the last six months. Our appearance was certainly much against us, and we were treated accordingly. I never received more niggardly and uncivil treatment than I did in that inn, not even among the outlandish Russians. His name was Ekron, a Philistine both by name and nature ; and I should not have been much grieved to have seen him go the

same way as my last landlord. But the trouble in my head made me exceedingly peevish and unhappy at this period.

When Finlay returned, in a splendid foreign uniform, and one for me also, as well as a fine horse, Mr. Ekron's countenance changed. He waited on us at table himself, and pretended to be a great wit, saying every droll and ridiculous thing that he could invent for our amusement; and seeing that he would not be affronted, but laughed at every thing, I was fain to be reconciled to the scrub, and pretend to be amused with him. We staid here for the space of seventeen days from our arrival, and at our inn fell in with some of the gentlemen-farmers on market-days, whom we found social, plain fellows, real stems of the old border warriors, and all firmly attached to the Protestant succession.

There were only three gentlemen of that neighbourhood who had joined the rebels, we were told; Scott of Walle, Scott of Whitsled, and Pringle of Hawthorn; and one of these estates being then in the market, I could have purchased it for a mere trifle. I liked the country; Finlay was exceedingly fond of it, as well as of the people; but that confounded smuggler's wife upset the only rational scheme I had perhaps ever formed. I had ordered Finlay to make some inquiries concerning her, on pretence that I lay under deep obligations to her. He brought me word that she was a widow, her husband having been killed on the English coast. All other motives vanished from my mind at once,

but the attainment of that woman. I imagined I was a favourite, and resolved to be first in hand with her. I found her clothed in deep mourning, lovelier than ever, and as kind and affable as heart could wish. I could not ask her hand until a decent time had elapsed from the death of her husband; but I was invited back, visited her, conducted her to church, and to every place to which she proposed going; was given to understand that I was the favourite, and certainly no one could appreciate the favour more highly than I did; for, beside her great wealth, she was a most fascinating woman; and I loved her passionately. Every thing went swimmingly on, and I anticipated our approaching nuptials with a thrilling fondness which I could not express.

One day I went as usual to wait on her, and found her alone, with her countenance, as I thought, a little flushed. I thought I had taken her by surprise, and went forward to salute her. But such a rebuff as I got! one which I never can forget, should I live to the age of Methusaleh. “Stand off, and keep your distance, sir!” said she, fiercely. “Think you I would allow a traitor and a coward to approach my presence, far less my person?”

“Madam!” said I, with astonishment, “what do you mean? It is fortunate that you are a lady, else——.”

“No, sir! It is unfortunate that I am a lady, else your life or mine should have paid for your falsehood and pusillanimity! So you deserted your

true prince, to whom you swore allegiance, and went and joined with the ungrateful rebel Argyle against him?"

All was over with me at once! I saw it, and was utterly confounded. The mistaken loyalty of the men of Scotland to their insignificant exiled prince is mixed with selfishness. That of the women is pure and disinterested, and as much above that of the men, as the ardour and generosity of their nature are above ours. I was dismissed with the utmost contempt, and debarred from ever looking her again in the face!

I felt myself now bereaved of every bond of affection; every thing that could tend to link me to my country or my race; and my heart began again to renovate the half-extinguished traces of affection for Araby, the Jewess, and my beloved Prince Iset, now a king and a queen somewhere in distant Asia, I little knew in what place. But in a few days I took up the resolution of going and spending the rest of my days in their service; and the day but one before writing this I mentioned it to Finlay, who I find is willing to go, at least as far as Poland, where the war is still raging, and where he hopes still to raise a considerable gleanings from a late harvest.

Here the journal of Captain Lochy breaks off abruptly, and nothing is known, with certainty, regarding his future adventures or fate. This would make it appear that he went abroad, and that his journals had never reached Britain. But I find,

that in the year 1725-6, there was a law-suit between a Captain John Lochy and the laird of Borthwicksheils, regarding some superiority over the lands of Parkhill and Musely, which would make it appear that he had ultimately bought some lands about Borthwick, in Roxburghshire, for the surname was till then unknown; and there are sundry families of that name remaining in the district. But the most curious thing of this eventful memoir is, that, at this distance of time, I should have been able to discover what he never could do himself, namely, who were his parents. And though I cannot vouch for the authenticity of the intelligence conveyed in the following letters, there is a particularity about them, which undoubtedly entitles them to consideration. In the year 1827 the following advertisement appeared in two Scots papers:—

“INFORMATION WANTED.

“Whereas it has been reported to the advertiser, that the singular incidents, relating to the birth and parentage of a certain Captain John Lockie, or Lochy, are well known to two or three families in Scotland; this is to give notice, that whoever will give such information to James Laidlaw, W. S. Edinburgh, or Mr. Alex. Reid, Trongate, Glasgow, shall be liberally rewarded.”

In consequence of this advertisement, the two following letters were handed to the editor:—

“ Aberdeen, Dec. 2nd, 1827.

“ SIR,

“ I presume to answer your advertisement, knowing, as I do, from my grandfather, who was one of the men that bore the child; and according to certain dates, the child was born on the 12th of August, 1691, and that privately, too, in the bed of a gentlewoman at Crieff. On the 14th, my grandfather and a nurse, and Hugh Campbell of Griskin, bore the child into the way of the hunters, and watched till he was taken. His father was the Hon. Colonel James Campbell of Argyle, and his mother Lady Mary Wharton, only daughter of Lord Wharton, a great beauty and a great fortune. Colonel Campbell and she made a runaway marriage from this town, and lived together for a few days and nights, I cannot certainly say how long. But it having been alleged that the lady got not fair play, a criminal action was laid against the colonel, who was obliged to fly the country. But Sir John Johnston of Caskiben, our provost, who assisted him in the wild prank, was caught and hanged. On the very week that Sir John was executed the marriage was dissolved by act of parliament. But behold ! the young lady afterwards had a son ; and the indignation of her great and powerful friends that the child of the ravisher should inherit that immense property was such, that the lady, out of terror for her offspring, was obliged to abscond into the highlands of Perthshire for six months.

“ I have heard my father say that the marriage

was law-abiding; and, if so, that boy was legal heir to the great estates of Boquhan and Burnbank, in Scotland, and two lordships in England; for neither of his parents had any other son. With regard to his persecutors, I know nothing. The colonel soon after returned home, and became a great man, and a member of parliament, and was married to Lady Margaret Leslie. These are the principal things that have come to my knowledge, and the certainty of them is not to be disputed. If any man were to dispute them, I would say he might as well dispute his own existence or mine. Do not I know, and cannot I prove, that the lady was taken from her mother's house in Broad-street, in fair daylight, wiled away to Grennan, and married to Colonel James Campbell; that he narrowly escaped with his life; and that his friend, Sir John Johnston, was taken and executed for being art and part with him? Now, when it is considered that this boy, legitimate by the law of Scotland, and presumptive heir, not only to the earldom of Argyle, but to Lord Wharton's great estates, it is little wonder that there were some who eagerly desired to have him out of the way. I have heard it said that he was made a general and a count, and died abroad.

“ I am, Sir,

“ Your obedient servant,

“ GEORGE M. MOIR.”

Badly expressed as this letter is, it bears strong marks of authenticity, and has convinced me that

our extraordinary adventurer, Captain John Lochy, was indeed the fruits of this runaway marriage. The other is to the same purport. It is dated Inverkielar, May 17th, 1827, and addressed to Mr. Laidlaw.

“ SIR,

“ You may acquaint your friend the advertiser that I am certain Captain Lockie was the son of Lady Mary Wharton. I do not remember any of the circumstances, but have often heard them related ; for I had a grand-aunt present when the boy was born, and she used to cry, and tell how his mother loved him and wept over him. For when she saw that she had brought a fine boy into a world of enemies, and was obliged to throw him out destitute, her heart yearned over him, and her very soul clung to her child. She was but fifteen years old when she became his mother, and there was she obliged to give him up to be laid down in the wild, to be lifted and brought up as a foundling among his own kinsmen. He was born in the house of Mrs. Marrion Oliphant, in Crieff, and found in Glen-Lochy on the 12th of August, 1691. His mother never lost sight of him all his life, but kept constantly a confidential servant under her pay to keep guard over him. At first my grand-aunt was employed, and then others in succession ; and I have heard it said that his was such a life of adventure and hair-breadth escapes as never was since the time that man was born in the world. I

neither ask nor expect any reward for this intelligence, but only wish I had been able to have given it you more circumstantially ; but I think I know those who can ; and am, in the mean time,

“ Sir, your humble servant,

“ JAMES M‘KINLAY.”

From these simple documents the reader is left to judge for himself ; they require no exposition of mine. But I only regret that our intrepid hero did not write out his autobiography to the last of his life ; yet perhaps he did, as I know not what became of him.

THE PONGOS :

A LETTER FROM SOUTHERN AFRICA.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IN my last I related to you all the circumstances of our settlement here, and the prospect that we had of a peaceful and pleasant habitation. In truth, it is a fine country, and inhabited by a fine race of people; for the Kousies, as far as I have seen of them, are a simple and ingenuous race; and Captain Johnstone having insured the friendship and protection of their chief, we lived in the most perfect harmony with them, trafficking with them for oxen, for which we gave them iron and copper in exchange, the former being held in high estimation by them. But, alas! sir, such a fate has befallen to me since I wrote you last, as I am sure never fell to the lot of a human being. And I am now going to relate to you one of those stories which, were it to occur in a romance, would be reckoned quite out of nature, and beyond all bounds of probability; so true is it, that there are many things in heaven and earth that are not dreamed of in our philosophy.

You knew my Agnes from her childhood: you

were at our wedding at Beattock, and cannot but remember what an amiable and lovely girl she then was. I thought so, and so did you, at least you said you never had as bonny a bride on your knee. But you will hardly believe that her beauty was then nothing in comparison with what it became afterwards; and when she was going about our new settlement with our little boy in her arms, I have often fancied that I never saw so lovely a human being.

Be that as it may, the chief Karoo came to me one day, with his interpreter, whom he caused to make a long palaver about his power, and dominion, and virtues, and his great desire to do much good. The language of this fellow being a mixture of Kaffre, High Dutch, and English, was peculiarly ludicrous, and most of all so when he concluded with expressing his lord's desire to have my wife to be his own, and to give me in exchange for her four oxen, the best that I could choose from his herd!

As he made the proposal in presence of my wife, she was so much tickled with the absurdity of the proposed barter, and the manner in which it was expressed, that she laughed immoderately. Karoo, thinking she was delighted with it, eyed her with a look that surpasses all description, and then caused his interpreter make another palaver to her concerning all the good things she was to enjoy, one of which was, that she was to ride upon an ox whose horns were tipped with gold. I thanked the great Karoo for his kind intentions, but de-

clared my incapability to part with my wife, for that we were one flesh and blood, and nothing could separate us but death. He could comprehend no such tie as this. All men sold their wives and daughters as they listed, I was told—for that the women were the sole property of the men. He had bought many women from the Tambookies, that were virgins, and had never given above two cows for any of them; and because he desired to have my wife, he had offered me as much for her as would purchase four of the best wives in all the two countries, and that therefore I was bound to give her up to him. And when I told him, finally, that nothing on earth could induce me to part with her, he seemed offended, bit his thumb, knitted his brows, and studied long in silence, always casting glances at Agnes of great pathos and languishment, which were perfectly irresistible, and ultimately he struck his spear's head in the ground, and offered me ten cows and a bull for my wife, and a choice virgin to boot. When this proffer was likewise declined, he smiled in derision, telling me I was the son of foolishness, and that *he foretold I should repent it*. Three times he went over this, and then went away in high dudgeon. Will you, sir, believe, or will any person alive believe, that it was possible I could live to repent this?

My William was at this time about eleven months old, but was still at the breast, as I could never prevail on his lovely mother to wean him, and at the very time of which I am speaking, our

little settlement was invaded one night by a tribe of those large baboons called ourang-outangs, pongos, or wild men of the woods, who did great mischief to our fruits, yams, and carrots. From that time we kept a great number of guns loaded, and set a watch; and at length the depredators were again discovered. We sallied out upon them in a body, not without alarm, for they are powerful and vindictive animals, and our guns were only loaded with common shot. They fled at the first sight of us, and that with such swiftness that we might as well have tried to catch deer; but we got one close fire at them, and doubtless wounded a number of them, as their course was traced with blood. We pursued them as far as the Keys river, which they swam, and we lost them.

Among all the depredators, there was none fell but one youngling, which I lifted in my arms, when it looked so pitifully, and cried so like a child, that my heart bled for it. A large monster, more than six feet high, perceiving that he had lost his cub, returned brandishing a huge club, and grinning at me. I wanted to restore the abominable brat, for I could not bear the thought of killing it, it was so like a human creature; but before I could do this several shots had been fired by my companions at the hideous monster, which caused him once more to take to his heels; but turning oft as he fled, he made threatening gestures at me. A Kousi servant that we had finished the cub, and I caused it to be buried.

The very morning but one after, Agnes and

her black maid were milking our few cows upon the green; I was in the garden, and William was toddling about pulling flowers, when, all at once, the women were alarmed by the sight of a tremendous ourang-outang issuing from our house, which they had just left. They seem to have been struck dumb and senseless with amazement, for not one of them uttered a sound, until the monster, springing forward, in one moment snatched up the child and made off with him. Instead of coming to me, the women pursued the animal with the child, not knowing, I believe, what they were doing. The fearful shrieks which they uttered alarmed me, and I ran to the milking-green, thinking the cows had fallen on the women, as the cattle of that district are ticklish for pushing when any way hurt or irritated. Before I reached the green where the cows stood, the ourang-outang was fully half a mile gone, and only the poor feeble exhausted women running screaming after him. For a good while I could not conceive what was the matter, but having my spade in my hand, I followed spontaneously in the same direction. Before I overtook the women, I heard the agonised cries of my dear boy, my darling William, in the paws of that horrible monster. There is no sensation of which the human heart is capable that can at all be compared with the horror which at that dreadful moment seized on mine. My sinews lost their tension, and my whole frame became lax and powerless. I believe I ran faster than usual, but then I fell every minute, and as I passed Agnes she fell into a fit. Kela-kal,

the black girl, with an astonishing presence of mind, had gone off at a tangent, without orders, or without being once missed, to warn the rest of the settlers, which she did with all expedition. I pursued on, breathless, and altogether unnerved with agony; but, alas! I rather lost than gained ground.

I think if I had been fairly started, that through desperation I could have overtaken the monster; but the hopelessness of success rendered me feeble. The truth is, that he did not make great speed, not nearly the speed these animals are wont to make, for he was greatly incumbered with the child. You perhaps do not understand the nature of these animals—neither do I: but they have this peculiarity, that when they are walking leisurely or running down-hill, they walk upright like a human being; but when hard pressed on level ground, or up-hill, they use their long arms as fore-legs, and then run with inconceivable swiftness. When flying with their own young, the greater part of them will run nearly twice as fast as an ordinary man, for the cubs cling to them with both feet and hands; but as my poor William shrunk from the monster's touch, he was obliged to embrace him closely with one paw, and run on three, and still in that manner he outran me. O may never earthly parent be engaged in such a heart-rending pursuit! Keeping still his distance before me, he reached the Keys river, and there the last gleam of hope closed on me, for I could not swim, while the ourang-outang, with much acuteness, threw the child across his

shoulders, held him by the feet with one paw, and with the other three stemmed the river, though then in flood, with amazing rapidity. It was at this dreadful moment that my beloved babe cast his eyes on me as I ran across the plain towards him, and I saw him holding up his little hands in the midst of the foaming flood, and crying out, "Pa ! pa ! pa !" which he seemed to utter with a sort of desperate joy at seeing me approach.

Alas ! that sight was the last, for in two minutes thereafter the monster vanished, with my dear child, in the jungles and woods beyond the river, and there my course was stayed ; for to have thrown myself in, would only have been committing suicide, and leaving a destitute widow in a foreign land. I had therefore no other resource but to throw myself down, and pour out my soul in lamentation and prayer to God. From this state of hapless misery, I was quickly aroused by the sight of twelve of my countrymen coming full speed across the plain on my track. They were all armed and stripped for the pursuit, and four of them, some of whom you know, Adam Johnstone, Adam Haliday, Peter Carruthers, and Joseph Nicholson, being excellent swimmers, plunged at once into the river, and swam across, though not without both difficulty and danger, and without loss of time continued the pursuit.

The remainder of us, nine in number, were obliged to go half a day's journey up the river, to a place called Shekah, where the Tambookies dragged us over on a hurdle ; and we there pro-

cured a Kousi, who had a hound, which he pretended could follow the track of an ourang-outang over the whole world. Urged on by a sort of forlorn and desperate hope, we kept at a running pace the whole afternoon ; and at the fall of night came up with Peter Carruthers, who had lost the other three. A singular adventure had befallen himself. He and his companions had agreed to keep within call of each other ; but as he advanced, he conceived he heard the voice of a child crying behind him to the right, on which he turned off in that direction, but heard no more of the wail. As he was searching, however, he perceived an ourang-outang steal from a thicket, which, nevertheless, it seemed loath to leave. When he pursued it, it fled slowly, as with intent to entice him in pursuit from the spot ; but when he turned towards the thicket, it immediately followed. Peter was armed with a pistol and rapier ; but his pistol and powder had been rendered useless by swimming the river, and he had nothing to depend on but his rapier. The creature at first was afraid of the pistol, and kept aloof ; but seeing no fire issue from it, it came nigher and nigher, and seemed determined to have a scuffle with Carruthers for the possession of the thicket. At length it shook its head, grinning with disdain, and motioned him to fling the pistol away as of no use ; it then went and brought two great clubs, of which it gave him the choice, to fight with it. There was something so bold, and at the same time so generous, in this, that Peter took one as if apparently accepting the challenge ; but that mo-

ment he pulled out his gleaming rapier, and ran at the hideous brute, which frightened it so much, that it uttered two or three loud grunts like a hog, and scampered off; but soon turning, it threw the club at Peter with such a certain aim, that it had very nigh killed him.

He saw no more of the animal that night; but when we found Carruthers, he was still lingering about the spot, persuaded that my child was there, and that if in life, he would soon hear his cries. We watched the thicket all night, and at the very darkest hour, judge of my trepidation when I heard the cries of a child in the thicket, almost close by me, and could well distinguish that the cries proceeded from the mouth of my own dear William, from that sweet and comely mouth, which I had often kissed a hundred times in a day! We all rushed spontaneously into the thicket, and all towards the same point; but, strange to relate, we only ran against one another, and found nothing besides. I cried on my boy's name; but all was again silent, and we heard no more. He only uttered three cries, and then we all heard distinctly that his crying was stopped by something stuffed into his mouth. I still wonder how I retained my reason, for certainly no parent had ever such a trial to undergo. Before day we heard some movement in the thicket, and though heard by us all at the same time, each of us took it for one of our companions moving about; and it was not till long after the sun was up that we at length discovered a bed up among the thick branches of a tree, and not

above twelve feet from the ground ; but the occupants had escaped, and no doubt remained but that they were now far beyond our reach. This was the most grievous and heart-breaking miss of all ; and I could not help giving vent to my grief in excessive weeping, while all my companions were deeply affected with my overpowering sorrow.

We then tried the dog, and by him we learned the way the fliers had taken ; but that was all, for as the day grew warm, he lost all traces whatever. We searched over all the country for many days, but could find no traces of my dear boy, either dead or alive ; and at length were obliged to return home weary and broken-hearted. To describe the state of my poor Agnes is impossible. It may be conceived, but can never be expressed. But I must haste on with my narrative, for I have yet a great deal to communicate.

About three months after this sad calamity, one evening, on returning home from my labour, my Agnes was missing, and neither her maid-servant, nor one of all the settlers, could give the least account of her. My suspicions fell instantly on the Kousi chief, Karoo, for I knew that he had been in our vicinity hunting, and remembered his threat. This was the most grievous stroke of all ; and, in order to do all for the preservation of my dear wife that lay in my power, I and three of my companions set out and travelled night and day, till we came to the chief's head-quarters. I have not time to describe all the fooleries and difficulties we had to encounter : suffice it, that Karoo denied the deed ;

but still in such a manner that my suspicions were confirmed. I threatened him terribly with the vengeance of his friend Captain Johnstone, and the English army at the Cape, saying I would burn him and all his wives and his people with fire. He wept out of fear and vexation, and offered me the choice of his wives, or any two of them, showing me a great number of them, many of whom he recommended for their great beauty and fatness ; and I believe he would have given me any number if I would have gone away satisfied. But the language of the interpreter being in a great measure unintelligible, we all deemed that he said repeatedly that Karoo would not give the lady up.

What was I now to do ? We had not force in our own small settlement to compel Karoo to restore her ; and I was therefore obliged to buy a trained ox, on which I rode all the way to the next British settlement, for there are no horses in that country. There I found Captain Johnstone, with three companies of the 72d, watching the inroads of the savage Boshesmen. He was greatly irritated at Karoo, and despatched Lieutenant M'Kenzie, and fifty men along with me, to chastise the aggressor. When the chief saw the Highlanders, he was terrified out of his wits ; but, nevertheless, not knowing what else to do, he prepared for resistance, after once more proffering me the choice of his wives.

Just when we were on the eve of commencing a war, which must have been ruinous to our settle-

ment, a black servant of Adam Johnstone's came to me, and said that I ought not to fight and kill his good chief, for that he had not the white woman. I was astonished, and asked the Kaffre what he meant, when he told me that he himself saw my wife carried across the river by a band of pongos, (ourang-outangs,) but he had always kept it a secret, for fear of giving me distress, as they were too far gone for pursuit when he beheld them. He said they had her bound, and were carrying her gently on their arms; but she was either dead or in a swoon, for she was not crying, and her long hair was hanging down.

I had kept up under every calamity till then; but this news fairly upset my reason. I fell a blaspheming, and accused the Almighty of injustice for laying such fearful judgments on me. May he in mercy forgive me, for I knew not what I said! but had I not been deprived of reason I could not have outlived such a catastrophe as this, and whenever it recurs to my remembrance, it will make my blood run chill till the day of my death. A whole year passed over my head like one confused dream; another came, and during the greater part of it my mind was very unsettled; but at length I began to indulge in long fits of weeping, till by degrees I awakened to a full sense of all my misery, and often exclaimed that there was no sorrow like my sorrow. I lingered on about the settlement, not having power to leave the spot where I had once been so happy with those I loved, and all my

companions joined in the cultivation of my fields and garden, in hopes that I would become resigned to the will of the Lord, and the judgments of his providence.

About the beginning of last year a strange piece of intelligence reached our settlement. It was said that two maids of Kamboo had been out on the mountains of Norroweldt gathering fruits, where they had seen a pongo taller than any Kousi, and that this pongo had a beautiful white boy with him, for whom he was gathering the choicest fruits, and the boy was gambolling and playing around him, and leaping on his shoulders.

This was a piece of intelligence so extraordinary, and so much out of the common course of events, that every one of the settlers agreed that it could not be a forgery, and that it behoved us immediately to look after it. We applied to Karoo for assistance, who had a great number of slaves from that country, much attached to him, who knew the language of the place whither we were going, and all the passes of the country. He complied readily with our request, giving us an able and intelligent guide, with as many of his people as we chose. We raised in all fifty Malays and Kousis; nine British soldiers, and every one of the settlers that could bear arms, went with us; so that we had in all nearly a hundred men, the blacks being armed with pikes, and all the rest with swords, guns, and pistols. We journeyed for a whole week, travelling much by night and resting in the shade by day,

and at last we came to the secluded district of which we were in search, and in which we found a temporary village, or camp, of one of these independent inland tribes. They were in great alarm at our approach, and were apparently preparing for a vigorous resistance; but on our guide, who was one of their own tribe, going up to them, and explaining our views, they received us joyfully, and proffered their assistance.

From this people we got the heart-stirring intelligence that a whole colony of pongos had taken possession of that country, and would soon be masters of it all; for that the Great Spirit had sent them a queen from the country beyond the sun, to teach them to speak, and work, and go to war; and that she had the entire power over them, and would not suffer them to hurt any person who did not offer offence to them; that they knew all she said to them, and answered her, and lived in houses, and kindled fires like other people, and likewise fought rank and file: that they had taken one of the maidens of their own tribe to wait upon the queen's child; but because the girl wept, the queen caused them to set her at liberty.

I was now rent between hope and terror—hope that this was my own wife and child, and terror that they would be torn in pieces by the savage monsters, rather than given up. Of this last, the Lockos (the name of this wandering tribe) assured us we needed not to entertain any apprehensions, for that they would, every one of them, die, rather

than wrong a hair of their queen's head. But that it behoved us instantly to surround them; for if they once came to understand that we were in pursuit, they would make their escape, and then the whole world would not turn or detain them.

Accordingly, that very night, being joined by the Lockos, we surrounded the colony by an extensive circle, and continued to close as we advanced. By the break of day we had them closely surrounded. The monsters flew to arms at the word of command, nothing daunted, forming a circle round their camp and queen, the strongest of the males being placed outermost, and the females inmost; but all armed alike, and all having the same demure and melancholy faces. The circle being so close that I could not see inside, I went with the nine red-coats to the top of a cliff, that, in some degree, overlooked the encampment, in order that, if my Agnes really was there, she might understand who was near her. Still I could not discover what was within; but I called her name aloud several times, and in about five minutes after that the whole circle of tremendous brutal warriors flung away their arms and retired backward, leaving an open space for me to approach their queen.

In the most dreadful trepidation I entered between the hideous files, being well guarded by soldiers on either hand, and followed by the rest of the settlers; and there I indeed beheld my wife, my beloved Agnes, standing ready to receive me, with little William in her right hand, and a beauti-

ful chubby daughter in her left, about two years old, and the very image of her mother. Conceive, if you can, sir, such a meeting ! Were there ever a husband and wife met in such circumstances before ? Never since the creation of the world ! The two children looked healthy and beautiful, with their fur aprons ; but it struck me at first that my beloved was much altered : it was only, however, caused by her internal commotion, by feelings which overpowered her grateful heart, against which nature could not bear up ; for on my first embrace she fainted in my arms, which kept us all in suspension and confusion for a long space. The children fled from us, crying for their mother, and took shelter with their friends the pongos, who seemed in great amazement, and part of them began to withdraw, as if to hide themselves.

As soon as Agnes was somewhat restored, I proposed that we should withdraw from the camp of her savage colony ; but she refused, and told me, that it behoved her to part with her protectors on good terms, and that she must depart without any appearance of compulsion, which they might resent ; and we actually rested ourselves during the heat of the day in the shades erected by those savage inhabitants of the forest. My wife went to her hoard of provisions, and distributed to every one of the pongos his share of fruit, succulent herbs, and roots, which they ate with great composure. It was a curious scene, something like what I had seen in a menagerie ; and there was my little Wil-

liam, serving out food to the young ourang-outangs, cuffing them, and ordering them, in the broad An-nandale dialect, to do this, that, and the other thing; and they were not only obedient, but seemed flattered by his notice and correction. We were then presented with delicious fruits; but I had no heart to partake, being impatient to have my family away from the midst of this brutal society; for as long as we were there, I could not conceive them safe or fairly in my own power.

Agnes then stood up, and made a speech to her subjects, accompanying her expressions with violent motions and contortions, to make them understand her meaning. They understood it perfectly; for when they heard that she and her children were to leave them, they set up such a jabbering of lamentation as British ears never heard. Many of them came cowering and fawning before her, and she laid her hand on their heads; many, too, of the young ones came running, and lifting the children's hands, they put them on their own heads. We then formed a close circle round Agnes and the children, to the exclusion of the pongos, that still followed behind, howling and lamenting; and that night we lodged in the camp of the Lockos, placing a triple guard round my family, of which there stood great need. We durst not travel by night; but we contrived two covered hurdles, in which we carried Agnes and the children; and for three days a considerable body of the tallest and strongest of the ourang-outangs attended our steps, and some of

them came to us fearlessly every day, as she said, to see if she was well, and if we were not hurting her.

We reached our own settlement one day sooner than we took in marching westward; but there I durst not remain for a night, but getting into a vessel, I sailed straight for the Cape, having first made over all my goods and chattels to my countrymen, who are to send me down value here in corn and fruit; and here I am, living with my Agnes and our two children, at a little wigwam about five miles from Cape Town.

My Agnes's part of the story is the most extraordinary of all. But here I must needs be concise, giving only a short and general outline of her adventures; for among dumb animals, whose signals and grimaces were so liable to misinterpretation, much must have been left to her own conjecture. The creatures' motives for stealing and detaining her appeared to have been as follows:—

These animals remain always in distinct tribes, and are perfectly subordinate to a chief or ruler, and his secondary chiefs. In their expedition to rob our gardens, they had brought their sovereign's sole heir along with them, as they never leave any of the royal family behind them, for fear of a surprisal. It was this royal cub which we killed, and the queen his mother, having been distractedly inconsolable for the loss of her darling, the old monarch had set out by night to try, if possible, to recover it; and on not finding it, he seized on my

boy in its place, carried him home in safety to his queen, and gave her him to nurse ! She did so. Yes, she positively did nurse him at her breast for three months, and never child throve better than he did. By that time he was beginning to walk, and aim at speech, by imitating every voice he heard, whether of beast or bird ; and it had struck the monsters as a great loss, that they had no means of teaching their young sovereign to speak, at which art he seemed so apt. This led to the scheme of stealing his own mother to be his instructor, which they effected in the most masterly style, binding and gagging her in her own house, and carrying her from a populous hamlet in the fair forenoon, without having been discovered. Their expertness, and the rapidity of their motions, Agnes described as inconceivable by those who had never witnessed them. They showed every sort of tenderness and kindness by the way, proffering her plenty of fruit and water ; but she gave herself totally up to despair, till, behold ! she was introduced to her own little William, plump, thriving, and as merry as a cricket, gambolling away among his brutal compeers, for many of whom he had conceived a great affection ;—but then they far outgrew him, while others as fast overtook him in size.

Agnes immediately took her boy under her tuition, and was soon given to understand that her will was to be the sole law of the community ; and all the while that they detained her, they never refused her in aught save to take her home again.

Our little daughter she had named Beatrice, after her maternal grandmother. She was born six months and six days after Agnes's abstraction. She spoke highly of the pongos, of their docility, generosity, warmth of affection to their mates and young ones, and of their irresistible strength. She conceived that, however, to have been a tribe greatly superior to all others of the race, for she never could regard them in any other light than as dumb human creatures. I confess that I had the same sort of feeling while in their settlement, for many of the young females in particular were much comelier than negro savages which I have often seen; and they laughed, smiled, and cried very much like human creatures. At my wife's injunctions, or from her example, they all wore aprons: and the females had let the hair of their heads grow long. It was glossy black, and neither curled nor woolly; and, on the whole, I cannot help having a lingering affection for the creatures. They would make the most docile, powerful, and affectionate of all slaves; but they come very soon to their growth, and are but short-lived, in that way approximating to the rest of the brute creation. They live entirely on fruits, roots, and vegetables, and taste no animal food whatever.

I asked Agnes much of the civility of their manner to her, and she always described it as respectful and uniform. For a while she never thought herself quite safe when near the queen; but the dislike of the latter to her arose entirely

out of her boundless affection for the boy. No mother could possibly be fonder of her own offspring than this affectionate creature was of William, and she was jealous of his mother for taking him from her, and causing him instantly to be weaned. But then the chief never once left the two queens by themselves; they had always a guard day and night.

I have no objection to the publication of these adventures in Britain, though I know they will not obtain credit; but I should not like that the incidents reached the Sidney Gazette, as I intend emigrating to that country as soon as I receive value for the stock I left at the settlement, for I have a feeling that my family is scarcely safe as long as I am on any part of the coast of Africa. And for the sake of my rising family, I have an aversion to its being known that they were bred among creatures that must still be conceived to be of the brute creation. Do not write till you hear from me again; and believe me ever, your old affectionate friend,

WM. MITCHELL.

Vander Creek, near Cape Town,

Oct. 1, 1826.

MARION'S JOCK.

THERE wad aiblins nane o' you ken Marion. She lived i' the Dod-Shiel, and had a callant to the lang piper, him that Squire Ridley's man beat at the Peel-hill meeting. Weel, you see, he was a gilliegaupy of a callant, gayan like the dad o' him; for Marion said he wad hae eaten a horse ahint the saddle; and as her shieling wasna unco weel stored o' meat, she had ill getting him mainteened; till at the lang and the last it just came to this pass, that whenever Jock was i' the house, it was a constant battle atween Marion and him. Jock fought to be at meat, and Marion to keep him frae it, and mony hard clouts and claws there passed. They wad hae foughten about a haggis, or a new kirning o' butter, for a hale hour, and the battle generally endit in Jock's getting a good share o' ilka thing. When he had fairly gained the possession, by whatever means, he feasted with the greatest satisfaction, licking his large ruddy lips, and looking all about him with eyes of the utmost benevolence. Marion railed all the while that the poor

lad was enjoying himself, without any mercy and restraint, and there wasna a vile name under the sun that had ony signification of a glutton in it, that she didna ca' him by. Jock took the bite wi' the buffet ;—he heard a' the ill names, and munched away. Oh, how his heart did rejoice o'er a fat lunch o' beef, a good haggis, or even a cog o' milk brose ! Poor fellow ! such things were his joy and delight. So he snapped them up, and in two or three hours after he was as ready for another battle as ever.

This was a terrible life to lead. Times grew aye the langer the waur ; and Marion was obliged to hire poor Jock to Goodman Niddery, to herd his kye and his pet sheep. Jock had nae thoughts at a' o' ganging to sic a job at first ; but Marion tauld him ilka day o' the fat beef, the huge kebbucks, and the parridge sae thick that a horn spoon wadna delve into them, till he grew impatient for the term-day. That day came at length, and Marion went away hame wi' her son to introduce him. The road was gayan lang, and Jock's crappin began to crawl. He speered a hunder times about the meat at Goodman Niddery's house, and every answer that Marion gae was better than the last, till Jock believed he was gaun hame to a continual feast. It was a delightful thought, for the craving appetite within him was come to a great height. They reached the place, and went into the kitchen. Jock's een were instantly on the look-out ; but they didna need to range far. Above the fire there hung two

sides of bacon, more than three inches deep of fat, besides many other meaner objects : the hind legs of bullocks, sheep, and deer, were also there ; but these were withered, black, and sapless in appearance. Jock thought the very substance was dried out o' them. But the bacon ! How it made Jock smack his lips ! It was so juicy, that even the brown skin on the outside of it was all standing thick o' eebright beaming drops like morning dew. Jock was established at Goodman Niddery's : he would not have flitted again and left these two sides of bacon hanging there for an estate. Marion perceived well where the sum of his desires was fixed, and trembled for fear of an instant attack. Well might she ; for Jock had a large dirk or sheathed knife (a very useful weapon) that he wore, and that he took twice out of its place, looked at its edge, and then at the enormous bacon ham, which was more than three inches deep of solid fat, with the rich drops of juice standing upon the skin. Jock drew his knife on his sandal, then on the edge of a wooden table that stood beside him, examined the weapon's edge again, and again fixed his green eyes on the bacon. " What do the people mean," thought he to himself, " that they do not instantly slice down a portion of that glorious meat, and fry it on the coals ? Would they but give me orders to do it—would they even give me the least hint, how slashingly I would obey ! "

None of them had the good sense to give Jock any sic orders. He was two or three times on the very

point of helping himself, and at last got up on his feet, it was believed, for the sole purpose of making an attack on the bacon ham, when, behold, in came Goodman Niddery !

“ ‘There ’s your master, sirrah !” whispered Marion ; “ haste ye and whup aff your bonnet.”

Jock looked at him. There was something very severe and forbidding in his countenance ; so Jock’s courage failed him, and he even took aff his bonnet, and sat down with that in his one hand and the drawn knife in the other. Marion’s heart was greatly relieved, and she now ventured on a little conversation.

“ I hae brought you hame my lad, Goodman, and I hope he ’ll be a good servant to you.”

“ I coudna say, Marion : gin he be as gude as you ca’d him, he ’ll do. I think he looks like ane that winna be behind at his bicker.”

“ Ay, weel I wat, Goodman, and that ’s true ; and I wadna wish it were otherwise. Slaw at the meat, slaw at the wark, ye ken.”

“ That is a good hint o’ my mother’s !” thinks Jock to himsel : “ What though I should show the auld niggard a sample ? The folk o’ this house surely hae nae common sense.”

The dinner was now, however, set down on the kitchen-table. The good man sat at the head, the servants in a row on each side, and Jock and his mother at the foot. The good wife stood behind her servants, and gave all their portions. The dinner that day consisted of broad bannocks, as hard as

horn, a pail of thin sour milk, called whig, and a portion of a large kebbuck positively as dry as wood. Jock was exceedingly dissatisfied, and could not but admire the utter stupidity of the people, and their total want of all proper distinction. He thought it wonderful that rational creatures should not know what was good for them. He munched, and munched, and gnawed at the hard bread and cheese, till his jaws were sore; but he never once looked at the food before him; but leaning his cheek on his hand to rest his wearied grinders somewhat at every bite he took, and every splash of the sour shilpy milk that he lapped in, he lifted his eyes to the fat bacon ham with the juice standing on it in clear bells.

Marion wished herself fairly out of the house, for she perceived there would be an outbreak; and to prepare the good people for whatever might happen, she said before going away,—“Now, good wife, my callant’s banes are green, and he’s a fast growing twig: I want to ken if he will get plenty o’ meat here.”

“I winna answer for that, Marion;—he shall fare as the lave fare; but he’s may-be no very easily served. There are some misleared servants wha think they never get enough.”

“Tell me this thing, then, good wife; will he see enough?”

“Ay; I shall answer for that part o’t.”

“Then I shall answer for the rest, good wife.”

Jock had by this time given up contending with

the timber cheese, and the blue sour milk, and, taking a lug of a bannock in his hand, the size of a shoe sole, he went away and sat down at the fire-side, where he had a full view of the bacon ham, three inches thick of fat, with the dew standing on its brown skin.

The withered bread swallowed rather the better of this delicious sight; so Jock chewed and looked, and looked and chewed, till his mother entered into the security mentioned. "That is a capital hint," thought Jock; "I shall verify my good mother's cautionry, for I can stand this nae langer." He sprang up on a seat, sliced off a large fitch of bacon, and had it on the coals before one had time to pronounce a word; and then turning his back to it, and his face to the company, he stood with his drawn dirk, quite determined to defend his prey.

The good wife spoke first up. "Gudeness have a care o' us! see to the menseless tike!" cried she. "I declare the creature has na the breeding o' a whalp!"

Jock was well used to such kind of epithets; so he bore this and some more with the utmost suavity, still, however, keeping his ground.

Goodman Niddery grinned, and his hands shook with anger, as if struck with a palsy; but for some reason or other he did not interfere. The servants were like to burst with laughter; and Jock kept the good wife at bay with his drawn knife, till his slice was roasted; and then, laying it flat on his dry

piece of bread, he walked out to the field to enjoy it more at leisure. Marion went away home ; and the good man and good wife both determined to be revenged on Jock, and to make him pay dear for his audacity.

Jock gave several long looks after Marion as she vanished on Kettle Moor but he had left no kind of meat in her shieling when he came away, else it was likely he would have followed his mother home again. He was still smacking his lips after his rich repast, and he had seen too much good stuff about the house of his new master to leave it at once ; so he was even fain to bid Marion good bye in his heart, wipe the filial tear from his eye, poor man, and try to reconcile himself to his new situation.

“ Do you carry aye that lang gully knife about wi’ you, master cow-herd, or how do they ca’ ye ? ” said his master, when they next met after the adventure of the bacon.

“ I hae aye carried it yet,” said Jock, with great innocence ; “ and a gay gude whittle it is.”

“ Ye maun gie that up,” said Niddery ; “ we dinna suffer chaps like you to carry sic weapons about our house.”

Jock fixed his green eyes on his master’s face. He could hardly believe him to be serious ; still there was something in his look he did not like ; so he put his knife deeper into his pocket, drew one step back, and, putting his under row of teeth in front of those above, waited the issue of such an unreasonable demand.

“Come, come; give it up I say. Give it to me; I'll dispose of it for you.”

“I'll see you at the bottom o' the place my mother speaks about whiles,” thought Jock to himself, “afore I gie my gully either to you or ony that belongs to you.” He still kept his former position, however, and the same kind of look at his master's face, only his een grew rather greener.

“Won't you give it up, you stubborn thief? Then I will take it, and give you a good drubbing into the bargain.”

When Jock heard this, he pulled out his knife. “That is a good lad to do as you are bidden,” said his master. But Jock, instead of delivering up his knife, drew it from the sheath, which he returned to his pocket. “Now I sal only say this,” said he; “the first man that tries to take my ain knife frae me—he may do it—but he shall get the length o't in his monyplies first.” So saying, he drew back his hand with a sudden jerk.

Goodman Niddery gave such a start that he actually leaped off the ground, and holding up both his hands, exclaimed, “What a savage we have got here! what a Satan!” And without speaking another word, he ran away to the house, and left Jock standing with his drawn knife in his hand.

The good man's stomach burned with revenge against Jock; so that night he sent him supperless to bed, out of requital for the affair of the fat bacon; and next day the poor boy was set down to a very scanty breakfast, which was not fair. His eye

turning invariably to one delicious object, the good man perceived well what was passing in his heart; and, on some pretence, first sent away all the servants, and then the good wife. He next rose up himself, with his staff in his hand, and, going slowly away into the little parlour, said, as he went through the kitchen, “What can be become o’ a’ the folk?” and with that entered the dark door that opened in a corner. He made as though he had shut the door; but he turned about within it and peeped back.

The moment that he vanished was the watchword for Jock: he sprang from his seat at the bottom of the table, and, mounting a form, began to whang away at the bacon ham. Some invidious bone, or hard object of some sort, coming unfortunately in contact with the edge of his knife, his progress was greatly obstructed; and though he cut and sawed with all his might, before he succeeded in separating a piece of about two pounds’ weight from the main body, his master had rushed on him from his concealment, and, by one blow of his staff, laid him flat on the floor. The stroke was a sore one, for it was given with extreme good-will, and deprived Jock of sensibility for the time being. He and his form both came down with a great rumble, but the knife remained buried in the fat bacon ham; and the inveterate good man was not satisfied with felling the poor lad, but kicked him, and laid on him with his stick after he was down. The good wife at length came running, and put a

stop to this cruelty; and fearing the boy was murdered, and that they would be hanged for it, she got assistance, and soon brought Jock again to himself.

Jock had been accustomed to fight for his meat, and, in some measure laid his account with it; so that, on the whole, he took his broken head as little to heart as could have been expected, certainly less than any other boy of the same age would have done. It was only a little more rough than he had been prepared to look for; but had he succeeded in his enterprise, he would not have been ill-content. The good wife and her maids had laid him on a kitchen bed and bathed his temples; and on recovering from stupefaction, the first thing he did was to examine his pockets to see if he had his gully. Alack! there was nothing but the empty sheath. Then he *did* lose the field, and fell a blubbering and crying. The good wife thought he was ill, and tried to soothe him by giving him some meat. He took the meat of course, but his heart was inconsolable; till, just when busy with his morsel, his eye chanced to travel to the old place, as if by instinct, and there he beheld the haft of his valued knife, sticking in the bacon ham, its blade being buried deep in sappy treasures. He sprang over the bed, and traversing the floor with staggering steps, mounted a form, and stretched forth his hand to possess himself again of his gully.

“Aih! Gudeness have a care o’ us!” cried the good wife: “saw ever ony body the like o’ that?”

The creature's bacon mad! Goodman! Goodman, come here!"

Jock, however, extricated his knife and fled, though he could scarcely well walk. Some of the maids averred that he at the same time slid a corner of the ham into his pocket; but it is probable they belied him, for Jock had been munching in the bed but the moment before.

He then went out to his cows, weak as he was. He had six cows, some mischievous calves, and ten sheep to herd; and he determined to take good care of these, as also, now that he had got his knife again, not to want his share of the good things about the house, of which he saw there was abundance. However, several days came and went, and Jock was so closely watched by his master and mistress all the time he was in the house, that he could get nothing but his own scanty portion. What was more, Jock was obliged every day to drive his charge far a-field, and remain with them from morn till evening. He got a few porridge in the morning, and a hard bannock and a bottle of sour milk to carry along with him for his dinner. This miserable meal was often despatched before eleven o'clock, so that poor Jock had to spend the rest of the day in fasting, and contriving grand methods of obtaining some good meat in future.

There was one thing very teasing: he had a small shieling, which some former herd had built, and plenty of sticks to burn for the gathering or cutting. He had thus a fire every day, without any thing to

roast on it. Jock sat over it often in the most profound contemplation, thinking how delightfully a slice of bacon would fry on it; how he would lay the slice on his hard bannock, and how the juice would ooze out of it! Never was there a man who had richer prospects than Jock had: still his happiness lay only in perspective. But experience teaches man wisdom, and wisdom points out to him many expedients.

Among Jock's pet sheep there was one fat ewe-lamb, the flower of the flock, which the good wife and the good man both loved and valued above all the rest. She was as beautiful and playful as innocence itself, and, withal, as fat as she could lie in her skin. There was one rueful day, and a hungry one, that Jock had sat long over his little fire of sticks, pondering on the joys of fat flesh. He went out to turn his mischievous calves, whose nebs were never out of an ill deed, and at that time they had strayed into the middle of a corn field. As bad luck would have it, by the way he perceived this dawted ewe-lamb lying asleep in the sun; and, out of mere frolic, as any other boy would have done, he flew on above her and tried if he could hold her down. After hard struggling he mastered her, took her between his feet, stroked her snowy fleece and soft downy cheek, and ever, as he patted her, repeated these words, "O but ye be a bonny beast!"

The lamb, however, was not much at her ease; she struggled a little now and then; but finding that

it availed not, she gave it over; and seeing her comrades feeding near her, she uttered some piteous bleats. They could afford her no assistance; but they answered her in the same tremulous key. After patting her a good while, Jock began to handle her breast and ribs, and found that she was, in good earnest, as fat as pork. This was a ticklish experiment for the innocent lamb. Jock was seized with certain inward longings, and yearnings that would not be repressed. He hesitated long, long, and sometimes his pity awoke; but there was another natural feeling that proved the stronger of the two; so Jock at length took out his long knife and unsheathed it. Next he opened the fleece on the lamb's throat till its bonny white skin was laid bare, and not a hair of wool to intervene between it and the point of his knife. He was again seized with deep remorse, as he contemplated the lamb's harmless and helpless look; so he wept aloud, and tried to put his knife again into its sheath; but he could not.

To make a long tale short, Jock took away the lamb's life, and that not in the most gentle or experienced way. She made no resistance, and only uttered one bleat. "Poor beast!" said Jock; "I dare say ye like this very ill, but I canna help it. Ye are suffering for a' your bits o' ill done deeds now."

The day of full fruition and happiness for Jock was now arrived. Before evening he had roasted and eaten the kidneys, and almost the whole of the

draught or pluck. His heart rejoiced within him, for never was there more delicious food. But the worst of it was, that the devils of calves were going all the while in the middle of a corn-field, which his master saw from the house, and sent one running all the way to turn them. The man had also orders to "waken the dirty blackguard callant if he was sleeping, and gie him his licks."

Jock was otherwise employed; but, as luck would have it, the man did not come into his hut, nor discover his heinous crime; for Jock met him among the corn, and took a drubbing with all proper decorum.

But dangers and suspicions encompassed poor Jock now on every side. He sat down to supper at the bottom of the board with the rest of the servants, but he could not eat a single morsel. His eyes were not fixed on the bacon ham as usual, and moreover, they had quite lost that sharp green gleam for which they were so remarkable. These were circumstances not to be overlooked by the sharp eyes of his master and mistress.

"What's the matter wi' the bit dirty callant the night?" said the latter. "What ails you, sirrah, that you hae nae ta'en your supper? Are you weel-eneugh?"

Jock wasna ill, he said; but he could not enter into particulars about the matter any farther. The good man said, he feared the blade had been stealing, for he did not kythe like ane that had been fasting a' day; but after the good wife and he had

examined the hams, kebbucks, beef-barrel, meal-girnel, and every place about the house, they could discern nothing a-missing, and gave up farther search ; but not suspicion.

Jock trembled lest the fat lamb might be missed in the morning when he drove out his flock ; but it was never remarked that the lamb was a-wanting. He took very little breakfast, but drove his kine and sheep, and the devils of calves, away to the far field, and hasted to his wee housie. He borrowed a coal every day from a poor woman, who lived in a cot at the road-side, to kindle his fire, and that day she noticed, what none else had done, that his coat was all sparked over with blood, and asked him of the reason. Jock was rather startled by the query, and gave her a very suspicious look, but no other answer.

“ I fear ye hae been battling wi’ some o’ your neighbours ? ” said she.

This was a great relief for Jock’s heart. “ Ay, just that,” said he, and went away with his coal.

What a day of feasting Jock had ! He sliced and roasted, and roasted and ate till he could hardly walk. Once when the calves were going into a mischief, which they were never out of, he tried to run, but he could not run a foot ; so he was obliged to lie down and roll himself on the ground, take a sleep, and then proceed to work again.

There was nutrition in the very steams that issued from Jock’s hut ; the winds that blew over it carried health and savoury delight over a great ex-

tent of country. A poor hungry boy that herded a few lean cows on an adjoining farm, chancing to come into the track of this delicious breeze, became at once like a statue. He durst not move a step for fear of losing the delicious scent; and there he stood with his one foot before the other, his chin on his right shoulder, his eyes shut, and his mouth open, his nose being pointed straight to Jock's wee housie. The breeze still grew richer, till at last it led him as straight as if there had been a hook in his nose to Jock's shieling; so he popped in, and found Jock at the sublime employment of cooking and eating. The boy gaped and stared at the mangled body of the lamb, and at the rich repast that was going on; but he was a very ignorant and stupid boy, and could not comprehend anything; so Jock fed him with a good fat piece well roasted, and let him go again to his lean cows.

Jock looked very plump and thriving-like that night; his appearance was quite sleek, somewhat resembling that of a young voluptuary; and, to lull suspicion, he tried to take some supper; but not one bite or sup was he able to swallow. The good wife, having by that time satisfied herself that nothing was stolen, became concerned about Jock, and wanted him to swallow some physic, which he peremptorily refused to do.

“How can the puir thing tak ony meat?” said she. “He’s a’ swalled i’ the belly. Indeed I rather suspect that he’s swalled o’er the hale body.”

The next morning, as Jock took out his drove, the good man was standing at the road-side to look

at them. Jock's heart grew cold, as well it might, when the good man called out to him, "Callant, what hae you made o' the gude lamb?"

"Is she no there?" said Jock, after a long pause, for he was so much astounded that he could not speak at the first.

"Is she no there!" cried the good man again in great wrath, imitating Jock's voice. "If ye binna blind, ye may see that. But I can tell you, my man, gin ye hae letten ought happen to that lamb, ye had better never hae been born."

"What can be comed o' the beast?" said Jock. "I had better look the house, she's may be stayed in by herself."

Jock didna wait for an order, but, glad to be a little farther off from his master, he ran back and looked in the fold and sheep-house, and every nettle bush around them, as he had been looking for a lost knife.

"I can see naething o' her," said he, as he came slounging back, hanging his head, and keeping aloof from the good man, who still carried his long pike-staff in his hand.

"But I'll mak you see her, and find her baith, hang-dog!" said he; "or deil be in my fingers an I dinna twist your neck about. Are you sure you had her yestreen?"

O yes! Jock was sure he had her yestreen. The women were examined if they had observed her as they milked the cows: they could not tell. None of them had seen her; but they could not say she was not there. All was in commotion about the

steading, for the loss of the dawted pet-lamb, which was a favourite with every one of the family.

Jock drove his cattle and nine sheep to the field—roasted a good collop or two of his concealed treasure, and snapped them up, but found that they did not relish so well as formerly; for now that his strong appetite for fat flesh was somewhat allayed, yea, even fed to loathing, he wished the lamb alive again: he began, moreover, to be in great bodily fear; and to provide against the probability of any discovery being made, he lifted the mangled remains of his prey, and conveyed them into an adjoining wood, where he covered them carefully up with withered leaves, and laid thorns above them. “Now,” said Jock, as he left the thicket, “let them find that out wha can.”

The good man went to all the herds around, inquiring after his lamb; but could hear no intelligence of her till he came to the cottage of poor Bessie, the old woman that had furnished Jock with a coal every day. When he put the question to her, the rock and the lint fell out of Bessie's hand, and she sat a while quite motionless.

“What war ye saying, good man? War ye saying ye had lost your bonnie pet-lamb?”

“Even sae, Bessie.”

“Then, good man, I fear you will never see her living again. What kind o' callant is that ye hae gotten? He's rather a suspicious-looking chap. I tentit his claes a' spaired wi' blude the tither day, and baith this and some days bygane he has

brought in his dinner to me, saying that he dought nae eat it."

Goodman Niddery could make no answer to this, but sat for a while grumpling and groaning, as some late events passed over his mind; particularly how Jock's belly was swollen, and how he could not take any supper. But yet the idea that the boy had killed his favourite, and eaten her, was hardly admissible: the deed was so atrocious he could not conceive any human being capable of it, strong as circumstances were against his carnivorous herd. He went away with hurried and impatient steps to Jock's wee house, his old colley dog trotting before him, and his long pike-staff in his hand. Jock eyed him at a distance, and kept out of his path, pretending to be engaged in turning the calves to a right pasture, and running and threshing them with a long goad; for though they were not in any mischief then, he knew that they would soon be in some.

The good man no sooner set his nose within Jock's shieling than he was convinced some horrid deed had been done. It smelled like a cook's larder; and, moreover, his old dog, who had a very good scent, was scraping among the ashes, and picking up fragments of something which he seemed very much to enjoy. Jock did not know what to do when he saw how matters stood, yet he still had hopes that nothing would appear to criminate him. The worst thing that he saw was the stupid hungry boy on the adjoining farm coming wading

through the corn. He had left his dirty lean kine picking up the very roots of the grass, and had come snouking away in hopes of getting another fat bit for his impoverished stomach. But when he saw Goodman Niddery come out of the cot with impassioned strides, he turned and ran through the strong corn with his whole might, always jumping up as he proceeded.

The good man called angrily on his old dog to come after him, but he would not come, for he was working with his nose and fore-feet among Jock's perfumed ashes with great industry; so the good man turned back into the house, and hit him over the back with his long pike-staff, which made him glad to give over, and come out about his business; and away the two went to reconnoitre further.

As soon as the old dog was fairly a-field again he took up the very track by which Jock had carried the carcass that morning, and went as straight as a line to the hidden treasure in the thicket. The good man took off the thorns, and removed the leaves, and there found all that remained of his favourite and beautiful pet-lamb. Her throat was all cut and mangled, her mouth open, and her tongue hanging out, and about one half of her whole body a-wanting. The good man shed tears of grief, and wept and growled with rage over the mangled form, and forthwith resolved (which was hardly commendable) to seize Jock, and bring him to that very spot and cut his throat.

Jock might have escaped with perfect safety, had he had the sense or foresight to have run off as soon as he saw his master enter the wood; but there seems to be an infatuation that directs the actions of some men. Jock did not fly, but went about and about, turning his kine one while, his nine sheep another, and always between hands winning a pelt at one of the ill-conditioned calves, till his incensed master returned from the fatal discovery, and came up to him. There was one excuse for him; he was not sure if the carcass had been found, for he could not see for the wood whether or not his master went to the very place, and he never thought of the sagacity of the dog.

When Goodman Niddery first left the wood he was half running, and his knees were plaiting under him with the anticipation of horrid revenge. Jock did not much like his gait; so he kept always the herd of cows, and the sheep too, betwixt himself and this half-running master of his. But the good man was too cunning for poor Jock; he changed his step into a very slow careless walk, and went into the middle of the herd of cows, pretending to be whistling a tune, although it was in fact no tune, but merely a concatenation of tremulous notes on C sharp, without the least fall of harmony. He turned about this cow and the other cow, watching Jock all the while with the tail of his eye, and trilling his hateful whistle. Jock still kept a due distance. At length the good man called

to him, "Callant, come hither, like a man, and help me to wear this cow against the ditch. I want to get haud o' her."

Jock hesitated. He did not like to come within stroke of his master's long stick, neither did he know on what pretence absolutely to refuse his bidding; so he stood still, and it was impossible to know by his looks whether he was going to comply or run off altogether. His master dreaded the latter, and called to him in a still kinder manner, until Jock at last unfortunately yielded. The two wore the cow, and wore the cow, up against the ditch, until the one was close upon her one side, and the other upon her other. "Chproo! hawkie! chproo, my bonnie cow!" cried the good man, spreading out his arms, with his pike-staff clenched fast in his right hand; then springing by the cow in a moment, he flew upon Jock, crying out, with the voice of a demon, "D—n you, rascal! but I'll do for you now!"

Jock wheeled about to make his escape, and would have beaten his master hollow, had he been fairly started, or timeously apprised of his dreadful danger; but ere he had run four or five steps the pike-staff came over the links of his neck with such a blow, that it laid him flat on his face in a mire. The good man then seized him by the cuff of the neck with the one hand, and by the hair of his head with the other, and said, with a triumphant and malicious laugh, "Now, get up, and come away wi' me, my braw lad, and I'll let you see sic

a sight as you never saw. I'll let you see a wally-dy sight! Get up, like a good cannie lad!"

As he said this, he pulled Jock by the hair, and kicked him with his foot, until he obliged him to rise, and in that guise he led him away to the wood. He had a hold of his rough weather-beaten hair with the one hand, and with the other he heaved the cudgel over him; and as they went, the following was some of the discourse that passed between them.

"Come away, now, my fine lad. Are nae ye a braw, honest, good callant? Do nae ye think ye deserve something that's unco good frae me? Eh? Ay, ye surely deserve something better nor ordinar'; and ye shall hae it too."—(Then a kick on the posteriors, or a lounder with the staff.)—"Come your ways, like a sonsy, brave callant, and I'll let you see a bonny thing and a braw thing in yon brake o' the wood, ye ken."

Jock cried so piteously that, if his master had not had a heart of stone, he would have relented, and not continued in his fatal purpose; but he only grew the longer the more furious.

"O let me gang! let me gang! let me gang!" cried Jock. "Let me gang! let me gang! for it wasna me. I dinna ken naething about it at a'!"

"Ye dinna ken naething about what, my puir man?"

"About yon bit sheep i' the wood, ye ken."

"You rascal! you rogue! you villain! you have

confessed that you kend about it, when I wasna speiring ony sic question at you. You hound! you dog! you savage wolf that you are! Mother of God! but I will do for you! You whelp! you dog! you scoundrel! come along here.” (Another hard blow.) “Tell me now, my precious lad, an ye war gaun to be killed, as ye ken something about killing, whether would you choose to have your throat cut, or to have your feet tied and be skinned alive?”

“O dinna kill me! dinna kill me!” cried poor Jock. “My dear master, dinna kill me, for I canna brook it. Oh, oh! an ye kill me I’ll tell my mother, that will I; and what will Marion say t’ye, when she has nane but me? Oh, master, dinna kill me, and I’ll never do the like o’t again!”

“Nay, I shall take warrant for that: you shall never do the like o’t again!”

In this melancholy and heart-breaking manner he dragged him on all the way by the rough towsy head, kicking him one while, and beating him another, till he brought him to the very spot where the mangled remains of the pet-lamb were lying. It was a blasting sight for poor Jock, especially as it doubled his master’s rage and stern revenge, and these were, in all conscience, high enough wrought before. He twined the hapless culprit round by the hair, and knocked him with his fist, for he had dropped the staff to enable him to force Jock to the place of sacrifice; and he swore by many an awful

oath, that if it should cost him his life, he would do to Jock as he had done to that innocent lamb.

With that he threw him on the ground, and got above him with his knees ; and Jock having by that time lost all hope of moving his ruthless master by tears or prayers, began a-struggling with the force which desperation sometimes gives, and fought with such success that it was with difficulty his master could manage him.

It was very much like a battle between an inveterate terrier and a bull-dog ; but, in spite of all that Jock could do, the good man got out his knife. It was not, however, one like Jock's, for it had a folding blade, and was very hard to open, and the effecting of this was no easy task, for he could not get both his hands to it. In this last desperate struggle, Jock got hold of his master's cheek with his left hand, and his nails being very long, he held it so strait that he was like to tear it off. His master capered up with his head, holding it back the full length of Jock's arm ; yet still being unable to extricate his cheek from Jock's hold, he raised up his knife in his right hand, in order to open it with his teeth, and, in the first place, to cut off Jock's hand, and his head afterwards. He was holding down Jock with his right knee and his left hand ; and while in the awkward capering attitude of opening his knife, his face was turned nearly straight up, and his eyes had quite lost sight of his victim. Jock held up his master's cheek, and squeezed it still the more, which considerably impeded his

progress in getting the knife open; and, at that important moment, Jock whipped out his own knife, his old dangerous friend, and struck it into the good man's belly to the haft. The moment he received the wound he sprang up as if he had been going to fly into the air, uttered a loud roar, and fell back above the dead pet-lamb.

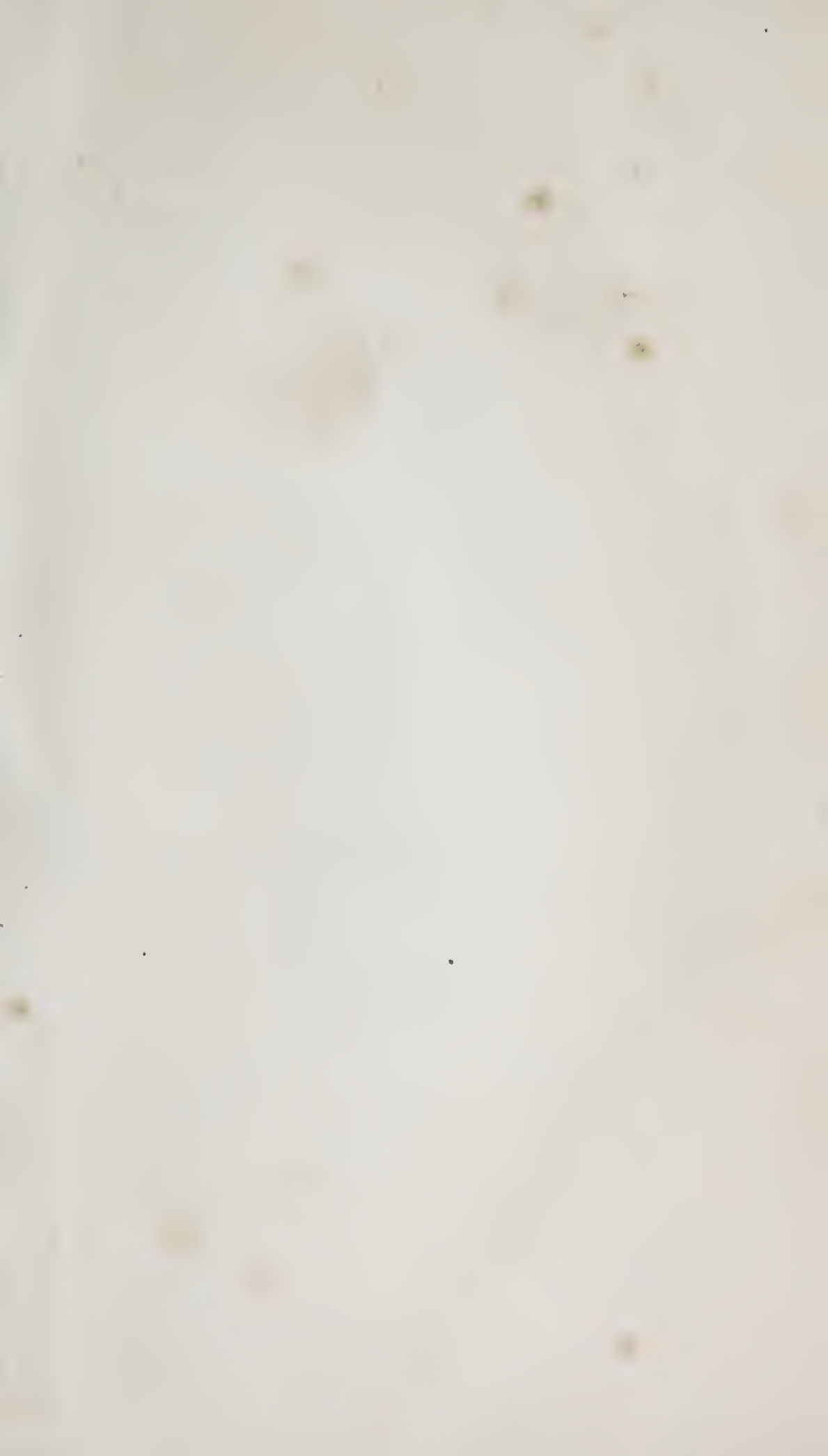
Lord, how Jock ran! He was all bespattered with blood, some of it his own, and some of it his master's; wanted the bonnet, and had the bloody knife in his hand; and was, without all doubt, a wild frightsome-looking boy. As he sped through the wood, he heard the groans and howls of his master in the agonies of death behind him. Every one of them added to Jock's swiftness, till it actually became beyond the speed of mortal man. If it be true that love lends a pair of wings, fear, mortal fear, lends two pair. There is nought in life I regret so much as that I did not see Jock in this flight; it must have been such an extraordinary one. There was poor Jock flying with the speed of a fox from all the world, and yet still flying into the world. He had no home, no kindred to whom he durst now retreat, no hold of any thing in nature, save of his own life and his good whittle; and he was alike unwilling to part with either of these. The last time he was seen was by two women on Kirtle-common. He appeared sore bespent, but was still running on with all his might.

The good man was found before the evening, but only lived to tell how he had come by his end. All his friends and servants were raised, and sent in pursuit of Jock. How he eluded them no man knows; but from that day Marion's Jock has never been more seen or heard of in this land.

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